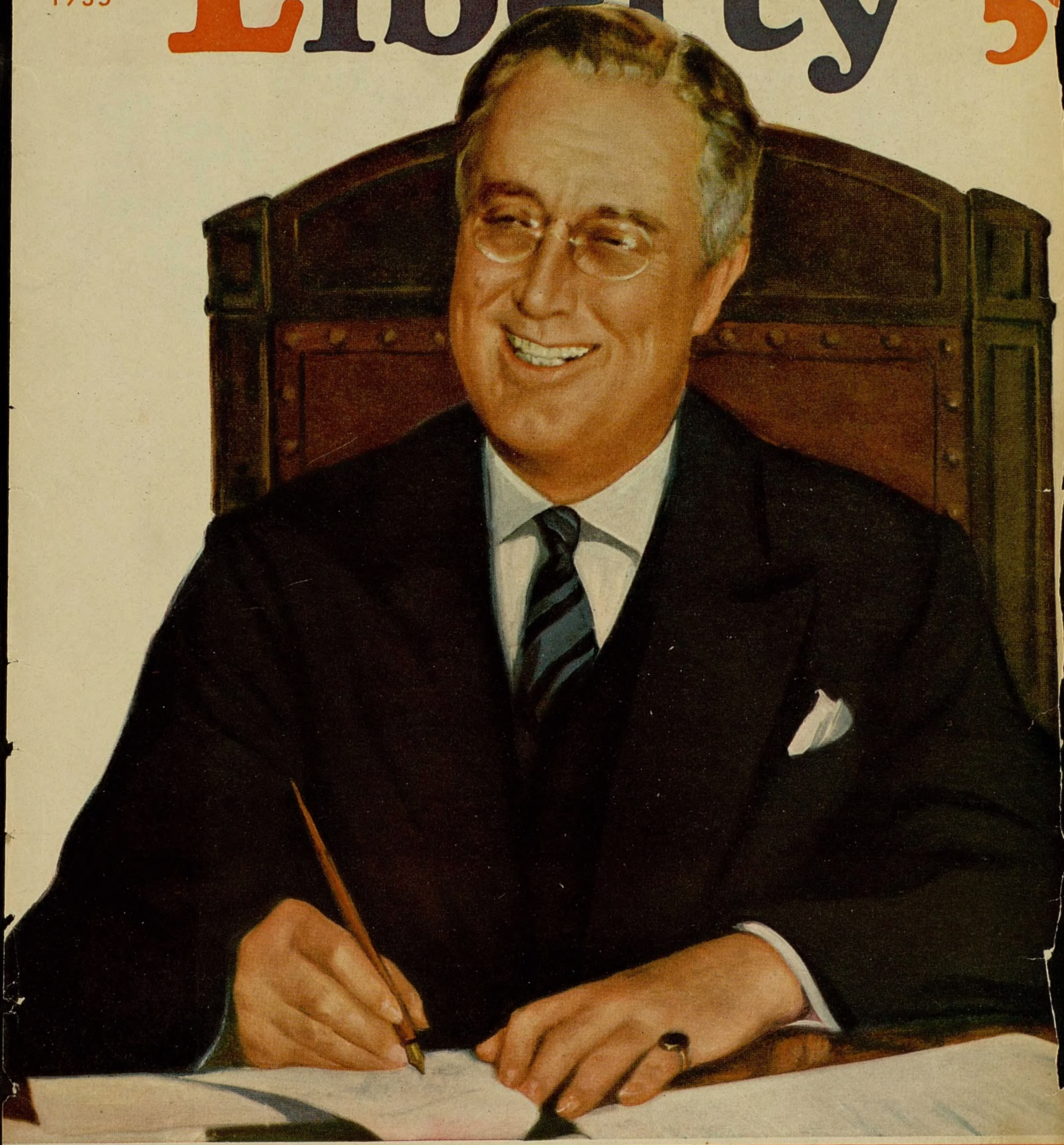
NOV 16,
1935

Liberty

5



• THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY •

Plot by FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

An Exciting Novel of a Man, a Problem, and Five Million Dollars

Begins in This Issue — Story Told by

RUPERT HUGHES, SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, ANTHONY ABBOT
RITA WEIMAN, S. S. VAN DINE, and JOHN ERSKINE

RCA VICTOR CONSOLE MODEL C-13-2 . . . 13-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye". 5-band tuning range. De luxe fidelity. New "Selector" dial. Oversize speaker. Automatic volume and high tone control. Superb cabinetry. $189.50.

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

See these sensational new sets today . . . hear their richer, fuller tone . . . thrill to the amazing performance of the new "Magic Brain" and watch the "Magic Eye"!

RCA Victor's "Magic Brain" now has a "Magic Eye"!

LET'S look at the facts before you buy! Here are *provable facts* about the 1936 "Magic Brain" radios with the new "Magic Eye"!

First, you will discover performance that literally seems to think for you! The "Magic Brain" *concentrates* on the program you want — simply, easily. Guarding reception is the alert "armoured watchman" tube, which helps throw off irritating interference! You hear station after station with new clarity, new sharpness — reproduction that seems to bring you right to the broadcast studio! A higher fidelity that's virtually "studio tone"!

The new "Magic Eye", another RCA development, brings utmost ease and accuracy to tuning. Using *your* sense of sight, it actually "sees" signals human ears might never hear!

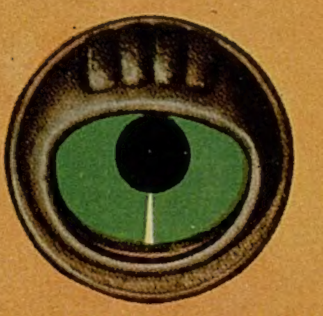
All models have RCA Metal Tubes, the greatest tube advance in 28 years! And *more* tubes than ever! New cabinet construction scientifically provides better tone . . . new size and shape in cabinets adds further charm and beauty . . . new-type range dials ingeniously focus attention on one wave band at a time. Visit your nearest RCA Victor dealer. Priced right — right in every way, here's one radio you'll gladly meet! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. *Put new life in your present radio — install RCA Radio Tubes!* You can now buy RCA Victor radios on the C. I. T. Corp. easy payment plan.

PRICES FROM $19.95 to $550.00

(Subject to change without notice)

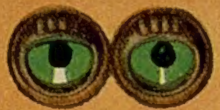
All prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better when you use RCA Antenna systems.

RCA VICTOR TABLE MODEL T-8-14 — 8-tube "Magic Brain" radio. Domestic and short wave — 3 tuning bands. Oversize speaker. New "Colorband" dial. Automatic volume and tone control. $79.95.



THE "MAGIC EYE"

How it brings you perfect tuning



OUT OF TUNE IN TUNE

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam" . . . which looks much like a human eye . . . tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes . . . more sharply than any human ear could.

RCA METAL TUBES, TOO!

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

NOVEMBER 16, 1935 Liberty VOL. 12, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

An Amazing Revolution on Wheels

BERNARR MACFADDEN

AN enumeration of the advantages brought to us by the automobile staggers the imagination. It has made revolutionary changes throughout all civilized life. And literally millions of people are looking forward to the automobile shows inaugurated by the great National Exhibition in New York City starting November 2.

The automobile industry has been the first business to show a comeback of worth-while proportions. Many manufacturers are of the opinion that the output will soon equal the boom days of 1929 and that wages will reach an equal level. This is indeed heartening information, for this great industry affects many other businesses—steel, glass, tires, accessories, etc.

Among the marvels of this generation the automobile undoubtedly stands at the head of the list for constructive practical purposes. It has brought us smooth cement roads that are now threaded throughout the entire country from Maine to California, from Minneapolis to New Orleans. It has brought our towns and cities in direct contact with millions of acres of fertile land previously inaccessible. It has brought the farmer in direct contact with the city.

Year by year important improvements have been made in automobiles, so that today they are near perfection. When we remember the antediluvian vehicles that were first called automobiles we can hardly blame runaway horses, or the Chinaman who exclaimed when he first saw one of these vehicles:

"Muck-a-hi-ya! No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee allee samee!"

If he thought they were speedy in those days, what would he say of the automobile of today which can travel from seventy to eighty miles in the same time it formerly took to cover twenty or twenty-five miles?

The traffic control on our perfect roads is improving day by day also, although the signal-light manufacturers worked overtime for a while on unnecessary red lights.

It would be a great advantage if we could have lights which would give a driver on a main road the right of way provided no one appeared to claim the cross-traffic privilege.

Perhaps our high-speed method of traveling may add to the nervous tension of fast living. Our lives may be shortened, but we are really living while we live.

The turtle as he gropes along through life probably misses many of the thrills that come to the deer and the antelope.

Automotive transportation is now such an important part of our lives that if some catastrophe should deny us its advantages, a large part of our population might be subject to hunger, cold, and other severe discomforts.

Many lives might even be sacrificed before adequate substitutes could be devised.

There is one big need in the automotive world, however—that of protecting the public from the dangers to which they are subjected from the ramshackle vehicles that are occasionally met on the highroads.

Now that the trade-in privilege has been made unusually liberal, there is but little excuse for using worn-out cars.

Furthermore, there should be a ruling in every state that cars of really ancient vintage cannot be licensed until they are carefully examined.

Airplanes are examined twice a year by the Department of Commerce.

If a similar system could be used for automobiles, it might save us from many accidents.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

How the PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY Came to be written

A STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

LIKE most intelligent men and women, President Franklin D. Roosevelt enjoys a good detective or mystery story. But good ones are hard to find and no one knows this better than the President.

I remember that we talked of mystery stories some years ago at the Executive Mansion in Albany when Roosevelt was Governor of New York.

"A good detective story," he remarked at that time, "is the answer to Lowell's question, 'What is so rare as a day in June?' Hundreds of such novels are published every year, but only a few are really worth the time and attention of intelligent readers. Even in the good ones there is often a sameness. Some one finds the corpse and then the detective tracks down the murderer. I do not believe that such stories have to follow an inevitable pattern or formula."

More than once in the years that followed, the President and I talked about detective stories, talked enthusiastically but critically, as only addicts can discuss a favorite weakness. We were agreed that in their best form they appealed to the detective instinct in us all: they were a literary game, an intellectual recreation less purely intellectual than chess but more dramatic and exciting.

One day, when President Roosevelt had again voiced his opinion about the lack of novelty in mystery stories, I asked him if he had ever thought of writing one himself. He chuckled and smiled with a slight trace of embarrassment.

"To tell you the truth," he confessed, "I have often thought about it. In fact I have carried the plot for a mystery in my mind for years."

"Then why haven't you written it?" was my natural question. "You seem to find the time for everything else."

"Well, I haven't had the time for that," he protested. "But there's another and even more important reason—I can't find the solution to my own plot! And I've never found any one else who could solve it, either."

"I'd like to hear it," I said rashly.

His look and his grin were challenging, daring me in advance.

"All right!" he exclaimed. "You brought it on yourself. Here in a nutshell is the idea. The principal character in my story is a man of considerable wealth. Perhaps he has six or seven million dollars tied up, as such fortunes naturally are, in a variety of investments—stocks, bonds, and real estate. My millionaire is not an old man—just over forty and wise enough to feel that his life is only beginning. But he's tired, fed up with his surroundings and habits. Perhaps, too, the sameness of his middle-aged routine has begun to wear him down. Furthermore, he is disheartened at the hollowness of all the superficial friendship surrounding him. The men at the club smile and slap him on the back but they go away to do him in the eye. Finally he has an ambition, a dream.

"So, in the trite old expression of another generation, he would like 'to get away from it all.'

"Only in this case there is a difference—he would like also to get away *with* it all.

"Yes, my man plans to disappear. His purpose in vanishing from the scene in which he has played an important and successful part is twofold. First, he wants to

find a new world for himself, one in which he will no longer be bored. He wants to start life afresh—he's finished with his present career because he feels he has exhausted its possibilities. Second, and equally important, that dream he has—he would like to make a certain experiment in some small city where, in his new identity, he will not be recognized. To carry out this laboratory experiment, which if successful would become nation-wide and benefit all the people, he will need five million dollars. The dream will cost money, you see, and moreover he feels that he has a right to live well and enjoy, in his new environment, the fruits of his labors in the old. In other words, he wants to vanish—but he wants his money with him when he goes.

" Now, this man has an estate of six or seven million dollars. If he leaves a million or so behind him he will have made ample provision for his wife and the others dependent on him. That ought to be easy. But it's not—the problem is not so simple as it seems.

" How can a man disappear with five million dollars in any negotiable form and not be traced?

" For years I have tried to find the answer to that problem. In every method suggested I have been able to find a flaw. The more you consider the question, the more difficult it becomes. Now—can *you* tell me how it can be done? "

At first I, too, thought it would be easy. I suggested one plan and the President dismissed it. I advanced another; he punctured it. I tried a third and he dynamited it. It was not until some time afterward that I hit upon the plan which Liberty herewith offers its readers.

" Suppose," I said to the President one evening, " that we were to ask several leading story writers of the United States to solve this problem—S. S. Van Dine, Rupert Hughes, and other names of equal distinction. Why could they not all collaborate on a mystery story in which your problem is dramatized in the person of a man faced with this predicament? I believe that the problem could be solved. I believe these men and women are smart enough to solve it. And even if they can't, I believe the readers of Liberty can."

The President's famous joyous laugh resounded.

" That would be fun! " he exclaimed. " Go ahead. The idea is yours—and theirs. See what you can all do with it."

What I did was to prepare an elaborate synopsis of the idea, building on that central theme. This synopsis was not shown to the President. I then took this outline to six successful American authors and asked them if they cared to tackle it. With one exception, they were not told that President Roosevelt was in any way connected with it. Most of them will not know it until they see a copy of this issue of Liberty. They attacked the subject professionally, dealing with a story plot with no concern as to its origin. The fact that they all liked the story at once is a tribute to the vitality and appeal of the President's basic idea.

What these leading mystery and detective and other story writers of the United States have done with it begins in Liberty today. Here is the first thrilling installment, written by Rupert Hughes; and next week you will find the exciting story carried on by Samuel Hopkins Adams. In the four issues that follow, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine will continue the President's plot through to a brilliant conclusion.

Watch and decide for yourself if you think it is a successful conclusion.

If you feel they have failed, there is still a chance for you to try. For we are inviting you, too, to join in this fascinating mystery. Every man, woman, and child is urged to try to solve this problem. If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it?

For the best solution of this problem Liberty will award a prize of $500; $250 for the second best; and five prizes of $100 each for the five next best.

The judges will be the editorial staff of the magazine. Their decisions will be final.

And finally, in appreciation of the fact that we are using without recompense a plot which was originated by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, we are, without the knowledge or consent of the President, turning over any or all moving-picture and book-publication rights to the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation, Inc., to help carry on the great work inaugurated by the President for the alleviation of infantile paralysis.

FULTON OURSLER,
Editor of Liberty.

Rules to guide you in entering your solution to the problem posed by the President will be found on page 46.

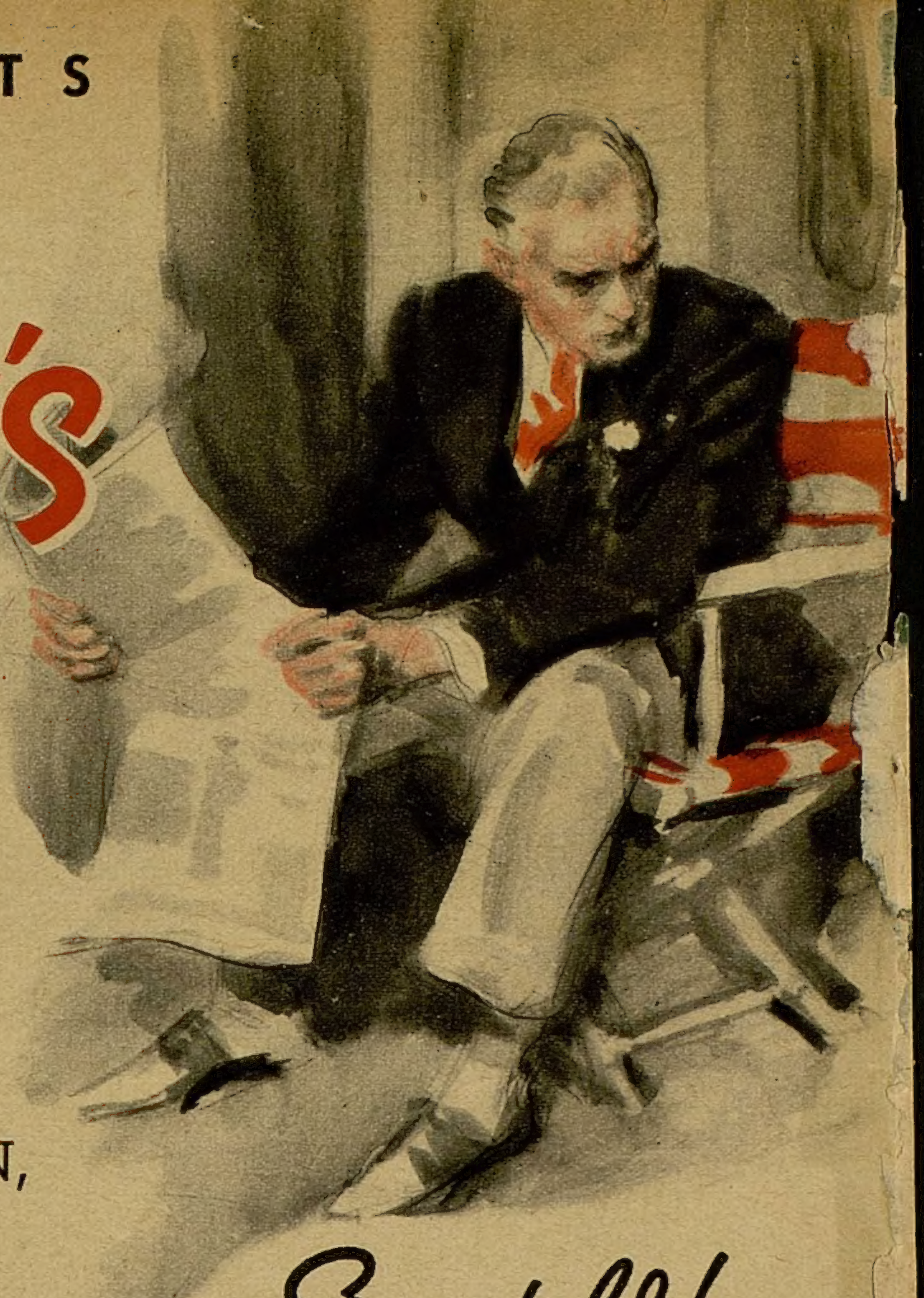
LIBERTY PRESENTS

The PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY Story

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN,
A PROBLEM, AND FIVE
MILLION DOLLARS

plot by

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT



Story told by

RUPERT HUGHES
•
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
•
ANTHONY ABBOT
•
RITA WEIMAN
•
S. S. VAN DINE
•
JOHN ERSKINE

PART ONE—
ILKA, THE TEMPTRESS

by RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

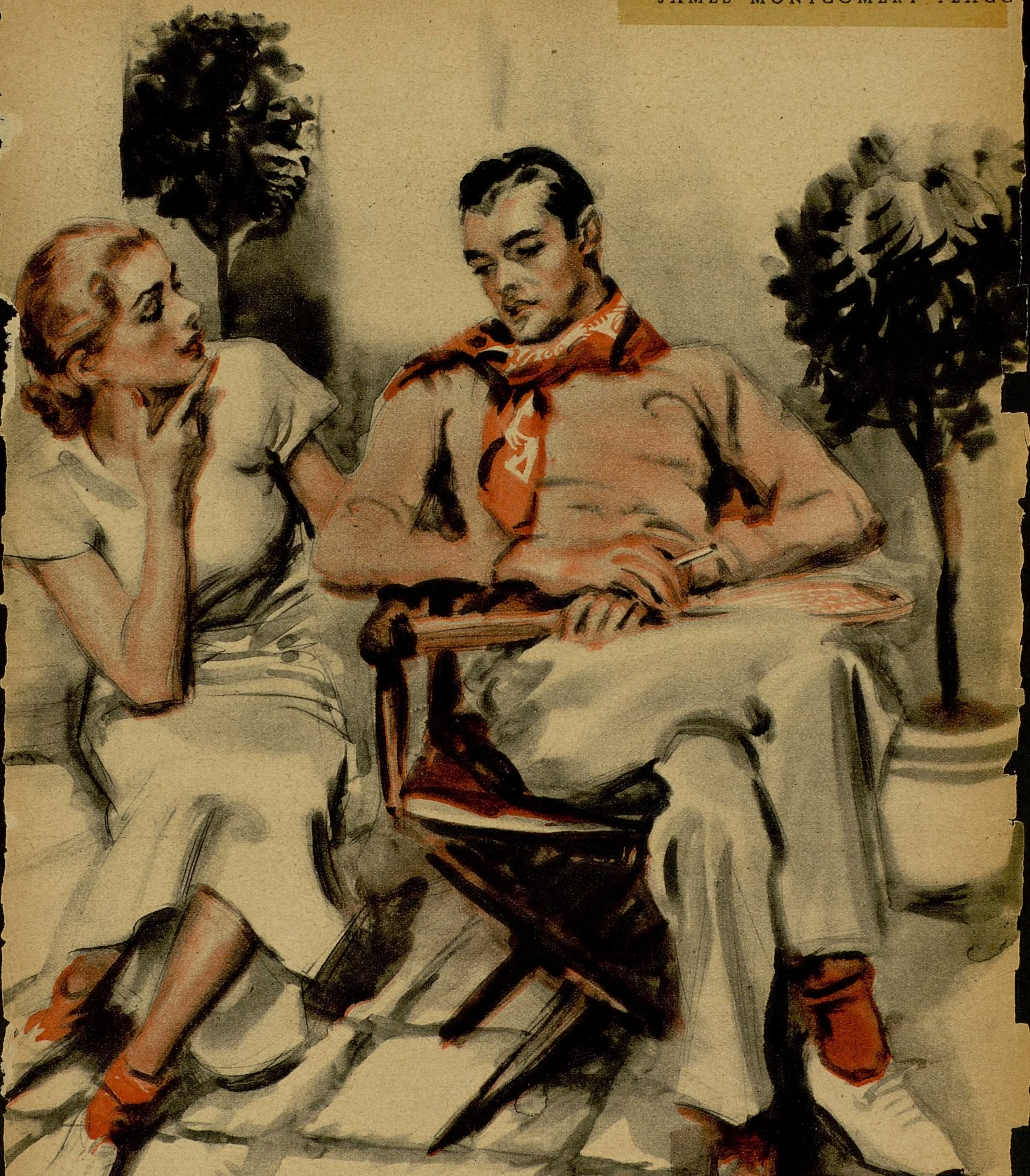
A HUGE Atlantic roller bore Jim Blake far up on the beach that windy morning. On the sand it spilled and maltreated him until, panting and snorting, he thwarted its attempts to drag him back for another bout and floundered into safety. He loved this tussle with the ocean. It helped to keep his body firm and hard in spite of good living and his forty-three years. As he rubbed himself red with the towel which was his sole equipment, he stared up at the great house overlooking the Southampton cliff. His home! How much would he really care, he reflected, if the sand upon which it was built sifted away and brought it down in ruins? His whole life, he had begun to suspect, was built upon sands, to be sure; seven million dollars' worth.

After a sleepless night Jim was still trying to decide with himself what he must do about his wife. At any cost, he privately resolved not to have another quarrel with her—not even though Ilka had been out all night, was not home yet, and would likely reappear any minute now.

In a lofty Russian temper, Ilka had left Blaketon on the previous evening, after one of those family rows which were becoming more and more frequent between them, saying that she might be home for breakfast or she might not, as there was a round of parties to be concluded with an early morning " skullbuster " at the Kitsons'.

Their marriage was going from bad to worse. What had happened to

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



They were saying a fond good night, his wife and this man who were sitting on the pergola-porch after their all-night partying and a workout in tennis at sunup. Jim Blake knew the man by his voice—Earle Marshall.

Ilka—and to himself? It was so hard to tell. Was it money? Money—that meant so much to her, so little to him?

Ilka Varaska was not to blame, of course, for being born a Russian and a beauty. She was not to blame for taking her beauty to the best market in Russia, the stage; or for winning the nobility to her feet in desperate love affairs that Jim had never known of; though he might have suspected that her overwhelming gifts of passion and her superlative technique in love must have had some schooling.

And of course Ilka was not to blame for the Russian revolution. It was wise of her to flee from that distressful country.

A little penury went a long way with Ilka. When she met the rich self-made young American lawyer James Blake, he had acquired only his first million. But Ilka figured that a million dollars would do for a beginning. When she translated it into rubles it sounded like something in astronomy.

So she had put on a show for Jim. She gave private performances for him alone, as if he were the Czar witnessing a command performance in solitary grandeur from the imperial box. He was an incandescent adorer, nd when he asked her to marry him he could hardly elieve his ears when she murmured her assent in a rich Slavic dialect. It never occurred to him that his haste was a lifesaver to her, since she was at the end of her rope—at the end of the rope of not so perfect pearls a Czaristic general had given her.

So Jim built her this little palace in Southampton and she won a larger and larger audience. She put on productions and spectacles for the peasantry, the pleasantry, the yachtery, and the poloery. She dressed all her roles to perfection and she surrounded herself with a chorus of Russian exiles and ex-nobility.

To Jim's eyes the household seemed happy for a long time, and to all Long Island it was as picturesque as a visit to old Russia. Jim reveled in it with only one regret:

Not all the voluptuousness of Ilka's love nor all her Russian fervors bore the sweet fruitage of a child.

There was something, an injury or something—Ilka was very vague about it, but it prevented motherhood.

If there had been children, things might have worked out better, he told himself as he wriggled his toes in the beach sand. But Ilka had refused even to adopt a child, though he had begged her to. She would rage:

" I weel not have a child in thees house. You know I don't dare have my own. Why should I take some other one—to make me always ashamed because I can't feell your life! No, no, never, never! Why you keep hasking? It is no use. I weel have no child in thees house."

WHEN she had stormed herself out and grown perhaps a little uneasy about the resentment gathering in his eyes, she would fling her warm arms about him and coo:

" Why you don't onderstan', Jeem, my Jeem? How you can't see it is beecose I lofe you so dear I cannot deevide your lofe with efen some babies? All your heart is not enoof for me. Some baby shall not claim one smile, one kees. If I am not enoof for you without babies, I will keel myself. Then you can adopt all the babies you want—or some woman who will be a rabbit for you. But she weel lofe her babies, not you. I lofe you and not babies."

These protestations had flattered him at the time—and frightened him, too; for Ilka in her stormy scenes could convince him that she was capable of any violence.

Something would have to happen. Something must change—soon! That was as far as Jim Blake got with is thinking as he wound his towel around him and rudged up the steps in the side of the cliff. . . .

Having dressed leisurely, Jim came down to breakfast. A comfortable forty minutes intervened between him and the early train to the city. Voices interrupted his forecast of the day's engagements.

" Well, I guess it's ' good night ' now, Ilka," he heard in a man's lazy drawl. " I'm hittin' the hay."

" Good night, boy-ee," she answered in the same droll way. " I shall speak to my ol' man."

Bright morning, almost traintime, and they were saying a fond good night, his wife and this man who were sitting on the pergola-porch after their all-night partying and a workout in tennis at sunup. Parties never interfered with this chap's tennis. Jim Blake knew the man by his voice—Earle Marshall! And there had been a time when he had liked Marshall. Jim had such admiration for a finely co-ordinated human machine, or an animal exploiting its physical resources at their best, that when he saw a gifted athlete, a race horse, or a whippet he longed to give him or it every opportunity. Jim Blake liked to encourage men of special talent in any field of sports.

One day he was profoundly impressed by the brilliant tennis of a young man whose name, he learned, was Earle Marshall, one of those frequent phenomena, a promising amateur without funds.

Here, thought Jim, was an ideal chance for athletic philanthropy. It was not the first time he had helped in such a case. He would help this poor fellow. So he approached Marshall with as much delicacy as he could command, and found his offer snapped up with the most indelicate enthusiasm. From the moment Jim brought him home to his first dinner, Earle Marshall accepted Jim's house as a club lounge and Jim's wife as a sort of night-club hostess.

BUT how long could Jim go on being complacent? This was the question in the husband's mind as Ilka entered the breakfast room, flushed and brilliant, and nuzzled her husband's ear with her scarlet lips.

" Are you going to fight me thees morning, Jeem? "

" I never want to fight you, my dear."

" Pour me a cup of coffee, then. I hope it is str-r-ong."

From a sideboard she produced a bottle of Scotch and poured a generous measure into the more innocent beverage.

" Now I can maybe lif a leetle longer," she announced gaily. " We shall talk and you shall begin by saying you are sawry for being so onkind to me las' night."

" Is it unkind to suggest that we do not add to our scale of living? " he asked quietly.

" Now you begin again." Fear dawned in her eyes and a flash of savagery. " You haf lost your mon-ee! " she accused.

" No. We have more than ever."

" Then why, why, why mus' my Jeem turn so steengy? "

" More than we need or can have any reasonable use for," he continued. " I can think of better ways of spending money these days than entertaining people already satiated. If there were children—"

" You shall not ree-proach me again with that! " she burst out. " I cannot—weel not haf children to make me ol' and to bouleverse—how you say?—to turn upside down our life."

He said patiently: " I am not reproaching you, Ilka. I am merely pointing out that we have no one to leave the money to."

" You might leaf it to that hairy ol' flea mat of a houn'-dog of yours," she taunted. " That ol' Tinker, that you should shoot long ago if you haf sense. Some day you come home and find I haf him shooted for you."

" Better not! " Jim did not himself realize how grim was his tone or what a warning his eyes carried. For once the spoiled wife was daunted.

The man was not to know till long afterward what a rich reward that loyal old fellow was to pay him for his loving kindness.

" Anyway, the dog bee-longs to you, Jeem, and thees new nonsense about sports and recreations, what is that to us? "

" If you would listen while I explain and not go off into a tantrum as you did last evening," he began while she assumed an expression of long-suffering patience.

Briefly now he outlined the scheme which he had been developing as a theory for months, with all that genius for organization which had brought the firm of Blake, Driscoll & Shapiro to the front as corporation lawyers and himself to the head of the concern. He wanted to use his wealth to help his fellow man. It was nothing less than a crusade for universal education in bodily improvement and recreation by means of a vast series of public playfields with the best athletes obtainable as instructors

—a farseeing and statesmanlike plan to take up the slack of the leisure which the relentless progress of mechanism is inevitably forcing upon a bewildered world.

Perhaps he would begin by founding a University of Sports and Sportsmanship. Eventually there might be a state department of health and recreation. A born athlete, himself, and still an enthusiastic follower of all clean sports, Jim Blake could think of no better use to which his spare millions could be devoted.

Not so Ilka. She listened with a face drained of expression.

"So you weel take this mon-ee away from me, your wife, and gif it to people you know notheeng of."

"We shall have plenty left, Ilka."

"No, no!" she stormed. "You weel do this crazy thing for your poor. Beecose why? Beecose you are poor yourself always, in your memory, in your thoughts. You are peasant at heart. Serf. Muzhik. Deed you not tell me that you haf wait on table at the University of Harvard?"

"Yes. I had to. That or give up my education."

"A servant!" she cried, growing more and more angry. "And so you weel help others who should be servants. What good weel all your spor-rr-rrts do anybody?"

"It might furnish a job for our young friend Marshall," he suggested pleasantly. "I don't see that he's very keen on getting one for himself."

"You would make him head of the tennis?" she asked eagerly. "If he is champion? You think he will be champion?"

"I did think so. But I'm afraid he lacks the final punch, the courage that has been defined as the ability to keep on going one minute longer than is humanly possible."

"Poor boy-ee. It is because he is worried. He is so poor."

"He doesn't seem to be going without anything that he wants," commented Blake. "See here, Ilka—are you giving him money?"

"Geeving? But no. Certainly not."

"Lending it to him, then?" continued the husband, looking at her keenly. "I believe you are, and I wish you wouldn't. It's an unwise and compromising thing to do."

Her lips drew back in a snarl.

"Ah-h-h-h! And you! And your Charlotte. You do not geeve her mon-ee, I suppose?"

"Charlotte!" His tone was shocked. "I give her nothing but what she earns," he returned sternly. "And earns by honest work. After all, a woman lawyer is necessary these days in a business like ours."

"Honest? Those long evenings in the office. Her visits here."

"At your invitation," he reminded her.

"Beecose I am sooch a tactful wife. So I bring her to Blaketon for your convenience—your Miss Hope."

The voice was suave now, and the more deadly for it.

"She is not my Miss Hope. She is a junior member of our firm, and

"I want 30 cents worth of light for 45 cents!"

BARGAINS IN BULBS

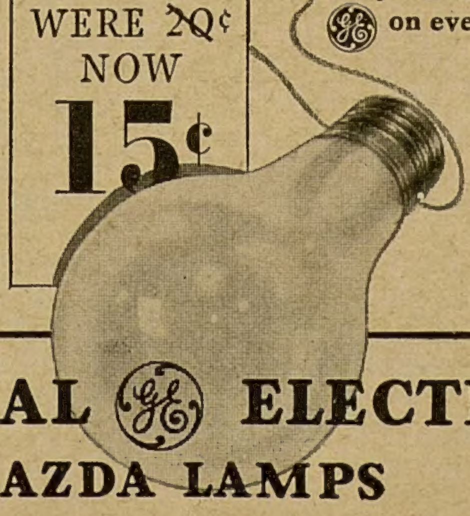
That's practically what you say when you buy many a "BARGAIN" BULB

Let's see what happens when somebody sells you a "bargain" lamp bulb. Let's burn this "bargain" in an electrical laboratory beside a genuine G-E MAZDA lamp. Let's suppose we burn both lamps a thousand hours at average current costs.

Here is an expert's report:

"Assume the price of a good lamp—such as a G-E MAZDA lamp—is 15¢ and the price of the so-called 'bargain' lamp is as low as 10¢. On the basis of the same amount of light for 1000 hours, for every dollar spent to burn the good lamp it would be necessary to spend over a dollar and a half to burn the inferior brand . . . or fifty per cent more.

"In fact there are 'bargain' lamps on the market today that you could not afford to burn even if you were given the lamps free and handed a one dollar bill with each one besides."



Here is an easy—and sure—way to identify a good lamp. Look for this mark on every lamp you buy—for any purpose. It identifies a true bargain in light. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, O.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

nothing more," said Blake. " Please to understand that."

" Plizz to onderstan' that," she mocked. " Han's off my office wife! "

She leaned over with an air of candor and tolerance.

" And if she is not more, the bigger fool you. She is ready and weelling and, I theenk, waiting."

He maintained his patience with a mighty effort.

" We were talking of Earle Marshall."

" Ah, yes! You would like to talk of somettheeng else. Perhaps she expects you should get a divorce from me and marry her, your beautiful Charlotte."

There was a long pause before Jim spoke again.

" Would you like a—a divorce, Ilka? " he said gravely.

" Divorce! Divorce! You dare spik to me of divorce! " she snarled.

RUPERT HUGHES

was born in Missouri and raised in Iowa. He took his master's degree at Yale. He spent many years in New York writing and editing books. He is one of our foremost novelists and short-story writers, and has produced a five-volume life of Washington which has taken high rank in American biography. Work for the screen keeps him in Los Angeles at present.

She began to moan, rocking her slender body to and fro, then leaped to her feet and rushed up the great stairs. He heard the violent slam of her door. A moment later there came to his ears another report, sharper and louder. Above, her maid screamed shrilly.

Blake took the stairs in a rush. The door to Ilka's apartments was locked. Even his strength could not batter through it. Running through his own rooms, he swung himself dangerously from window porch to window porch, and so gained entry.

Ilka lay on the bed, motionless. On the floor was the .22 which she insisted on keeping in her dresser, ostensibly for fear of burglars. More than once she had threatened to kill herself with it, by way of intimidating him to her wishes. Had she finally carried out the threat? With an access of renewed tenderness, he raised her in his arms. The dark beautiful face was unmarred. She opened her eyes.

" I mean to shoot myself," she breathed. " I theenk I faint when I shooted. Am I going to die, Jeem, my Jeem? "

He soothed her and scolded her with loving phrases. She clung to him, asking his forgiveness. She had done it because she could not bear even to hear him speak of divorce. This was true enough. Ilka's jealous heart could endure no threat of divorce from seven million dollars.

He left her, after a scene of perfunctory reconciliation. Outside the maid waited. He was about to speak to her when a door opened farther down the hall and Earle Marshall appeared in an elaborate flowered dressing gown. His face was white. For a moment he looked as if he were going to run from Blake.

" What's happened? " he stammered.

" Nothing," answered the husband curtly. " Go back to bed."

On the wall hung a rare William and Mary mirror. In its wrinkled glass Jim Blake saw the maid cast a glance of reassurance at the tennis player, followed by a little secret gesture of contempt for himself, the gullible husband. So that was it! He had been the dupe of a well dramatized bit of trickery. The interplay between the maid and Earle had brought swift enlightenment upon another point. It told him all that he needed, more than he wished to know of the relations between his wife and the young house guest.

ON the later train to New York, James L. Blake told himself he was tired, mortally tired, of the whole dreary show. Of the office, of his work, of piling dollar on dollar, success on success; of the meaningless round of costly and artificial amusements which had ceased to amuse. Most of all, his life with Ilka. More than anything else, he longed to divest himself of it all by some riddance as complete and decisive as suicide. But to kill himself was the last thing possible to Jim Blake.

Why not do the simple easy thing—get a divorce? If Ilka would not get it, he could get it. Jim could have got his freedom for himself by merely establishing a residence in Reno for six weeks. But this would have included establishing a residence for himself on the front page of every newspaper in the land—with photographs and love letters.

He had such a front-page phobia that rather than let the public in on his domestic shame he would have died.

And that was what he finally decided to do: to die—but to go on living at the same time.

The solution came to him in a flash as he sat smoking in the club car. He would simply cease to be James L. Blake. Why not? Instances of total change of personality, occurring accidentally and pathologically, were well known. Why not deliberately, then? That was it! He would disappear! And he would take most of his money with him, too. And start his great plan for sports education!

The more he thought about it, the more wonderful seemed the idea. And the more puzzling, too. For Jim saw immediately that his problem was different from that of any other man in the world.

To be *and* not to be—that was his question. To be gone, and to stay; to die out of the twisted life he led, and yet to go on living, moving about as a ghost of a sort, recognizing but unrecognized. Self-murder of a sort was what he wanted to commit—a kind of Irish bull of a crime. Cowardly the scheme was in some aspects; for he would be running away instead of staying to fight. Yet in fighting a woman victory is usually something worse than defeat.

" I HAVE found the one and only solution," he told himself as the train rolled into the Long Island Railroad Station. " I shall disappear! They shall all think me dead. But I shall take the money with me—most of it—and we shall see! "

In the office he hurried through his mail with his secretary, Adam Worner. That goggle-glassed serious young man was inclined to be communicative.

" Something's going on in the office today that's very exciting, Mr. Blake," announced Adam as he rose to go back to his typewriter.

" Gossip? " asked Jim apathetically.

" Romance."

" Romance in this office? Who is the lady? "

" Miss Hope."

Adam did not notice the tightening of Jim's mouth or how the blood drained from his face.

" What are you talking about? " he asked brusquely.

" Remember that client of hers—Mr. Gans? "

" The widower in that will case? "

" Yes, sir. Well, there isn't a soul in the office who hasn't known he's been getting sweet on her for a long time. He has had more unnecessary conferences with her than any client I ever knew. So this morning I had to go down to a jeweler's with an affidavit, and who do I see in there but Mr. Gans buying a ring—an engagement ring. And he told the clerk he was going to give it to the young lady at lunch today."

" Well, how does that interest Miss Hope? " barked Jim, still skeptical.

" Oh, it's clear as day, Mr. Blake. He's taking Miss Hope out to lunch. Anybody can add that up."

And Adam shuffled out of the office.

Jim was startled to realize how profoundly the piece of news affected him.

He sent for Charlotte. His heart sank when he saw her—young, slim, dark-haired, vital, and with good-humored blue eyes—as she came and sat beside him at his desk. He sat, regarding her with a strange fixity.

It had come home sharply to James Blake that, in abandoning his life, he would also be leaving Charlotte Hope behind. Also, that even if he stayed on, and she married another, going on without her would be difficult. It opened a void before him.

Beautiful—Ilka, the temptress, had called Charlotte. Though there was nothing obvious or blatant in her femininity, she was more completely woman than any other he had ever encountered.

Under his silent concentration upon her, Charlotte came as near to embarrassment as she had ever felt with him.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, not without anxiety. "Are you troubled?"

"No. I'm all right." He recovered himself with an effort and a smile. "I was thinking that today is an anniversary."

"Yes. I know that. But I didn't expect that you'd remember it."

"Eight years ago today you came into this office."

"Is it that long?" she murmured.

"By trickery, chicanery, and—and—"

"Strategy. I won't admit to anything worse."

She answered his smile.

With that smile he forced himself to decide then and there that he loved her, and must have for years without realizing it—loved her well enough to give her up rather than drag her into a public scandal. Once he had vanished, she would not miss him—for long. She could always take care of herself. That was what he admired most about Charlotte.

He had told her once:

"People praise me because I built myself up from poverty to—well, to what I am. But you were put to a far harder test: you went from wealth to poverty without losing your soul or your courage."

This was when she had told him her story after he had come to think of her as more than an unusually efficient secretary. As Charlotte told it:

"My father was a successful lawyer in Iowa and made a fortune by his practice. He lost it in a local panic and his health went with it. The poor boy had a stroke, and he sat in a wheel chair for three years before another one came.

"My mother was dead and I was 'all the daughters of my father's house.' He clung to me like a frightened child. When he died, I went to a business college and found that the finger speed I had learned as a violinist helped me immensely. So I advertised:

"'I am an expert secretary and stenographer. To get experience I will work free for you for one month. Who will try me out?'

"Guess how many answers I got?" she inquired of him.

"Oh, a dozen or two."

"Five hundred!"

"Are there that many misers in the world?"

"You'd be surprised. Well, I selected one, got the job, and made good at it. I was offered a salary, but I was aiming higher. I asked for a testimonial, got a fine one, advertised again, selected a better offer, and so on three times. Then you advertised and I answered and—at the end of two weeks you said I could stay permanently."

BUT Charlotte had not remained a secretary. She had studied law at night school. Now she was a junior partner in the business. Jim remembered that Ilka had called her his office wife. He had winced, because Charlotte had given the naughty phrase a beautiful meaning.

Though no longer his secretary, she protected him more than he knew. One night when she was at the Southampton house, Jim was suddenly called away, leaving Charlotte there. She stumbled on evidence of Ilka's disloyalty to her husband and Earle Marshall's perfidy to his benefactor. It filled Charlotte's heart with ashes and aloes to know what she had suspected. She could have killed Ilka, but she could not tell Jim.

All this was passing through Charlotte's ranging mind as she sat at Blake's desk on that eighth anniversary of her being hired— What was this that he was saying to her? Something about a ventriloquist.

"We heard him at the Nellistons' garden party in July. Called himself Vaurot or something of that sort. Don't you remember? A clever devil."

Yes, Charlotte remembered. But why was Jim Blake interested in a ventriloquist?

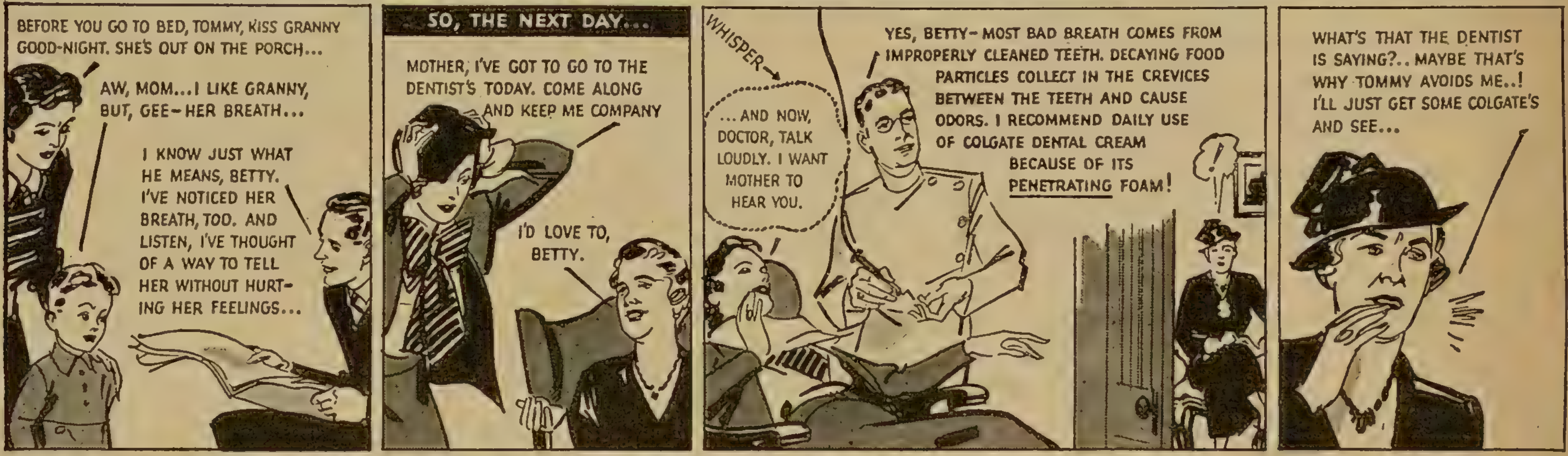
"Did you want to see this Vaurot?" she asked.

"I may. You know those Nellistons. Would you find out about him for me?"

She agreed to find him the voice thrower, the voice imitator, and crushed down her curiosity about it, leaving the office smiling a little sadly.

Had she but known, it was a vital matter. Jim Blake

A PLOT AGAINST GRANNY


BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, TOMMY, KISS GRANNY GOOD-NIGHT. SHE'S OUT ON THE PORCH...
AW, MOM...I LIKE GRANNY, BUT, GEE—HER BREATH...
I KNOW JUST WHAT HE MEANS, BETTY. I'VE NOTICED HER BREATH, TOO. AND LISTEN, I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO TELL HER WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS...
SO, THE NEXT DAY...
MOTHER, I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE DENTIST'S TODAY. COME ALONG AND KEEP ME COMPANY
I'D LOVE TO, BETTY.
WHISPER
...AND NOW, DOCTOR, TALK LOUDLY. I WANT MOTHER TO HEAR YOU.
YES, BETTY—MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES COLLECT IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH AND CAUSE ODORS. I RECOMMEND DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS PENETRATING FOAM!
WHAT'S THAT THE DENTIST IS SAYING?.. MAYBE THAT'S WHY TOMMY AVOIDS ME..! I'LL JUST GET SOME COLGATE'S AND SEE...

NEXT MORNING
UM-M-M MY MOUTH CERTAINLY FEELS FRESH AND CLEAN. AND I DO BELIEVE MY TEETH ARE BRIGHTER, TOO!
THAT NIGHT
YOU'RE A SWEET LAMB, TOMMY—SLEEP TIGHT!..
...HOW GLAD I AM I GOT THAT HINT ABOUT COLGATE'S!
KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, GRANNY, AND TUCK ME IN...

Most Bad Breath begins with the Teeth!

WHY risk bad breath? Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its *penetrating* foam removes the decaying food deposits in crevices between your teeth—the source of most bad breath. See, too, how much cleaner, brighter Colgate's makes your teeth! If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

PREFER POWDER? Colgate Dental Powder gives the same results, at the same low prices, carries the same double-your-money-back guarantee.

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

was taking the first step in his extraordinary program at the climax of which he meant to disappear.

Left alone, Jim cast aside all his tasks and sat thinking grimly about his problem. Methodically he forced himself to plan it out in rough outline.

He reasoned this way:

First, when he ran away, he must get himself a new personality, make a complete physical transformation. Somehow he could do that. It would be difficult. In fiction and the theater, wigs and dyes and false whiskers will pass with those who want to pretend to be fooled for the fun and excitement of it. But in broad daylight and cold gray reality nobody would be deceived or pretend to be. He must find a way to look like some one else—down to the smallest detail. Pose and carriage, gesticulations and tricks of manner are essential elements of a man's portrait, as are habits of laughter, the timbre of the voice, the smile, the frown. He would change everything, even his voice, his very handwriting.

Second, he must manage to carry off five or six million dollars, leaving Ilka a million or two to keep her quiet. But it is hard to put five million dollars in a handbag; and if you did, it might be easily lost or stolen. Five million dollars is a composite of bank deposits, of stocks and bonds, mortgages and mortgage-participation certificates, deeds to real estate, documents of various sorts. It is a mass of legal papers; and converting them into cash cannot easily be done without attracting attention and thereby lowering their value.

Third, he must select a new residence where he could carry on an important life, doing a philanthropic work, without having his connections with the old life traced. A man cannot even give away important money without having questions asked: Who is he? Where did he come from? How did he get it? If a man worth seven million dollars disappeared and a man worth five million dollars appeared mysteriously in a new environment, the coincidence would stir curiosity. Newspaper reporters would dig into the matter like sleuthhounds sniffing buried bones. The telephone, telegraph, cable, radio, motion pictures left no dark places in the world to hide in.

There were many problems, but he would get to them later. Meanwhile he would make a small beginning. He couldn't change his appearance without a thorough investigation, but he could begin with one essential detail —the voice.

Unless he could acquire a new voice, all the rest was useless anyhow. The least relapse into his lifelong intonations would be fatal to his disguise.

WHERE could a man learn to change his voice? What sort of people had occasion to? Mimics, impersonators, actors— Wait! There was a man who appeared at the annual show put on by the Country Club. He was a ventriloquist, of course. His name was—his name was—Vaurot. He was marvelous. He could buzz like a bee, zizz like a saw, give the gliding twang of a Hawaiian guitar, pop like a cork, sound like water pouring from a tumbler. He used many dialects, as did many actors.

That was why he had asked Charlotte to find the ventriloquist.

He looked up from his desk to find that she had come back to his room.

"Didn't you have any lunch?" she asked.

He glanced guiltily at the clock on his desk. It was going on three. He had been thinking a long, long time. His glance rushed back to her face.

"Did you just get back?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"No. I passed up lunch today. I was to go out with a terrible bore who was becoming a problem, but I just couldn't go through with it."

She did not see the blaze of relief in his eyes; did not guess that he knew what the canceled luncheon meant; did not understand his turmoil—for he was not going to make love to her and yet he was rejoicing that she had turned down that other man.

"I found Vaurot for you," she said. "His real name is Fish. He lives in a Bronx flat. He is not very prosperous."

"Have him here tomorrow," directed Jim. . . .

"Six months," Vaurot had said, upon learning what degree of proficiency his queer client was seeking.

"Too long."

Blake had allowed himself only a year for the full transformation that was to make him another personality.

"Can't be done in less, sir. Probably can't be done in that time."

Blake smiled.

"I have a considerable capacity for work. Suppose we allot twelve hours a week to it. Uninterrupted, in your flat."

He suggested a fee so far beyond the other's most daring fancy that the man's skepticism was modified. Hard up though he was, he was honest.

"That's the way a pro would go at it. And you'll have to practice betweentimes. I won't guarantee anything. But we'll do our best."

Jim let Vaurot believe that his rich pupil was merely acquiring some parlor tricks to use on dull evenings in the drawing room. His insistence on secrecy was natural: he wanted to spring a surprise on his friends.

JIM was a boy again, finding a boyish ecstasy in learning to bark like a dog or imitate the whistle of a train rushing through a tunnel. Sometimes at night he would take long lonely walks to beat down his temptation to break in on Ilka and her lover and throttle them both, or the more insidious temptation to throw himself into the sea and end his anguish. On such solitary strolls he would find a somber pleasure in imitating the sounds of nature or of animals or people's voices. He frightened many a poor soul and earned several respectable men a reputation for being liars or maniacs. When the time came for the Blakes to move from Long Island to their town house, he had less opportunity for his exercises; so he increased the lesson hours.

"You're going to go farther in six months than any one has ever gone in two years," his instructor told him when the halfway period came.

As the months passed, he saw more of Charlotte than ever before. But his restlessness and resentment under the ugly conditions of his home life, his desire to cut himself off from Ilka and all that she now represented, increased. Parallel with it grew his reluctance to divide his life from association with Charlotte Hope. There had been no change in their mutual relationship of hard work and frank friendship; yet every new week brought to him with a despairing clarity the knowledge of how essential her companionship was to his happiness. In his loneliness he kept turning to her. She guessed that he was troubled, going through some battle. Often she offered to help, but he did not dare take even her into his confidence.

He tried not to see her too much; and yet, knowing that in a few months he would probably never see her again, he kept asking her out. His hours with her were the only comfort he knew. He wished they could be together for always. But how could a man ask a girl to leave everything and go with him out into a world so utterly strange and alien as the existence which he was planning for his future?

Earle Marshall was in New York that winter, ostensibly for the indoor championships. He had taken a small but comfortable apartment only a few blocks from the Blake house in East 76th Street, where most of his meals, it seemed to Blake, were eaten. There had been more rows with Ilka, but her bitterness was ameliorated by a change in her husband's attitude toward her lover. Jim's bearing toward the too frequent guest had cooled almost to open rudeness. Now he began to cultivate him. They went together to fights, to stag dinners, to the club. In consequence, the wife was much nicer to her "Jeem" than for a long time.

The reason for this excess of hospitality would considerably have surprised and disturbed her, could she have penetrated beneath the surface of her husband's new complaisance. The host was making an unobtrusive but intensive study of his guest.

Soon, thanks to his rigorous training with Vaurot, he could reproduce every inflection, intonation, turn of speech, nervous cackle of laughter, and verbal trick of the cheerful grafter. By spring Jim was ready for the experiment which, he believed, would afford him definite proof of exactly how matters stood between Marshall and Ilka.

Among his other holdings, Blake owned a place deep in the Adirondacks, where he and Ilka had used to go for the early fishing and again in midsummer. Since her interest in Marshall she had turned against Porcupine Knoll; there was insufficient excuse for inviting the near champion up there. So Blake had rented it for the season. He intended, however, to make an early trip there soon after the roads were open, to see that the place was in proper order for the tenant.

Early in June he spoke to Charlotte Hope about it:

"I'm going up to the Knoll next week."

"To open it?"

"To see that it's in shape. Would you like to go along?"

For a moment her breath caught. She looked at him wide-eyed.

"How could I?"

He smiled.

"Ilka always goes up there to throw a big spring party."

"Of course I'd like to go. I love the place."

She would fish with him in the spiced solitude of the woods, as Ilka cared nothing for the sport.

But Mrs. Blake, it appeared, did not wish to follow her usual custom this year.

"No," she said petulantly. "It weel be col' and damp and musty. I have had too mooch of that in Rooshia. You leaf me here."

"Very well," he answered disappointedly, for this meant that he could not take Charlotte. "I am going to Boston on the midnight train tonight. From there I'll go on to the mountains on Thursday and drive myself in from Saranac Station."

Earle Marshall, he knew, was at Virginia Beach, expecting to win a minor tournament, but was due back in the morning. Reaching the station early by design, Blake, after trying his newly perfected vocal dexterity on the taxi driver and the redcap to assure himself that it was in good working order, entered a telephone booth and called his home number. His wife's sleepy tones answered through her bedside extension.

"HELLO, Ilka," said he in a perfect assumption of Marshall's voice.

The answer was no longer sleepy:

"*You?* Darr-leeng!"

"Yes. I'm back."

"How luck-ee! I mus' see you. You weel come here?"

"Isn't it pretty late?"

The query was followed by the false tinkle of laughter which so often accompanied the young man's wholly unhumorous remarks.

"Per'aps it is. Then I weel come to you. At the apartment. You are there?"

"No, I'm not," said the pseudo-Marshall, who was ready for something like this. "I'm at the station. Tough break, but I have to go back to Washington tonight."

"Go tomorrow," pleaded Ilka's silky accents. "*He* is gone away. We could be all to ourselves, boy-ee."

"Tough break," repeated the voice over the wire. "I simply can't make it this time, darling."

"But this is so ver-ree important. I weesh to talk with you of that other theeng. Our plan, you know."

"Yeah?" came the flat and careless drawl. "Anythin' new?"

"Yes. And—now—is a good time for it."

JIM wondered what trail he had struck. Elopement? Divorce?

"Can't you spill it over the phone?"

"Is it safe?" she asked dubiously.

"Sure thing. I'm in a public booth. Name no names and shoot to kill."

Again that false cackle.

Her voice became tense.

"Tomorrow is a good time."

"Let's go over the details again."

"No! Somebody might perhaps be leestenink een."

"But I've got to make sure I understand just what you want me to do."

"We haf talk enoof times of it. You haf been dreenkink."

"A little."

"But, my darlink, never was it soch necessity for to keep sober."

"Forgive me! I met some friends. I had to take a cocktail or two to get away. I'm a little fuzzy. Tell me again."

"Darlink, eet ees our great moment and you haf been taking cocktells! How can you forget what I tell you so many a times? Tomorrow—Adirondacks—you know where!"

"Sure!"

"You know where is that cliff. Where you and I so nearly go over when you haf too many cocktells."

"Yes!"

"Well, if you know that moch, you know the rest!"

"Of course; but—"

"Earle, Earle, eef you are not clear in the head tomorrow our chance is gone for long time. Oh, darlink, and you did said you did lofe me more as life—"

"More than his life, you mean!"

"Be careful, darlink. If you lofe me, you come back from Adirondacks and say, 'I have profe my lofe.' Do you theenk you will breeng me soch a good news, darlink?"

"You are a widow already."

"Darlink! Be careful. It is not the widow but the bride I theenk off."

Jim's mind was reeling. The infatuated lovers were planning to murder him! He almost hung up the receiver. Then he remembered. There was still something he should say to her—*must* say to her—

What is Jim Blake going to say to Ilka at this most extraordinary moment? And is he going to say it in the voice of Earle Marshall, or his own? Read the next installment in Liberty for more amazing developments.

"OLIVE OIL—that's the stuff to soothe an irritated skin!"
Andrew Kerr
COACH OF COLGATE UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

SHAVE WITHOUT AFTER-IRRITATION

Use Palmolive, the shaving cream made with Olive Oil.

ASK any football player. "Football's sure hard on a man's skin . . . but shaving every day—that's mighty near as bad!"

And that is why we make Palmolive Shave Cream with Olive Oil . . . to make daily shaving easy on your face . . . to prevent that after-shave irritation!

Try Palmolive! See how fresh and soothed its unique lotion-effect leaves your face! And this same soothing action also tends to make a permanent improvement in your skin! You'll see too the thickest, creamiest lather you ever put on your face! Lather that stands up for fully ten minutes. Never dries or wilts while it gives you the world's closest, easiest shave! Buy a tube today!

WHAT A SHAVE THAT RICH, CREAMY PALMOLIVE LATHER GIVES YOU! SMOOTH CLOSE, EASY . . AND NO IRRITATION!
PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

The SCORING PUNCH

The author as "the Statue of Liberty."

It's Touchdowns that Tell the Tale in Football . . . Here Are Some Thrilling Glimpses of the Strategy that Helps Produce Them when Needed

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

All-America quarterback, 1925-26.
Head football coach, College
of the City of New York

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE greatest factor in the production of winning football teams is "the old scoring punch."

It doesn't matter how much yardage has been gained up and down the field. If the advance has not culminated in a touchdown, it means nothing. As my old coach, Fielding Yost, used to say, "First downs don't count. Let the other fellow pile up the yardage. They pay off on scoreboard figures!"

And after ten years they still do.

How is this scoring punch developed? When is it produced? It doesn't belong to any one system, and even the smallest team may have it.

Michigan teams are supposed to be equipped with nothing more than "a punt, a pass, and a prayer." Notre Dame teams are drilled in a wide variety of "perfect plays." The theory is that every time the team uses a play and every man executes his assignment perfectly, the play must end in a touchdown. Thus Notre Dame elevens have been drilled in down-the-field blocking, in shifty maneuvering.

Michigan plays defensive football with the punt, prays for the breaks, and then unleashes a dazzling shower of forward passes. And Michigan and Notre Dame, over a fair period of years, are unquestionably two of the most successful teams in America. Both have the scoring punch.

The fact is, all Michigan teams have many trick plays such as the famous "Old 83," the fake placement, the moth-eaten Statue of Liberty play. The quarterbacks are taught to catch the other team napping. Old 83 runs something like this:

The forward wall lines up in a balanced formation, with one halfback behind the tackle on the right side, the fullback behind the guard two yards from the line of scrimmage, and the left halfback three yards behind the line in back of center. The quarterback is stationed directly underneath the center.

The ball is snapped to the quarterback and immediately the right end and right tackle leave for the safety man. The first halfback fills in the tackle's post and the fullback drops in at end. The left halfback goes out about five steps directly to the right, turns, and starts back again five yards behind the line of scrimmage.

The quarterback, when he gets the ball, immediately faces left and the left end comes around like an end-around play. The quarterback fakes giving him the ball, but retains it and crouches down low behind the line. After the defensive right tackle and right end have chased the end coming around, the quarterback pivots and throws a lateral to the left halfback.

This little sleight-of-hand movement always seems to work better the second time it is used, as Ohio State, Illinois, and Navy, among others, can testify.

Old 83 is not a perfect play. It is particularly imperfect, because an alert right tackle on the defense can spill it for a loss every time.

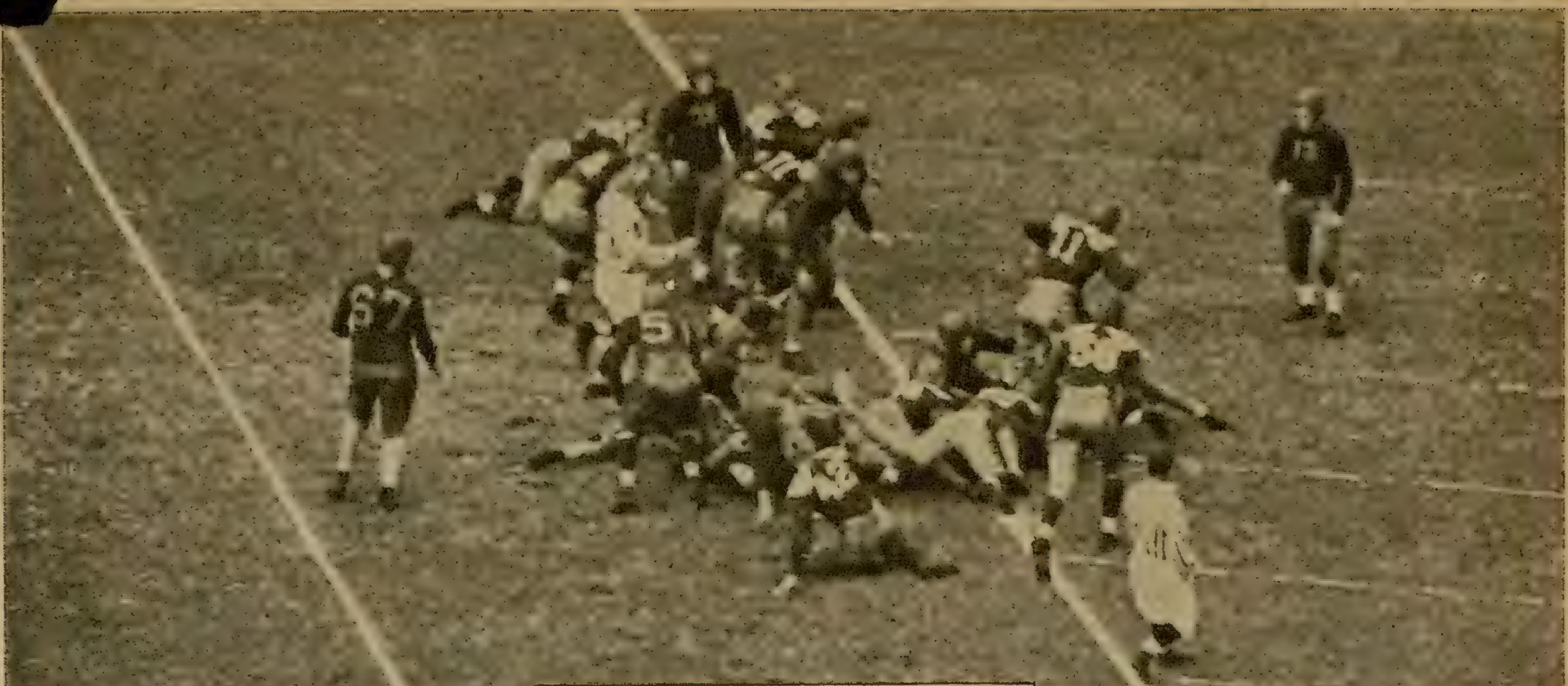
But often, in the heat of a hard-played game, the opposing right tackle loses his alertness. When this happens a Michigan quarterback will call for Old 83.

I remember using it with complete success in the Michigan-Navy game of 1925. After pivoting and squatting with the ball and counting up to three, I passed it to Al Herrnstein. Al was so far away from the nearest Navy man he looked lonesome as he ran for a touchdown.

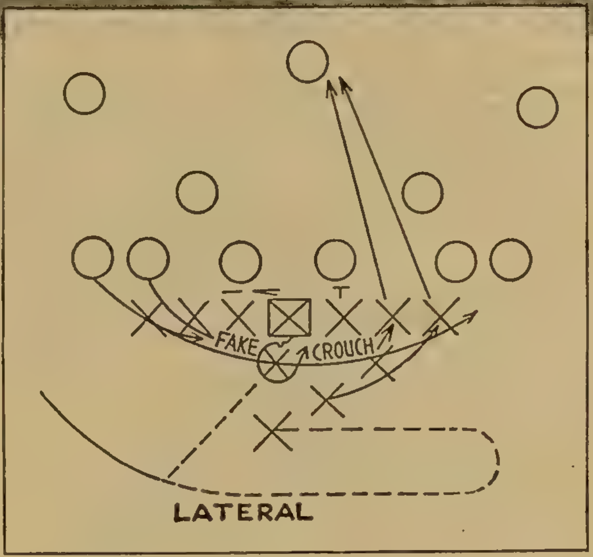
There are other manifestations of the scoring punch. Even professional teams often are forced to call on plays that defy run-of-the-mill defenses.

The New York Giants of 1934, champions of the National Professional League, had what they called "the suicide play." It could be used at most only once or twice a season. And if the opposition should spot it before it got under way, heaven help the ball carrier! The Giants used it against the Bears in Chicago, and briefly it went like this:

The forwards lined up in an unbalanced formation, with five men to the right of the center and one man, the left end, to his left. One of the wing backs took a position two yards behind the left end. The other, on the same parallel, lined up far out to the right, twenty or thirty yards from his nearest mate. The other two backs crouched immediately behind the line of scrimmage, the quarterback just behind the center and the fullback to his right.



Acme photo



"Old 83," Michigan's famous scoring play, as Mr. Friedman diagrams it. Above: A Notre Dame "perfect play" clicks against Southern California.

On the first series of signals the left end stepped back behind the line, leaving the center at the end and making him eligible to receive a pass. But because seven men are necessary on the attacking forward wall the deep wing back stepped up to the line. On the number decided, the center handed the ball to the quarterback, crouched down right behind him. The quarterback merely touched it and handed it right back to the center, while the remaining players went down the field to block.

The center—in this case it was Mel Hein—tried as much as possible to hide the ball and *walk, not run,* for five yards. Then he was supposed to begin his gallop toward the goal with all his interference massed in front of him. Meanwhile the quarterback had tried to attract as much attention to himself as possible. He started to run and, after a few steps, stumbled and fell.

Theoretically that is a certain touchdown play. It is limited to pro football, where a passer need not be five yards behind the line of scrimmage. The Giants made only thirteen yards on it, because Hein started to run too soon and called attention to himself.

IT is nothing more nor less than a hidden-ball play, but Steve Owen, the Giants' coach, declares that it is impossible to stop if every assignment is carried out perfectly. But if the opposition does stop it as it starts, the ball carrier, the center, is likely not to play again that day. A ton of human brawn piled atop one man is not likely to improve his digestion.

It is between the ten-yard stripe and the goal line that the scoring punch must be used with finesse, because here the maneuvering space is restricted and the defense condensed. This is the flypaper zone, where offensive formations stick and jam. The team that can score consistently after having reached the ten-yard line is the team that you can pick as your winner week in and week out. It is here that the quarterback stamps himself a genius or a fool.

Back around my time Michigan used the fake place kick often—too often, perhaps; but it is so easy for opponents to forget. We used one play against Ohio State four years running and scored touchdowns each time. The fifth year, Ohio State used the same play against us—and won with it! In fact the fake place kick was used by Yost a whole generation ago.

The pure joy of seeing deceptive tactics work was never brought home to me more forcibly than in the first Michigan-Minnesota game of 1926. We were scheduled to play two with the Gophers that year and, in this first game at least, most of us were pretty sure that we were going to take a licking.

The opposition outweighed us twelve pounds to the man. Early in the game I loosed the biggest flock of forwards I have ever thrown. We lost plenty of ground by these maneuvers, but there was a method to our madness. We were selling Minnesota the idea that all we had was the forward pass and that we hoped to make one go for a touchdown.

About the time my arm was beginning to feel like a pitcher's soupbone in the fourteenth inning, those Gophers were beginning to yell "Pass!" on every play.

During a time out I held a short conference with Lou Gilbert, the fastest halfback on the team.

"On the next play, Lou," I whispered, "I won't throw the ball. I'll pose it as usual, but you come around behind me, take it out of my hand, and go like hell!"

"I get you, kid," grinned Lou. "The old Statue of Liberty."

The whistle blew. I gave the signal for a forward pass. Our great pass receiver, Bennie Oosterbaan, ran over to the right side of the field, decoying the Gopher secondaries almost to the side lines. Gilbert came around me, took the ball, and galloped down the field for the easiest touchdown you ever saw. There was nothing to the game after that. We won, 20 to 0.

We came to the second game, at Minneapolis. It was so cold you couldn't stand still, and a wet snow fell the day before the game. The old man had us picking up cold slippery balls all afternoon that day.

"Guess somebody might drop a ball," he explained.

Somebody did. After Minnesota had hung on to the ball to roll up twenty-three first downs—and one touchdown; they missed the point after—Nydal, Minnesota back, dropped the ball. Oosterbaan went after it like a shot out of a gun, scooped it up, and went over for a touchdown—from our forty-five-yard line. I was lucky enough to persuade the ball to wobble over the crossbar for the extra point. And there was the game, 7 to 6.

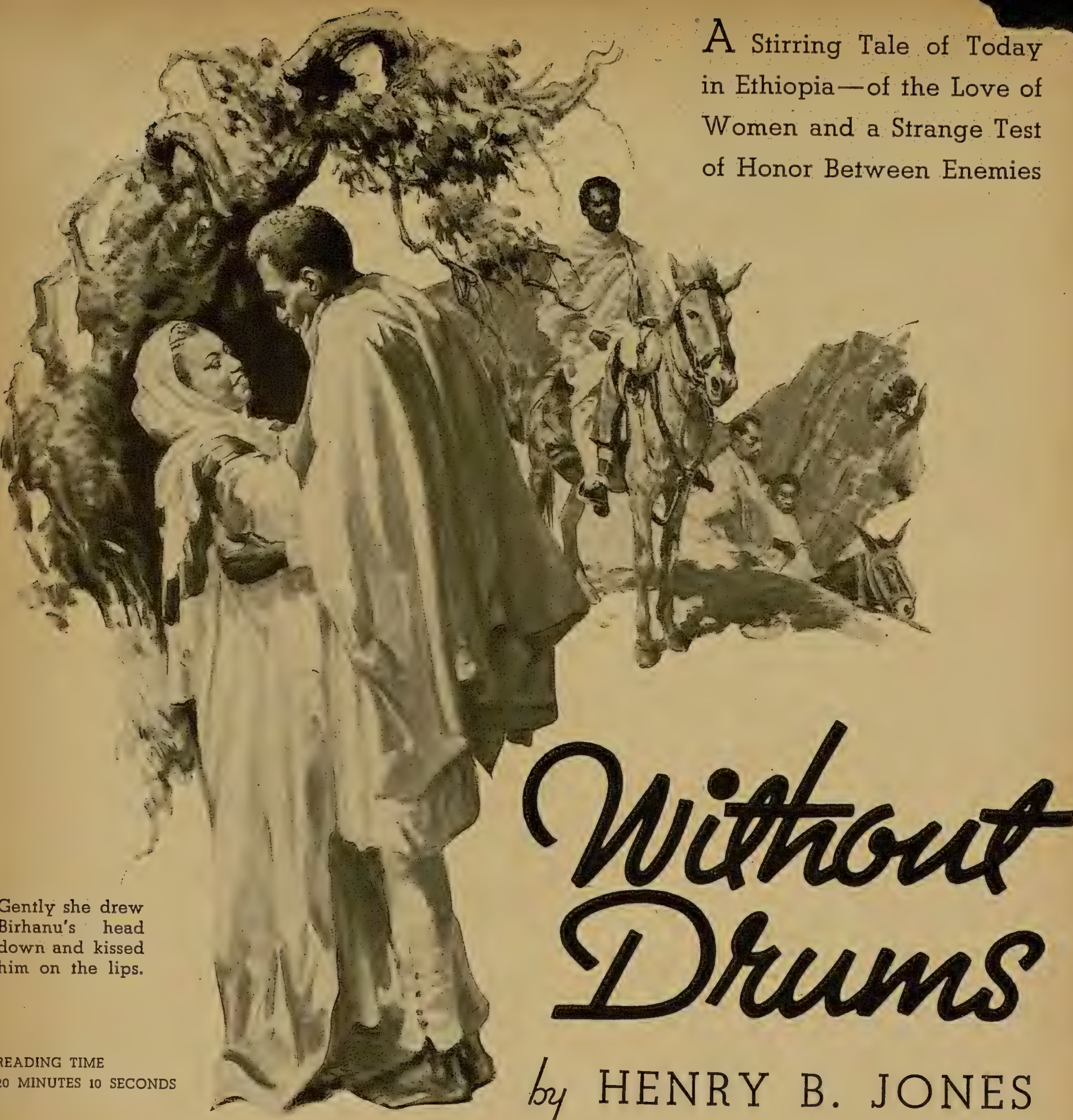
That's the scoring punch.

THE END

A Stirring Tale of Today in Ethiopia—of the Love of Women and a Strange Test of Honor Between Enemies

Without Drums

by HENRY B. JONES



Gently she drew Birhanu's head down and kissed him on the lips.

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE bow of the young *shum* of the village of Mareb to his district ruler was little more than a nod. Not the salute of a village chief to his superior. And both knew it. The old *garasmatch* narrowed his amber hawk eyes and waited. The rain had ceased, the rain which was the advance of the heavy rainy season about to begin, so Garasmatch F'yeesa received his visitor and his twenty-five followers in front of his big stone-walled *tukul.*

Unlike their brothers of the south, the Abyssinians of the far northern highlands waste few words. Young Birhanu, chief of Mareb village, faced his ruler with bold eyes. He did his best to make his deep voice gentle.

"Greetings and loyalty from me and my people to the Garasmatch F'yeesa. We are ready to follow him and Ras Gabra Sailassy of Tigré to battle against the Italianje. We of the province of Tigré are the battle front. We shall lead the way!"

"*Mellefiano* [good]," grunted F'yeesa. Birhanu raised his handsome head. Well over six feet, he seemed to grow taller.

"An unmarried man fights for his country like a hero. When a wife waits for his return from war, he rages like a conquering lion! I ask the *garasmatch's* permission to marry his daughter Tinnish Negusta before we meet the hated Feringis!"

F'yeesa leaned forward from his rough stool. The leader of his guards tightened his broad belt a notch. The men grasped spears more firmly. For several seconds F'yeesa and the youthful *shum* challenged eyes to eyes. The *garasmatch* was the first to move his gaze. A gnarled brown hand stroked his beard. His angry retort stopped at his teeth. This bold young Shum of Mareb was popular in all Tigré. Then, too, Birhanu was well liked by Ras Gabra. The market places hinted he was a son of the old eagle of Tigré. Suddenly the right eye of the *garasmatch* half closed as it did when he traded cattle.

"It is an honor to my house that a *shum* desires to marry my daughter. Tinnish Negusta [Little Queen] is desired by *rases* and the sons of *rases*. Her face is as beautiful as the moon in spring. She weaves fine cloth for chammas, both wool and cotton. And she cooks a meal fit for kings. Sixteen years she has lived. It is time she should marry!" Garasmatch F'yeesa paused. He looked at the saw-toothed slate-blue line of the Tigré range, the sullen storm clouds racing over it. F'yeesa was almost benign when he turned again to Birhanu.

"Shum Birhanu, in our southland, among the Arussi Gallas, when a young man proves he has killed a lion, an elephant, or a man, the maidens comb his hair with butter. The most beautiful and worthy of them are eager to be his bride.

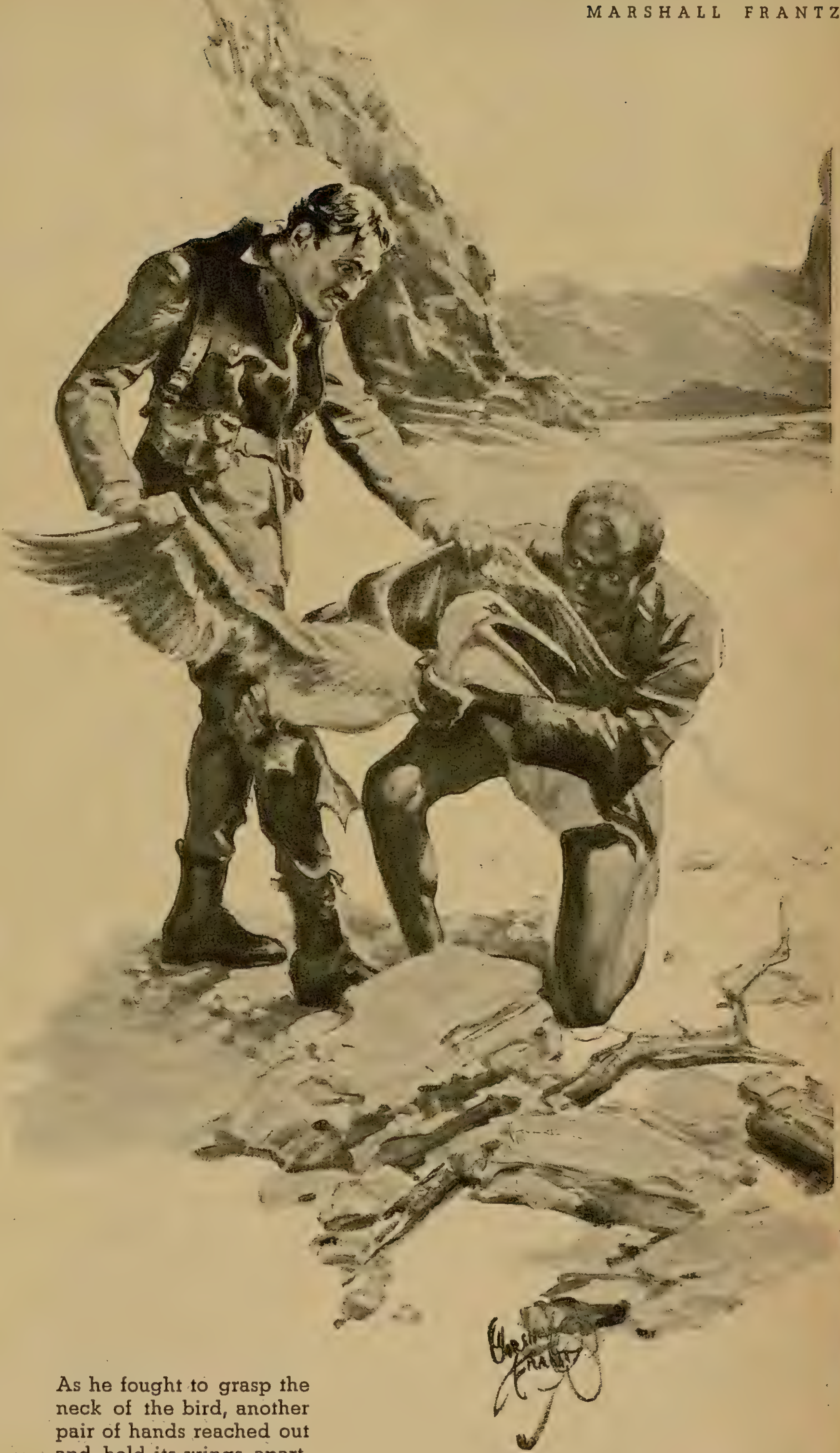
"Had you, Birhanu, been a Galla brave, the maids would still be waiting to soften your hair with butter. Elephant and lion are almost gone. Kill you a man!" F'yeesa raised his voice, clipping each word. "We of Ethiopia still wait for the attack of the Italianjes! Our emperor has so commanded. But go you down to the hot plains of Danakililand and Eritrea. Kill a warrior of the evil Feringis who would invade our land! Bring back his rifle, cartridges for it, and the soldier's garments—or a hand or a foot.

"Be back before the rainy season is over. Bring the proof, and you and Tinnish Negusta shall have a wedding feast for all the folk from Adowa to Ala, from the Takkaze River to the Mareb." F'yeesa's eyes crinkled with humor as he noted the startled look on the young *shum's* face. "Do this deed without the beat of drums! We are not at war yet! Go! Without drums!" The *garasmatch* roused the compound with his shout.

Birhanu saluted his *garasmatch*. A fever of rage had burned through him while F'yeesa spoke. Now the chill of reason killed his rage. Before his own men, witnesses all, the *garasmatch* had given him a task. And what a task!

Shum Birhanu stalked ahead of his men to where their sturdy mountain mules were tethered. Each man waited at the right of his mount. At the shout, *"Ishi!"* from their tall young chief, they were quickly astride and away.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ



As he fought to grasp the neck of the bird, another pair of hands reached out and held its wings apart.

An hour's gallop from the compound found the troop near a grove of kussu trees. A slim figure in a closely wrapped chamma stepped from beneath a huge kussu. Birhanu checked his mule with the cruel Abyssinian bit which can throw a horse or mule almost backward. The young *shum* had recognized the walk and form of Tinnish Negusta. When he stood before her he pushed back the cowl of her chamma and kissed each soft cheek. The girl laughed gently. With a quick movement of grace and eagerness she flung back the folds of her garment and bared her round golden-bronze arms. Gently she drew Birhanu's head down and kissed him on the lips.

"Do you take me with you, Birhanu?" she whispered.

"Not now, Little Queen. There is a deed I must do

"*Please* HELP ME"

BEWARE OF WORMS!

Have you wormed your dog lately? Worms kill thousands of dogs. All puppies and dogs should be wormed regularly. For safe, sure results use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES for worms in pups; SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES for older dogs. Sold by druggists and pet shops everywhere.

Write for Free Dog Book

Do you know the symptoms of worms and the many diseases to which your dog may fall prey? Do you know how to feed your dog to keep him well and strong? Do you know how to train your dog to be well-behaved and obedient? Give your dog the benefit of expert care. It is yours for the asking. All this information, and much more is yours in the famous "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." 46 pages and many illustrations. All you have to do to get it is to send us your name. It may save your dog's life. Write at once.

EXPERT ADVICE FREE. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you about your dog's health. Write fully, stating all symptoms and the age, breed and sex of your dog. There is no charge.

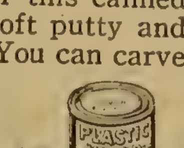
For Free Book or Advice, Address
POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1502 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Virginia

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

YOU'RE O-U-T! PLASTIC WOOD IS FILLING UP THIS HOLE

Figures in illustration made with Plastic Wood

Now if you have **holes in wood . . . broken chair . . . loose caster . . . crack or nick in woodwork, floor, plaster or tile . . . loose drawer pull** . . . do a quick, expert job of repairing with this canned wood that handles just like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can carve it, paint it and drive nails and screws into it. Paint, hardware and department stores sell PLASTIC WOOD for 25c a tube, 35c a can. Try it.



before I can call you mine. I shall return before the rainy season ends, my anjuba."

"Oh, Birhanu, is there much danger for you where you go?"

"There is always danger—for a man—if he is stupid." Birhanu pressed the girl to his side and kissed her. "I hurry back to my village. The rains hasten to cover the land. What I have ahead must be done before the streams grow too strong. The *garasmatch*, your father, will bless our marriage—when I return. Tell me you love me, Tinnish Negusta, then I go!"

"I love you, my Birhanu, my tall one," murmured Tinnish.

Another lingering kiss, a last embrace. Birhanu ordered two of his men to escort the girl to within sight of her village. A wave of his hand, the thud of hoofs. The young *shum* and his men rode over the rough trail which led to the only pass through the Tigré peaks.

WHEN Birhanu returned to his village he set about preparations for his terrible journey. If he reached the swamps east of the Tigré escarpment and escaped death by falls, landslides, or drowning, there were still the cruel Danakili tribesmen to avoid—and Eritrea, land of the hated Italianje, a day's struggle through marsh and morass. And he had to return.

First, like a good Christian, Birhanu went to the *aboona* (the priest) for a blessing and other things. For a chicken, a skin of tef flour, and a Maria Theresa dollar the *shum* obtained three potent charms: A bag of civet-cat paw bones for his belt pouch—protection against falls, landslides, and fever; a larger wad of herbs, crocodile teeth, and kussu leaves sewed in a monkey-skin bag—a bane to bullets, evil waters, and tapeworm.

The crafty *aboona* refused six cartridge shells for the amulet insuring retention of manhood. The terrible Danakili mutilated any stranger, Abyssinian or Feringi (foreigner), whom they caught. With a sigh Birhanu handed the priest a silver Maria Theresa piece, worth about fifty cents, and watched the old man bite it and inspect the date, 1780, which all such silver money must bear. No Ethiopian will accept the dollar unless it bears the date 1780, no matter if it was minted that month or fifty years before.

The last charm Birhanu hung from his neck by a thong of rawhide.

A goatskin bag of sour black-tef bread, dried meat, figs, and coffee beans, and weapons—a short spear, a saberlike knife, and an erratic rifle—completed the outfit. Six of the most agile and daring youths accompanied their young *shum*.

The rain was yet light and unsteady when Birhanu and his men set out. In a few days the heavens would pour down and the young chief hastened as best he could, and afoot.

The plain was now behind them to the west. Rocks, slipping shale, gullies of jagged rock and angry runs stretched to the forbidding line of the eastern Tigré ridge. There the little band began the descent to the valley of the Mareb. Here was a chilled rock-and-stone inferno. Crags, immense toothed pyramids of rock, devil-planned canyons and abutments, cruel water courses, ledges and footholds where only the walie and the eagle might find a hold. And below, always below, a rolling surging infinity of blue-gray mist.

Birhanu ordered his men to cache their chammas and trousers in a cave beneath a gigantic jut of red basalt. A short calfskin coat, weapons, and food furnished their equipment. The young *shum* led the way, sliding, creeping, crawling, now a life-or-death-edged leap from rock spur to a ribbon-wide ledge where knees and toes and fingers must grip to avoid the mist-filled maw of some narrow depthless canyon.

Two thousand feet down Birhanu halted on a platform of rock. The way seemed blocked. Below, the ever-shifting mist; to the right a foothold a pine-tree's height lower; left, a steeply sloping path ending in mist. A form leaped out of the mist to the path, another and another—walie, an old ram leading. He winded the men on the platform above him. In a flash the big walie spun about, raced down the path, and leaped into nothingness. Birhanu could hear the click of their hoofs after they had gone from sight. He turned to his men. "There is a path of some sureness over there, hidden by the clouds. Those girls who are afraid may return to Mareb! The men will follow me!"

The *shum* dropped to the sloping path. Long strides hurtled him to the path edge. A silent prayer to the good God, and he leaped into the mist. Where the walie went he could go. A sickening sensation of terror and loss, and he landed sprawled on a bed of coarse mountain grass. The mist had shifted a bit. Birhanu sat up and looked about him. A half smile flickered over his virile bronze face. The rest of the way was easier, fewer gullies and precipices, gentler slopes.

"RUN your hardest and leap your highest!" shouted Birhanu to his cloud-hidden men. The young chief took a firm stand near the edge of his tiny plateau, ready to grasp any man who might be short in his jump.

"Ah, Cabada—good! Here is Gongsa! Now Melke! Abtul, a fine leap! My hand—grasp my hand, Nado! *Mellefiano! Mellefiano!* [Good! Good!] Ah, Kassa, a bit short, but you are safe!" Birhanu breathed deeply and pointed to the east.

"*Ishi! Mongaht mellefiano!* [All right! A good trail!]"

That night the band camped near the rock called the Finger of God.

The rain commenced at daybreak. Alone Birhanu toiled to the summit of the Finger of God. He flattened out and crept to the cliff facing the Mareb and Eritrea. His keen mountain eyes scanned the wet wastelands for any movement. To the north he heard rifle firing, then the motion he expected. A Danakili raiding band had met an Italian border patrol. The movement drew nearer the river, so that he could pick out the darting cover-seeking savages. The Italianjes were difficult to see in the screen of rain. Their khaki uniforms became part of the land. Disturbance of vegetation revealed their advance.

Almost beneath the Finger, on the opposite river bank, Birhanu saw six of the light but sturdy reed boats used by the savages. A lone guard squatted in the reeds near the boats. The *shum* swept his gaze in the opposite direction.

He chuckled grimly. Making all the haste possible over the soggy ground came a handful of Danakili driving a herd of camels to the nearest ford. Some delay had held them until day found them in enemy territory. Night cattle raids were the main occupation of the savages.

Birhanu looked for a stream bed into which the fighting savages would retreat, luring the Italians after them. A few would hide behind the main body, near a rude dam they had built to hold back the water. When the enemy was well in the bed, those Danakili behind them would glide to the dam. A few key rocks would be dislodged and a flood of water, increased by the rains, would rush upon the Italians, if the patrol were composed of raw troops. The troop was new. Birhanu saw the Danakili scramble into the stream bed and right behind them entered the patrol.

The *shum* had seen enough. Out there across the Mareb was the gun and the enemy he wanted. He hastened down the Finger of God. When he was with his men again he called Cabada, his headman, to him.

"Cabada, you command until I return. I go across the river. Here are my gun, spear, and food bag. I need only my knife for what I go to do. Lead the men back to the cave we found yesterday. If ten days pass and I do not return, go back to our village!"

"May God bless your footsteps!" said Cabada.

A LEFT hand on each other's shoulder, a grip of right hands, and Birhanu slipped down to the river bank. Rain fell in torrents. Already the Mareb had risen a bit. Upstream he snaked for sixty paces. He intended to use the current when he swam over to the enemy bank.

The surge of the Mareb was stronger than he expected. It was good to rest a moment among the giant irises on the other side. Birhanu planned to let the surviving Danakili pass him on their way to the boats and then seek the stream where the Italianje had gone. There he knew he might find a gun and cartridges and a soldier or two. A knife-to-knife fight in the rain would be good.

The chatter of Danakili warriors, deep, subdued, caused Birhanu to "freeze" in a clump of reeds and swamp grass. They passed not ten paces from him. Inch by inch he turned his head and counted them. Seventeen able ones, tall and lean, with cruel faces, and they helped along nine wounded. Birhanu knew the severely wounded had been abandoned. He waited a long while after the savages passed, so long that the river covered all but his raised head. The mountain streams were feeding the Mareb. The river had risen the height of a man's body since daybreak.

Birhanu went more swiftly. He left the line of the river bank and cut away more to the east. He skirted a bamboo-edged pond. Suddenly strong hard hands gripped his arms and ankles. Struggle as he might his hands were bound with rawhide. A giant Danakili yanked him to his feet by his thick hair. Three pairs of cold cruel eyes looked him over. The fellow who had pulled him erect spoke to another who was about to drive his spear through Birhanu. The man nodded. He prodded the *shum* to a place between the big leader and himself. In single file the four went on the way to the boats.

BY now the rain was a steady cloudburst. As he trod between his captors, Birhanu was very busy. With the nail of his middle right-hand finger he found he could scrape his rawhide shackle. By the time he and his escort joined the main body of Danakili at the boats, Birhanu knew a vigorous jerk of his arms would free him.

The rest of the raiders were ready to put out on the angry river. The boats were quickly emptied of water. The big Danakili who had taken Birhanu's knife ordered him in his boat. There were five men in Birhanu's canoe, two wounded. All sorts of debris was rushing down the strong current, dead game and cattle, and now and then a human body.

Birhanu's boat swung out near the Finger of God. With all the strength of his great arms he jerked at his bond. His nail-scratching had been successful. He whirled and snatched his knife from the savage behind him and with a vigorous kick dove over the side. With the knife between his teeth, he swam under water as long as he could. He came up in almost still water on the lower side of the Finger of God. The Danakili boats were far down the river. Birhanu climbed upward, circling to the land side and the direction of his men's camp.

The river had become a lake. Water stretched to the foot of the Tigré escarpment. Too far to swim, even if there were no crocodiles in the quieter water. No food, no shelter, and just a knife for a weapon. Then he remembered a projecting rock he had seen when he had climbed the Finger early that morning.

Birhanu was weary and hungry when he reached the rock. There was no food, so he drank deep from a rock puddle. Then he crept far beneath the rock, out of the punishing rain and the chill wind which was

Dad put me on the Honor Roll

with a Remington Typewriter!

● IT looked as though Ted might be a slow student. Home lessons kept him up late. Compositions were long, laborious tasks. School work seemed deadly dull. Then Ted's teacher suggested a Remington Portable.

Today Ted has a new idea about school. Themes are fun to write with your own typewriter. Typing does homework so fast you have lots more time to play. Grades begin to take care of themselves!

No miracle really. Scientific tests by leading educators show that the use of a typewriter *does* improve school marks as much as 14%! Gives children new interest and enthusiasm for lessons and play.

Only $4 *down buys a new*

Remington

As advertised on "March of Time"

10 Day Free Trial Offer

Greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered . . . only $4 down buys a brand new, latest model Key-Control Remington. Every essential feature of big machines . . . standard four-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release, back spacer, etc. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Remington Rand, Inc., Dept. 12KC, 205 E. 42nd St.
New York City.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable for only $4 down. Also enclose catalog.

Name
Address
City *State*

LIBERTY

America's Best Read Weekly!

See HOW MUCH MORE Old Line Legal Reserve Life Insurance you can buy for $1.00 a month

Postal Life of New York gives you this remarkable value

$1.00 a month for $813. of genuine, Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance at age 35; $1085. at age 25; $1194. at 21! At all ages about twice as much insurance now as $1.00 a month ordinarily buys. Send coupon! Find out amount at *your* age! Men or women 18-45. Life time protection! Cash and loan values and all standard provisions *guaranteed* in Policy. Postal Life of New York operates under rigid New York State laws; has paid out over $42,000,000 in 30 successful years. No obligation. No agents. Insurance is vital!

Mail Coupon Today!

Protect THEM! Buy direct and Save money! Postal has no agents!

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Dept. R. D. 26, 511 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Tell me how much insurance I can get for $1.00 a month!

Exact date and year of birth..........................
Occupation..........................
Name..........................
Full address

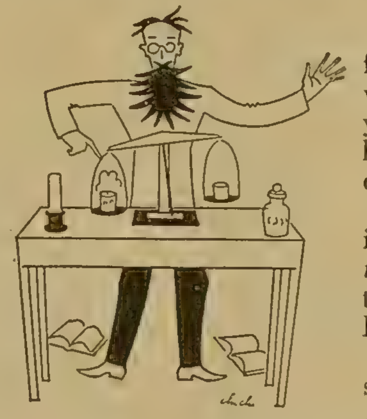
rising. He placed his knife beside him and slept.

He awoke at daybreak. Another drink of rain water. Then he climbed to the summit of the Finger again. The Finger of God had become a stone island in a vast lake of still rising water. No living thing could be seen, no moving thing but the terrible rush of the Mareb carrying on the dead and the broken. Birhanu returned to his rock home thoughtful, sober. Inaction was worse than food lack.

Not one in a thousand KNOWS...

Sometimes Air Is Heavier than Water

by E. G. CONKLIN



THE above statement is true, but it's impossible to breathe this kind of air! Yes, there's a kind of air you *cannot* breathe. And why? Only because it's liquid!

Liquid air! Do you know that you breathe a *gas?*—because just as surely as illuminating gas is gas, so is air. When a liquid boils, the vapor that comes off of course is gaseous. Air is the vapor of liquid air. Of course there is no great caldron of liquid air boiling somewhere to make us air vapor to breathe; on our planet air is naturally a gas because our temperature is so high.

But air can be made into a liquid. It can be poured into a glass, just like water! But, whatever you do, never try to drink it, because it will kill you just as surely as would liquid fire. Actually it is so *cold* that it has the same effect as fire.

You know this dry ice that ice cream is sometimes packed in? Maybe you've found out that it will burn you if you touch it—because it is so cold.

Well, liquid air is just about *three times* as cold as that. It is —323° Fahrenheit.

That really is something cold. And, once you have made some liquid air, to prove that it is heavier than water, pour some into a glass of water and watch a while. Watch it bubble, boil, fume, steam tumultuously! However, it doesn't sink at first. But after a while down it goes to the bottom of the glass, boiling and hissing all the while.

Here's what happens: The nitrogen in the liquid air boils off first; it is lighter than water, and boils away at even lower temperatures sooner than oxygen. But oxygen is heavier than water; so it sinks!

There are plenty of such strange things in the world that we don't know anything about!

Next—3 Plus 4 Equals 5!

Dull rain-filled days went by. Each morning Birhanu went to a ledge near the quieter waters away from the riverside. A dead animal or other food might float within reach. On the fourth day a pelican alighted on the ledge. It was rain-beaten and weary. Birhanu hurled a stone and broke its wing. Before it could dive in the water he had grasped it in his arms. The bird battled with bill and unhurt wing. Days without food had taken power from Birhanu's superb muscles. As he fought to grasp the neck of the bird, another pair of hands reached out and held its wings apart. The *shum* wrenched back the supple neck. He tore away the feathered skin. So intent was Birhanu with his bleeding prey that he never noticed the other man until both had wolfed the last shred of warm quivering flesh from the bones of the dead pelican.

Birhanu, the young *shum* of Mareb village, and Rocco Veranti of the Italian army in Eritrea, late of Turin, stared into each other's souls. Rocco smiled. He was young and he had eaten. This Africa was not so terrible after all. Birhanu smiled in return, a bitter smile of chagrin. Here was the man he had come all the hard journey to kill—and he had eaten with him. The pair of them had divided the same meat, hands had touched when they had torn the bird. All good Christians knew that God burnt with everlasting fire the depraved ones who did evil to those with whom they had eaten. Besides, the Feringi had no gun; just the short sword Feringi warriors fastened to the end of their rifles when they faced a foe at arm's length.

"Danakili, *yellum?*" asked Rocco.

"*Yellum,* no," answered Birhanu curtly. They stood and looked at each other again, neither smiling this time. The *shum* turned and strode to his rock shelter. Rain was falling steadily. Rocco Veranti shrugged his shoulders and followed. There was nothing else to do.

The next day Birhanu caught a young crocodile which had come up from the Mareb. Veranti used his bayonet and aided the *shum* to slay and cut up the reptile. Rocco could speak a little Amharic, and he tried to tell Birhanu something of Italy, of the Mediterranean lands, and a girl in far-off Turin. Birhanu spoke of Tinnish Negusta and her father the *garasmatch.* Neither spoke of matters which might take place at the end of the rainy season.

Beneath the rock shelter Birhanu would sit, sinewy arms about his bare knees, Rocco resting on an arm, his tattered coat beneath his head. Rocco told Birhanu how he had been washed up on a slope of the Finger of God after the water had struck his outfit as they battled the Danakili. The talk always ended the same way:

"I know there are letters from my Lucia waiting for me. Lucia is like a plump dove!"

"Tinnish Negusta is as beautiful as an anjuba doe. Her eyes drive love deep into a man's heart!"

"My Lucia sings so my heart melts—and she is so beautiful. All the young men of Turin strove for her love. Lucia loves only me, Rocco Veranti!"

"*Rases* and the sons of *rases* desired my Tinnish Negusta" — Birhanu was quoting the *garasmatch*— "but my anjuba, my gazelle, desires me only!"

"I wish you could taste the tomato and pepper sauces the good Lucia prepares! The thought of her pastry makes me know life is good!"

"Tef cakes with honey and figs my Tinnish Negusta cooks. And you mention peppers! What a dish my child prepares of sheep meat, peppers, and olives, the balls of meat fried in butter! She is sixteen years until the time of the little rains."

"What! My Lucia is sixteen!"

And then Birhanu and Rocco Veranti would drink a long draft of rain water, or eat a bit of raw crocodile meat, or sleep on the hard rock.

The rain slackened to a drizzle, the clouds gathering more strength for the long season ahead. Hungry desert lands ate up the waters like vast areas of sponges. By the fifth day of their exile on the Finger of God the water had receded. Birhanu was on his ledge waiting to pick from the water anything of value which floated near. Veranti always hoped for a search plane from his Eritrean base. The days when the rain was light he spent on the summit of the Finger, ever eager, always hopeful.

A Danakili reed canoe bumped through the falling backwater. It struck a cactus-covered mound, turned broadside to the current, encountered a thornbush, stopped.

Birhanu wasted not a second. The boat was not more than twenty paces from his post. Most of the way he waded.

The *shum* knew the craft contained more than water by the manner in which it had bumped along.

Cautiously Birhanu peered over the side. His eyes glistened. Three rifles, belts, and cartridges, and a pair of dead Italianjes, four Danakili. One Danakili raised his body feebly, staring, attempting to grasp a spear. A flashing knife thrust, a turn of the wrist, and the Danakili fell back among the other dead.

First Birhanu wrapped the rifles and cartridges in the soldiers' coats and carried them to the Finger. He hid them beneath loose rocks away from the water, leaving out one rifle and several cartridges. Next he took a long rawhide thong from a dead savage and, fastening it to the horn-shaped prow, towed the canoe to the rock ledge.

The free end he secured to a thorn-bush trunk. Then he sat and waited for Veranti.

ROCCO shouted when he saw the boat; grew sober when he beheld the sunken faces of his dead comrades.

He and Birhanu lifted the gruesome cargo from the boat. They found one paddle.

"There is a gun for you, cartridges. Take the boat. You can cross the river to your land, using much care. The waters are lower; they grow less each hour," said Birhanu.

"Take the rifle yourself. More Danakili may come."

"*That* gun I do not need. I am on my own land. Soon I can wade and walk to the hills."

"*Ishi* [All right]. Help me pull the boat to the Mareb."

Rocco slung his rifle strap jauntily across his shoulders, pulled in his belt. He smiled up at Birhanu. They grasped right hands, resting the left on each other's right shoulder, the Ethiopian salute and farewell to a friend.

Without a word Rocco got in the canoe.

A last wave by both.

Birhanu watched Veranti until he was a mere moving dot on the chain of channeled ponds on the other side of the river. Birhanu was waiting for the water to recede more.

Late in the afternoon he unearthed the rifles and gear he had hidden. Oil he found in a knapsack he used to clean the guns. They had been well greased, so his task was not difficult. With shining eyes he slung one over his back.

The water was much lower.

Birhanu went to the spot where he and Veranti had thrown the dead men into the water. He disturbed a crocodile which had come to feast. Coolly, easily, the *shum* lifted out one of the Italianje soldiers. He tore away the sodden shirt; with one stroke of his knife he cut off one water-bloated right hand.

The hand and shirt he stuffed in the knapsack. A push, and the body sank to the mud.

With a practiced eye alert for lurking Danakili or Italian patrols which might have been stranded across the border, Birhanu made his way to the western hills of Tigré. Through mud and water and over slimy vegetation he scrambled. The rain had become heavier. A desolate land of pond-filled desert, angry clouds, lurking dangers, yet Birhanu's heart sang.

Near dark he reached the line of hills where he expected to find his men —if the terrible Danakili had missed them. He uttered the call of the jigera (guinea fowl). At his third whistle he heard an answer, and Cabada peered from a low cliff.

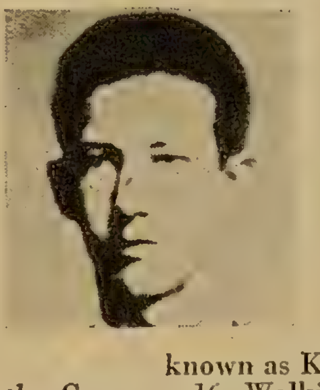
Soon his men were feeling of the rifles and cartridges, praising their chief.

"With the new day we start homeward. We must hurry before the streams grow strong again. The *garasmatch*, my father-in-law, will be filled with wonder!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—Lawyer, editor, and often a governor—can you identify him from this photograph taken in his youth?

2—What is the essential difference between a safety and a "strike anywhere" match?

3—Which game, played today, is referred to in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra?

4—Who was the most famous dwarf of ancient times?

5—What town in Belgium did the Canadians occupy the day the Armistice was signed?

6—Is the Nasalis a musical term, a flower, or an animal?

7—Which two of the Talmadge sisters married comedians?

8—What is Vitamin E?

9—Does the British government own the Suez Canal?

10—In the desert, how fast do camels normally travel by day? By night?

11—What was the crime of burking?

12—Why is too much sunlight fatal to rats?

13—Who is Old Eagle Beak?

14—Does the AAA prevent a farmer from growing as many potatoes as he wishes?

15—Who was the ruler known as King Mary?

16—Walking from the seventh to the fourteenth floor in a hospital, how many one-story flights would be climbed?

17—Who were the Abstinents?

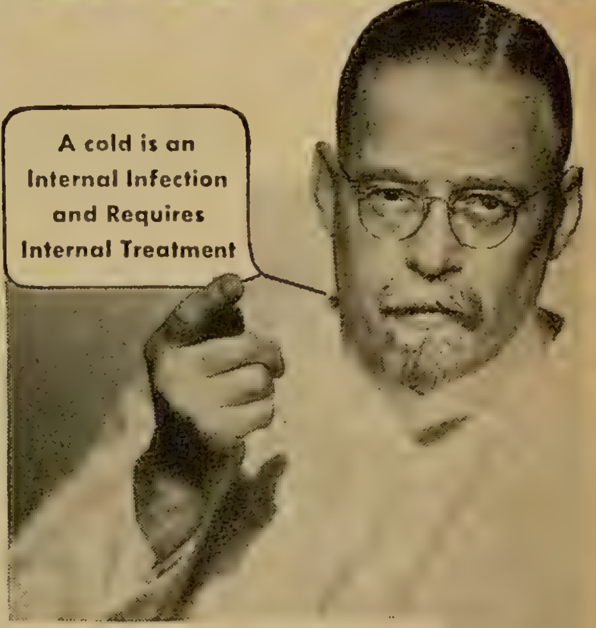
18—What is wrong with this sentence: "Her speed is twelve knots an hour"?

19—Who made the first animated movie cartoon?

20—Which two characters of mythology were changed to sea birds?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!


A cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment

Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

LIVELY, LIKABLE,

The Films Present a Swift and Thrilling Comedy
About a Horse, and a Three-Musketeers

4 stars—Extraordinary **3 stars—Excellent**
2 stars—Good **1 star—Poor**
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ½ SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Joan Bennett, Walter Connolly, Billie Burke, Lloyd Nolan, Wallace Ford, James Blakely, Alan Mowbray, William Tannen, Donald Meek. Directed by Tay Garnett. Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker.

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT is not an important picture. It's something much better than that. Built upon a tight melodramatic structure, the film abounds in lively characterizations, is studded with laughs that flow naturally from the situations, and builds to a highly suspenseful chase climax.

The sleek George Raft is given a role for which he is eminently suited, and, except that he shouts his lines every time he wants to show dramatic intensity, emerges with his best performance since Scarface. Mr. Raft is seen as an ex-bootlegger sent to Sing Sing for income-tax evasion, who while in the institution manages, as trusty librarian, to acquire an education.

This education, along with his stern views on life and morals, so impresses Walter Connolly, a socially prominent convict also doing a term for income-tax dodging, that Raft is made trustee of Connolly's estate and guardian of his madcap family. How Mr. Raft goes about his trying duties gives She Couldn't Take It its spice and comedy. And how Joan Bennett, as the spoiled daughter, tries to break the ex-bootlegger's control gives the film its tense melodramatic punch.

She Couldn't Take It is sturdy stuff, enlivened by comic touches that are really comic and told in a swift pace that races to a hilariously thrilling finish. Raft and Joan Bennett are excellent as the battling lovers, while Lloyd Nolan, Wallace Ford, Walter Connolly, and James Blakely, in sharply etched roles, aid in making this a delight from fade-in to fade-out.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tay Garnett has been directing since 1928, when he made Celebrity with Bob Armstrong, and cinched it with One Way Passage. Previously he'd been ten years a scenario writer from Mack Sennett up, and what is known as a film doctor—i. e., a magician called in to bring the corpse to life. Had moderate success in commercial advertising until he stunt-flew and instructed in the Naval Air Force. Has put all stunting behind him, explaining he's had so many close calls he knew he was living on borrowed time. In 1934 dipped into South American jungles and came out with material for his novel Man Laughs Back. Thinks pictures should be made by good directors who are so well paid they have enough responsibility so they need no supervision. Was once married to Patsy Ruth Miller. As a gesture of defiance, a belated honeymoon for his new bride, the lovely blonde Russian-English Charlot Revue dancer and Gaumont film actress, Helga Moray, and to satisfy a hankering for travel, he will set sail late this year in his seagoing 105-foot yawl for a round-the-world trip. First port of call will be Honolulu, then Hong Kong, then Singapore, where first two movies will be shot with Malay Archipelago and Indo-China-Bali-Malacca-Straits background. Thence to Bombay, where there are two well equipped film plants, and third story will be photogged probably entirely. Has spent six past months and $75,000 overhauling and be-Dieseling the Athene so it will provide pleasure and a floating movie studio. It is Garnett's plan to take along three completely prepared scripts and shoot genuine backgrounds for them, something that has rarely been done in movie history. The Athene was built in 1899. Intended for racing, she failed to make the race grade; was bought by Howard Gay for a honeymoon yot; has always remained such; was first private-owned vessel to clear Panama Canal locks. Garnett's done away with her racing lines, made her secure for heavy weather and honeymooning.

George Raft and Joan Bennett in a scene from the melodramatic film She Couldn't Take It.

★ ★ ★ STORMY

THE PLAYERS: Noah Beery, Jr., Jean Rogers, J. Farrell MacDonald, Fred Kohler, Raymond Hatton, Walter Miller, James Burtis, Cecil Kellogg, and others. Directed by Louis Friedlander. Story by Cherry Wilson.

UNIVERSAL studio has managed to make something quite appealing and quite touching out of Stormy. Fairly oozing with sentiment, Stormy contrives, with admirable consistency, to keep its people in the background. And this story of a wild horse, set against the stunning Painted Desert of Arizona, satisfies both as a scenic excursion and as a crudely effective tear jerker.

Noah Beery, Jr., performing with pleasing naturalness, is the wayward young vagabond who falls in love with a colt. Young Beery acquires the horse after a train wreck, and, building a hidden corral, he cares for the motherless animal until it is old enough to be set free on the wild range.

From then on Stormy concerns Fred Kohler, a dastardly rancher who plans to kill all the wild horses on the range and convert the land to cattle grazing. Kohler's kindly brother, J. Farrell MacDonald, gives the story a righteous element. And the horses themselves work out a revenge for the mercenary Mr. Kohler.

The elusive qualities that make Stormy the distinctive little picture it is cannot be recreated on paper. Full of photographic gems and set in a country that lends itself beautifully to the camera, the picture is best remembered for those bits that have nothing to do with the plot. The wild stampede scene alone makes Stormy a worth-while risk.

VITAL STATISTICS: Horse operas are coming back, all plants scrambling to haul chaps, spurs, and pizen-critter phrases from moth balls. . . . Rex, the wild horse who Elinor Glyn said had It some years back, is still his vicious old self. Has never been broken to the love and service of man. Belongs to Mons. Doyle, Arizona rancher and movie-location spotter, and responds to the crack of trainer Jack Lindell's whip and voice. Lindell never strikes him. Commands are sharp spoken, because with Rex it isn't "Please step up for a left profile close-up, Rexie-wexie," and nobody but Lindell can get near him. The colt is Rex's own offspring, but seven weeks old, and tame as could be, except for a playful habit of leaving a big black-and-blue where it nipped petting players. Rex was terribly fatherlike to his babe, which, one night on location, broke from one canyon and found its way to its father's side to cuddle up with him the rest of the night. . . . Entire film made in Painted Desert country, 112 miles from Flagstaff. The company rose at 5.30 A. M., bumped thirty terrible miles over bad roads from Tuba City, Arizona, to Blue Canyon, then worked in a 131° desert heat, water being scarce all day and make-up and desert grime impossible to remove till 9 P. M. It was after their first day's experience on this location the company found out the Navaho considers the Hopi's dog the lowest thing on earth and the white man the second lowest. . . . It was so hot, a rattler, brought in for use by a Hopi, died of the heat. . . . Authoress Cherry Wilson, born at Mystic, Pennsylvania, settled in wildest section of old Oregon Trail cattle country at sixteen, married Bob Wilson, Westerner, and adventured, mined, ranched, trapped wild mustangs for four years. Then, homesteading on Colville Indian Reservation near British Columbia border in Washington, her husband's health gave out and, in a bad way, she wrote and sold a story an Okanagan Indian had told her. Thus a Wild West writer was born. . . . Noah Beery, Jr., was born in New York City, August 10, 1913. Like most younger movie sons, has gotten on through his own efforts. Plays virile roles largely; has never been to college; has been pilot since fifteen. Junior never uses a double; is hard as kegs of nails; is a keen student of horseflesh; and recommends, if you want to teach your horse simple tricks, remember that Dobbin has two brains, one for his right side and one for his left, each side requiring individual tutoring. Train a horse right *sans* brutality and rudeness, and he'll follow you like a dog. Never let him know you're afraid of him. . . .

LETHARGIC

r Mr. Raft, Something Pleasantly Sentimental
evival Touched at Times with Dullness

by BEVERLY HILLS

Jean Rogers thinks it's patience to await the breaks that means screen career success. In 1933, just after graduating from Belmont, Massachusetts, high school, Jean won a national beauty contest; got herself a part in Eight Girls in a Boat. Since then she's been training in the Warner Bros.' school, and Stormy's the beginning of her career (she hopes). Wants to be a wife and a mother next. . . . Fred Kohler has yet to play a sympathetic part.

★ ★ ½ THE THREE MUSKETEERS

THE PLAYERS: Walter Abel, Paul Lukas, Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes, Nigel de Brulier, and others. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Story by Alexandre Dumas.

ONCE more the movies tackle Alexandre Dumas's lusty adventure tale. Though the results are nowhere near the heights reached by Doug Fairbanks in the silent days, this new version can be listed as mildly successful film fare. The basic trouble with this lethargic production is that it is only sporadic in the display of liveliness and verve that one would naturally expect from the ever popular story.

Walter Abel makes an acceptable if not outstanding d'Artagnan, while Paul Lukas, Moroni Olsen, and Onslow Stevens are seen as the Musketeers who give their one for all and all for RKO.

The picture has some handsome settings and one especially good scene wherein the cadets do their military exercises for the king. Paul Lukas and Margot Grahame, the unhappy villainess of the piece, give performances that in sincerity and effectiveness are above the film's general level.

The Three Musketeers is, for all our criticism, a better than average film. Yet it disappoints because it hardly touches the story's potentialities.

Fred Kohler, Jean Rogers, and Noah Beery, Jr., in a scene from Stormy, the story of a horse.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dumas took Courtils de Sandras's Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan and converted them into a half-historic tale of intrigue, swordistics, and romance, and became eternal. Today de Sandras's account has but a minor interest for bibliophiles, while The Three Musketeers has influenced all literature—showing truth is less lucrative and exciting than fiction. . . . The Musketeers were made twice in American silents—once by Thomas Ince, second by Doug Fairbanks. . . . To forestall the captious customer in the theater, RKO hired Louis Vandenecker, technical adviser, as insurance agent for accuracy. . . . The Musketeers picked up the carving after many weeks of arduous practice, RKO striving for something more than the shouts, foot stomping, and wild slashing with tin swords we've been getting for years from short-winded and fat stage matinee idols. Doug Fairbanks's swordplay has probably never been topped. . . . Rapier drill done to music of Max Steiner, RKO sound dubber, idea being to heighten the emotion. . . . Walter (d'Artagnan) Abel's a St. Paul Minner. Fell for the drammer at a high-school teacher's behest. As result got candy-butcher job at Met Opera House of St. Paul to get his fill of drama. Later kicked around in Art and got in with Greenwich Village revolutionary O'Neill movement in the early '20s and made his direct rise to prominence through O'Neill. . . . One-line synopsis of Three Musketeers: Country Boy Makes Good in Big City. . . . Moroni (Porthos) Olsen makes his debut herein. Is of Ogden, Utah, and a Norskie. Is six feet four, weighed 225 before making his debut—pic's swashbuckling cut him down to a mere 210. . . . Paul (Athos) Lukas owns and flies his own plane, studio wishes to the contrary. . . . Onslow (Aramis) Stevens got his screen start roundaboutways. Appeared in screen test as support to Gloria Stuart (Sheekman), and for once not only he but she made good. . . . This is Nigel de Brulier's third donning of the red robes and hat of Cardinal Richelieu. First was in Doug Fairbanks's verzh, second in Doug's Iron Mask, taken from Twenty Years After. Nigel's been around Hollywood longer than Hollywood herself. . . . Rosamond Pinchot's the famous Reinhardt Miracle nun, and of the Pennsylvania politickers. Came to Hollywood last year for health. Once pacted by Muggum, this is her actual screen debut. She's married. Stepped on stage without professional training, Reinhardt seeing her on the promenade deck on a steamer bringing him here to mount the Miracle. . . . Ian Keith is of Boston, February 27, '99. Ian's a well known fine-diction feller, usually synonymous with heavies or with excessive highbrows in Hollywood.

★ ★ ½ IT'S IN THE AIR

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, Ted Healy, Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Mary Carlisle, Grant Mitchell, Harvey Stephens. Directed by Charles Reisner. Story by Byron Morgan and Lew Lipton.

A SLIGHT but engaging affair, It's in the Air presents the smart-talking Jack Benny as a trickster who lives by his wits—and, all things considered, lives pretty well. Not quite well enough, however, to suit his wife, played by drawling Una Merkel.

Miss Merkel leaves her husband, and in an effort to win her back the irrepressible Mr. Benny announces that he will fly to her through the stratosphere, thus breaking a few world records and reclaiming his blonde frau in one swoop or flight. What's more, he does it.

Nat Pendleton and shuffling Ted Healy assist the ever enjoyable Jack Benny and Una Merkel in the nutty business, while Mary Carlisle and Grant Mitchell take care of what are known as straight roles. Any way you care to take it, It's in the Air is a pleasant time waster.

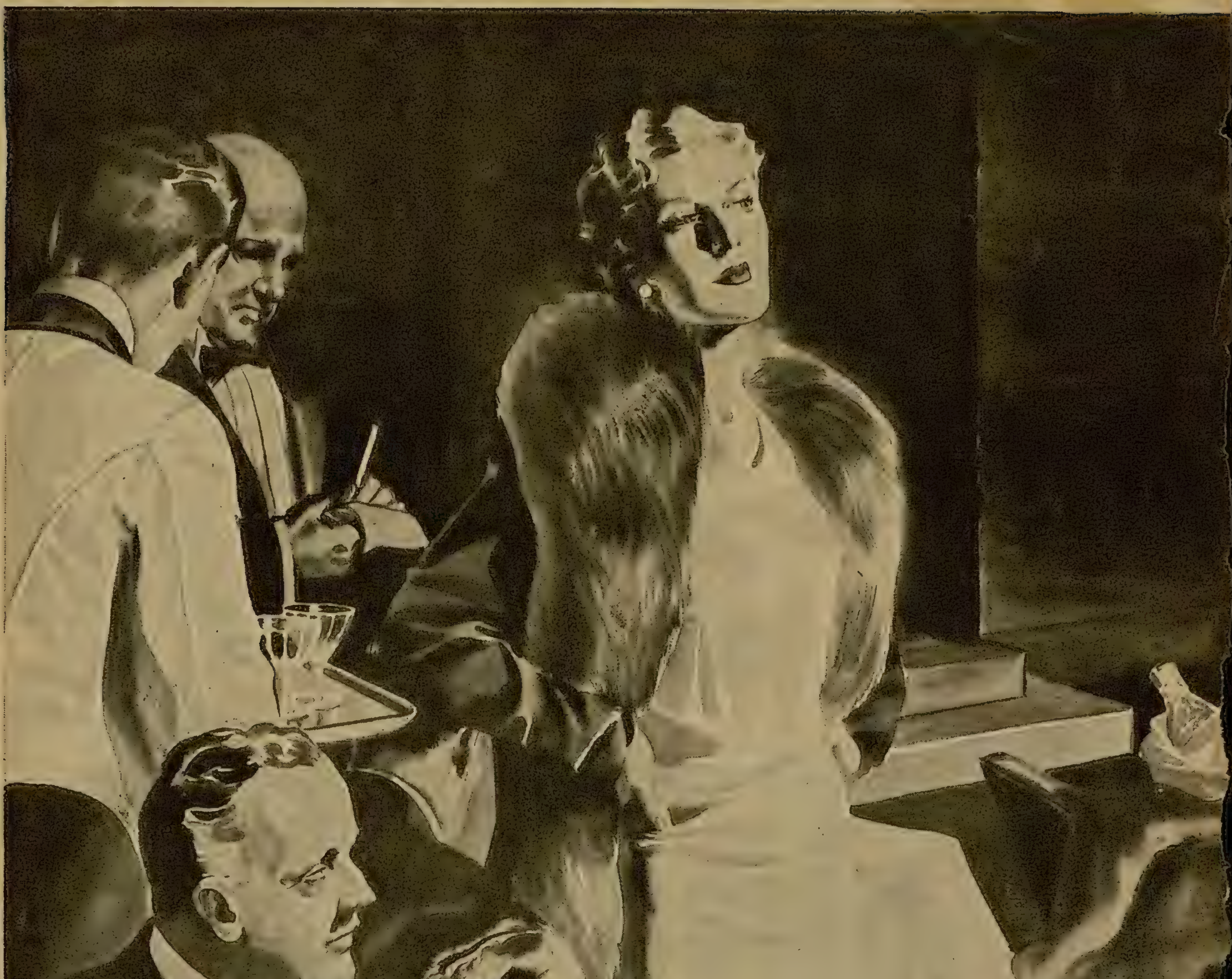
VITAL STATISTICS: Jack Benny, the Waukegan, Illinois, boy, was a St. Valentine's present to his paw and maw, Mayer and Emma Benny. During school vacations Jack worked in his father's haberdashery business, which accounts for all his jokes about ties. Didn't like it, so he saved up and bought a fiddle, took music lessons, and later formed a small orchestra to play at school dances. Lure of the theater got him. He decided to take his orchestra into Waukegan's only theater, and he got into the orchestra pit and spent several months fiddling. When the Waukegan theater closed up of old age, Benny teamed up with a piano thumper and played vodvil for four years. The World War found Benny anxious to see the world from a porthole, so he joined the navy and was placed in the Navy Relief Society—to entertain and make money for the sailors. After the war Jack became one of vodvil's smartest monologists, distinguished by an affable, relaxed, congenial manner and ability of seeming very wise but able to take it. On January 12, 1927, he married Sadye Marks, known to the air as Mary Livingstone. She was a nonpro but now works everywhere with her husband. Made her radio debut one night when a player failed to turn up. In 1928 Benny was doing his vodvil act in Los Angeles. Was plucked and planted in Muggum's first musical Hollywood Revue of 1929. Came through with flying colors and got other parts. Playing in Earl Carroll's Vanities later, he made an unheralded entrance into radio. Has never been as big a screen success as a radio success until Broadway Melody of 1936, when he was well cast for first time.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

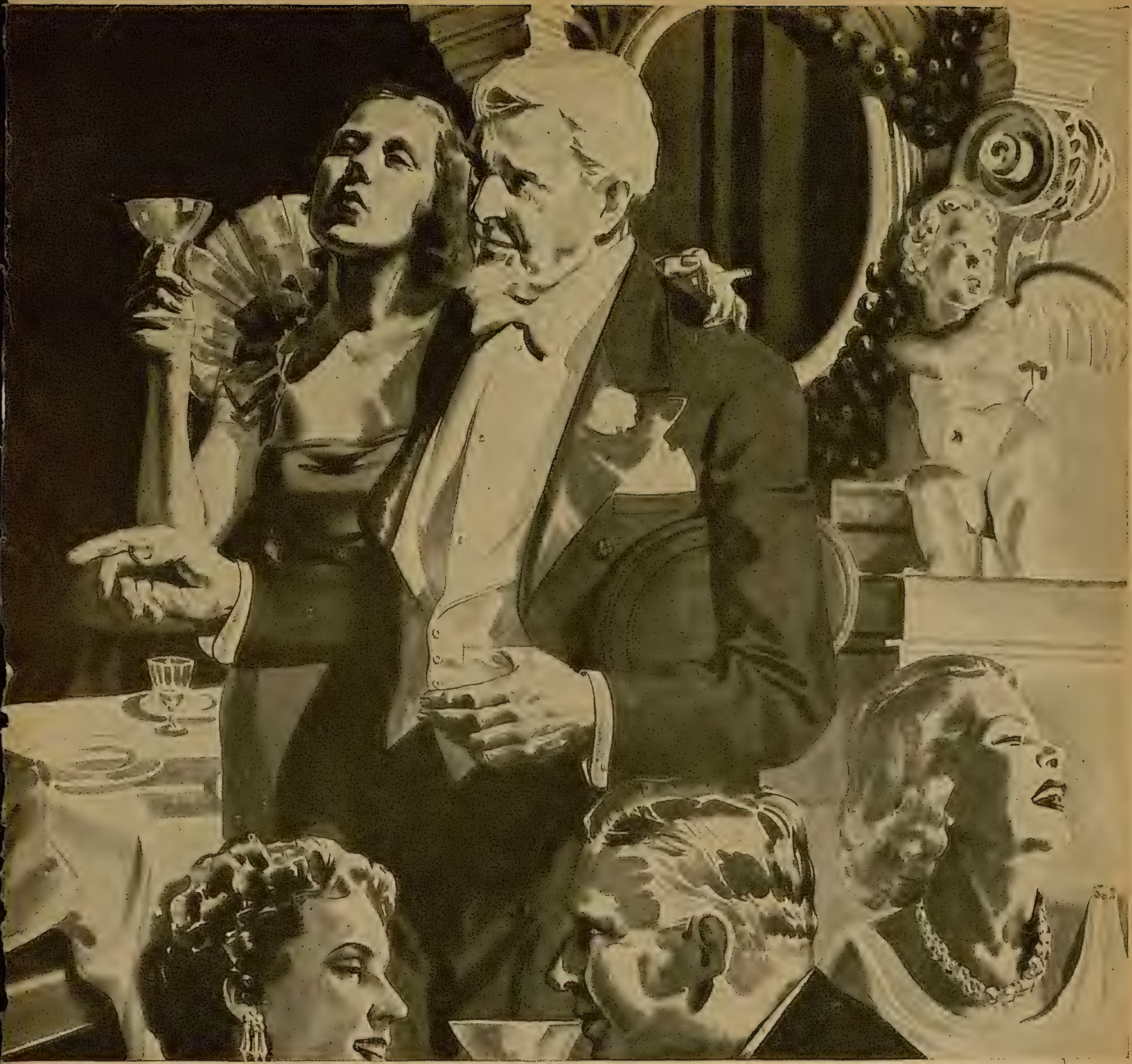
★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer.

★★★—O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas.

TINSEL LADY



As she approached, J. Benton rose a trifle unsteadily. "This is no place for you, Ann. These are not suitable companions for a lady."



Paris and the Folies...a Lovely Star, and Dreams! The Story of an American Cinderella Moves Swiftly On

by CHANNING POLLOCK

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

PART THREE—"THE RICHEST MERCHANT IN LONDON"

DID you *ever* hear anything like last night?" the young reporter had asked Ann a few hours later in the foyer of her tiny hotel.

And Ann had answered, "No, I never did."

It had been almost unbelievable, that opening at the Folies-Bergère—the glare in her eyes; the thirty musicians in the orchestra pit tooting and sawing away, but with broad grins on their faces; the great dark lake of humans with whitecaps that were lifted hands beating in frantic applause.

Ann had dreamed all that ten thousand times, as she had told the reporter. But now the actuality proved simply incredible.

"Was it us—really?" Roberta had inquired of Joe Luck fervently, when she finally regained her dressing room. "Was it us, Joe, or Belshazzar?" By which last Roberta meant the sensational spectacle that had been their background.

"Was it you?" Joe echoed. "Lissen. The boss wants to see me the first thing in the morning. As a matter of fact he said 'now,' but we're going to celebrate—all four of us, and Maurice and Fleurette, and anybody else that wants to come."

Everybody else wanted to come, but Maurice shut down on that. "Thees is *our* party," he said, guiding the six of them through congratulatory groups on the stage and the pavement, and to a quaint little restaurant in the Rue St. Denis, where the food was delicious and the wine—Ann's first champagne—laughed back at them from huge goblets.

It was under this vinous influence that Ann's father first gathered the two girls and himself into the first person singular pronoun. "I certainly made a bull's-eye tonight," he beamed. "How many curtain calls did I take, Joe? I lost count."

"'I'?" Roberta interrogated. "I didn't know you were in the show, Mr. Cutler."

"A mere figure of speech," J. Benton explained rather thickly. "When a battleship goes into action, the admiral cables 'I went into action.' As manager, I'm the admiral of this act, aren't I, Joe?"

They all laughed. The act was "I" to J. Benton henceforth.

When the little restaurant closed, Maurice took them to another in Montmartre, where, at last, the morning papers arrived. With the ghost of a shiver, Ann remembered sitting up for criticisms after the opening of the Follies in New York. Here it was different. "The grand success," Maurice translated, "was achieved by two American girls. These young women bring the performance to its highest peak. There is no way of describing their shrill outcry, which is not music, and yet strangely and barbarously harmonious; acute as the touch of a steel instrument on an exposed nerve, and yet agreeable."

The party had breakfast before separating for sleep, and Roberta and Ann had hardly closed their eyes when Joe Luck burst into the room with, "Well, we put it over on the Frenchmen! Or, rather, they put it over on themselves. They *would* have a cancellation clause in the contract, and now they're scared to death we'll take advantage of it. What do you say to a new contract at fifteen thousand francs a week?"

As it turned out, they could have done better than that, but fifteen thousand francs—"six hundred bucks in civilized coin," Joe said—wasn't to be sneezed at. Joe took his part of it, of course, and J. Benton drew twelve hundred and fifty francs as manager. He wanted more, but Roberta wouldn't hear of it, and Ann insisted that the money should come from her share, but Roberta wouldn't hear of that either. "He puts up a good front for us," Roberta declared—and rightly. Within a few weeks it was said that J. Benton Cutler was the best-dressed man in Paris.

All four still lived in their quaint little hotel on the Rue de Rivoli. "Just because we got a break is no reason for going broke," Roberta said. "Anything can happen, and it's a long wet walk back to New York."

Ann had almost forgotten the gardenia tossed at her feet to "present an admirer—Mr. Andrew Price Gordon." And then, a week later, came a note from Madrid:

> Dear Miss Cutler: I find that a hurried business trip has not dulled my memories of your *tour de force*. May I tell you verbally that I believe you to be a great artist? I am to be in Paris again on the 15th, and, unless you forbid it, I shall call for you after the performance.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Price Gordon.

Ann laid the note before Roberta.

"What do you think, Bobbie?"

"What *is* there to think, Ann? A gentleman asks you to supper. There's nothing about that in the Ten Commandments, is there?"

"I suppose you wouldn't come, Bobbie?"

"No, I wouldn't. For two reasons: First, I'm not invited. Second, chaperons went out of fashion with bustles."

In spite of her banter, Roberta confided in Joe Luck, and Joe made inquiries. Every one knew Andrew Price Gordon. The *régisseur* had exaggerated very little—if at all—in describing him as "the richest merchant in London." He was a merchant in Paris too and in Brussels and Berlin and Rome and Madrid.

Andrew Price Gordon was a tall lean Scotchman with graying hair and rather amused gray-green eyes. He had thin lips that smiled disconcertingly without moving any other muscle of his face, and even thinner hands, long-fingered and nervous. His English was very precise.

On the evening of the fifteenth, *le régisseur* brought him straight to the dressing room. That was half an hour after the curtain fell; he had given Ann time to dress but had not kept her waiting. Faultlessly garbed, he stood almost diffidently in the open doorway. "I hope you haven't set me down as a Johnny," he said. "All of us felt your performance to be very remarkable. I'm indulging myself in the pleasure of saying so to you."

"I certainly appreciate it," Ann responded awkwardly. "This is my friend, Miss Roberta White."

"You're coming with us, of course," Gordon urged. "My note was written in haste, but I hope it made clear that I hoped you'd both come."

Roberta hesitated, but Ann wanted her, and Gordon was gently insistent. In the end, all three stepped into Gordon's luxurious car and were whisked away to a small but quietly elegant restaurant near the Madeleine. Gordon apologized for not taking them to his own home. "I have an apartment in Paris," he said, "but I'm in it so rarely that the domestic machinery isn't really in gear. When Mrs. Gordon was here last, the night of your première, we stayed at the Crillon."

So that was Mrs. Gordon, Ann thought—the woman in the box who had tried to prevent Gordon's throwing the gardenia. Instantly and instinctively, of course, Ann disliked her.

Gordon talked little of himself and surprisingly little

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

No one could have guessed that fourteen-year-old Ann Cutler was on her way to fame and fortune as the sensational star of the Folies-Bergère in Paris when she left an obscure convent in Maryland because her shiftless father could not pay her board bill. Least of all did Charlie Binns, a young grocery clerk, think it during the following four years when he frequently saw Ann at the boardinghouse in Washington, D. C., where she lived with her father, J. Benton Cutler, and worked as a slavey. But Ann's glorious dreams of a stage career were not dimmed. Her theatrical possibilities were noticed by a transient boarder, Roberta White, a chorine in the Miss Cleopatra Company, and when offered a job in the chorus, Ann grasped the chance both as her first major step toward success and as an opportunity to postpone her answer to a proposal of marriage from Charlie.

During the Miss Cleopatra road trip Ann made a considerable success of herself on the stage and continued her friendship with Roberta. Frequently Charlie Binns paid her a visit. But the first heady thrills of a glamorous career had been tasted and Ann set her heart on bigger things.

Through Jerry Martin, Roberta's old acquaintance, the two girls landed jobs in the Ziegfeld Follies. It was here that Dave Allen, the secret power behind the shows, realized Ann's talents and featured her and Roberta in a variety act based around the song Lonely Rivers, Ann's composition.

New York audiences were only mild in their reception, however, and when the girls received a bid from the Folies-Bergère—made possible by their friends Maurice and Fleurette Dorval, a French team in the Follies—they accepted, and sailed with J. Benton and Joe Luck, a song writer.

Their opening show was a huge success. At the final curtain a distinguished-looking man, Andrew Price Gordon, tossed a gardenia to Ann. Backstage she asked the director about him. "The richest merchant in London," was the reply.

of Ann. He seemed amused at her naïveté. “So you find Paris romantic,” he smiled. “What have you seen? I shall be here until Sunday, with time hanging rather heavily on my hands. And I'm not quite the mine of misinformation that walks around these places with ‘Guide’ on its cap.”

They lunched at Versailles next day—a *partie à quatre* this time, for, by special invitation, Ann brought her father. He was greatly impressed, and, to do him justice, seemed to impress Gordon. J. Benton Cutler had read widely and retentively; between them the two men sketched a vivid picture of the century before the French Revolution. Gordon had a way of making things come alive. Through his eyes Ann saw the great halls crowded with powdered courtiers and great courtesans—Madame de Maintenon and the Du Barry. She was annoyed when Roberta said that they seemed to her merely stupid and rather dirty people.

Gordon smiled.

“You mustn't take away Miss Cutler's rose-colored glasses.”

“Why not?”

“Because they give her part of the charm she sees through them.”

“Yes,” Roberta admitted, “but I wonder what we'd think of these people if they were with us today. Louis the Fifteenth for example. He looks grand up there, with his hand on his sword, but he seems to've been really an ignorant, henpecked old gentleman with some very bad habits.”

“And Marie Antoinette?” Ann asked.

“Rather commonplace, I'm afraid,” Gordon answered. “*She* never really did anything much, you know, except to die decently.”

Ann was sorry the conversation had taken this turn. Were all glories mere bubbles that collapsed when one touched them?

IN spite of herself, Ann was already becoming conscious of little doubts and disappointments. She began being bored by the recognition of shopgirls and loungers on the boulevards; began asking herself whether, after all, this wasn't a rather tawdry accomplishment. Only yesterday, when J. Benton had come back with his nightly “Knocked 'em cold,” Ann had snapped back, “Yes; so do the trained seals at the Empire.”

J. Benton was becoming tiresome, not to say expensive and slightly ridiculous. Most of his afternoons were spent in the luxurious cafés of the big hotels, and his evenings in the promenade at the Folies-Bergère. This was a huge space between the lobby and the auditorium where a jazz band played during intermissions, and drinks were served at little tables, and cocottes walked about seeking patrons. From the beginning J. Benton had been interested in these women. Now Joe Luck reported that “the old gent” was devoting himself to one of them—a slightly corpulent brunette with an unquenchable thirst. Twice J. Benton had come home very sick, and then he began not coming home at all. It was irritating and more than a little disgusting.

Roberta was getting a trifle disgusted too. And Joe Luck aired his feelings: “I know where I'm going pretty soon. Home, James. New York may not be Palm Beach this time of year, but the sun shines sometimes. This perpetual drizzle gets in my bones.”

Paris certainly wasn't glamorous in November. Nothing was—except Andrew Price Gordon. When he returned to London that Sunday, Ann missed him surprisingly, and was correspondingly delighted when he came back again. “Not falling in love, are you?” Roberta asked. “Remember, there's a Mrs A. P. Gordon.”

“Don't be silly,” Ann said.

SHE wasn't falling in love. Nothing about Gordon prompted that kind of feeling. But he was interesting and considerate.

However, she was seeing Gordon almost every day he spent in Paris—which was two or three weeks out of a month—and people don't see each other almost every day and remain strangers. Most of their time together was spent in restaurants and museums. He came to her dressing room infrequently, though both Roberta and J. Benton liked him and he found them amusing. “What shall we do, Ann?” he asked one afternoon when they were sipping an apéritif at Henri's. “What shall we do when we've seen all the museums, and eaten all there is to eat in the restaurants?”

“That'll be a long time,” Ann laughed. “They say people have spent *years* in the Louvre.”

“*We* have,” Gordon answered.

“And look at the result,” Ann joked. “I begin to know how much I don't know, and that's an education in itself. Seriously, don't you see the difference in me?”

“You're beginning to be a woman of the world,” Gordon replied, only half facetiously. “You're no longer locked in a dark closet.”

“A dark closet, Price?”

“Full of moldy taboos and stuffy ‘Thou shalt nots.’ An artist must *live*, Ann. And learn, too,” he added quickly. “You're learning.”

“To enjoy nice things, mostly.”

“That's part of the training for success, Ann. When we enjoy nice things, we struggle to get 'em. That's a frightful hotel you've chosen. I can't bear even to look at the outside of it. A place like that does something to you, my dear.”

It was a very fraternal “my dear,” but Ann was vaguely conscious of it.

There *was* a difference in Ann. A decided difference. Roberta felt it, and understood why, and was glad. “You can catch culture, Ann,” she said, “the same way you catch measles—by breathing the same air with it. I've gone through life steerage. It's on my labels. Too late to change now. You've got the promenade-deck air now. And that's what

“I WAS A WRECK WITH PAIN..

I Couldn't Sit or Take a Step in Comfort!”

WHAT a torture, Piles! They plague you by night and day and make life a misery. Because of the delicate nature of the subject, many people hesitate to do anything about Piles, yet there is no condition more in need of treatment because Piles can become something very serious.

Whether Piles be internal or external, whether they be painful or itching, or both, real relief for the discomfort is to be had in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain, itching and bleeding. Pazo is dependable because it is of threefold effect — soothing, lubricating and astringent.

Real Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical

All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube is free for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 38-L, St. Louis, Mo.
FREE
Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME______________________
ADDRESS______________________
CITY______________ STATE__________

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, “Accountancy, the Profession That Pays,” and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1131-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,200 C.P.A.'s

Soothe
THOSE TIRED
EYES!
Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.
MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

gets you in the big money. Only—watch your step, Ann. Remember what you said about guarding the sacred fire."

"Don't you worry," Ann laughed.

A night or two afterward she came to her dressing room through the front of the house.

Joe Luck had sailed for home the preceding Saturday. Joe always had collected their salary and divided it. But now ten days passed without salary. Roberta spoke to the secretary of *le directeur*, who happened to be on the stage after the matinee, and he said, "I paid the money to your manager, M. Cutler."

"Who told you to do that?"

"He did."

"Well, don't do it again," Roberta flared, and, to Ann, "We better get what's left of that coin, kid."

"All right," Ann reassured Bobbie. "I know where to find him."

She left Roberta in the little street that ends bang up against the low, rather dingy façade of the Folies-Bergère. It was nearly eleven o'clock; the show never was over before midnight, and the two girls appeared only in the finale. *Le directeur* himself was in the lobby. "May I go in this way—just tonight?" Ann asked.

He nodded to the ticket taker, and Ann passed through the portal.

On its other side was the promenade. The stage show had reached its intermission, and the entire audience had adjourned to this lounge. It was ablaze with lights, foggy with tobacco smoke, and deafening. Color everywhere. The bright green uniforms of the orchestra; the evening dress of a third of the patrons, and the dead-white faces and crimson lips of the cocottes. They were unmistakable, these women; garbed in cheap finery, coarse, painted, and sedulously seductive.

Ann spotted J. Benton. He was immaculately dressed, wearing a tail coat, a white tie, and a set of studs with the tiny pearls he had bought and charged to her account. Under his arm he carried a folded opera hat. And opposite him at one of the little tables sat the rotund brunette. A waiter was just opening a bottle of champagne. As she approached, J. Benton rose a trifle unsteadily. "This is no place for you, Ann."

"I don't know what you mean. I work here."

"Not *here*, Ann. Back on the stage. These are not suitable companions for a lady, Ann."

"Nor for a gentleman, I should think," J. Benton's daughter retorted. "We can take that up later. What I want to know now is, did you collect Robbie's salary and mine?"

"Naturally. Somebody had to collect it, now Joe's gone."

"All right. Give me the money."

J. Benton dug into his pocket.

"You'll find it a trifle short," he said. "I had some urgent requirements, Ann. I'll pay both of you in full next week—positively."

Ann walked away.

DEATH AT THE WHEEL

YOU no doubt are a "safe" driver. You obey the speed laws. You stop at traffic signals. You keep in line. You do not attempt to pass cars ahead of you on a steep hill or going around a curve.

You observe the rules of the road because you are a cautious person, or perhaps you have become even more cautious since reading the series of brief articles on safe driving by Tom A. Burke which Liberty published in 1934 and 1935, which inaugurated this campaign.

Yet there were 33,980 deaths and something like a million victims of motor accidents last year. Even with all your care and all your caution, you are simply lucky if you escaped. How many times has your heart been in your throat as a chiseler swept by you?—an accident going somewhere to happen.

Liberty will continue to publish articles in the hope of reducing the terrific toll of motor accidents, such as Death After Dark, by Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey, in the November 2 issue.

But in the meantime send a post card to the Port of New York Authority, 111 Eighth Avenue, New York City, for copies of A Trio of Warnings. This booklet contains a reprint of J. C. Furnas's startling article,—And Sudden Death, from the Reader's Digest; Mile-a-Minute Men, by Governor Hoffman; The Sidewalks of New York, by former Governor Alfred E. Smith.

Enlist yourself in the cause of safe motoring!

BEFORE entering the dressing room, she counted out all of Roberta's share. That left her eighty-four francs—just over three dollars. Ann needed every penny she earned. But the loss wasn't what sickened her. "I was going to see stars," she told Roberta. "I didn't know I was going to see them reflected in the gutter."

She had had two short letters from Charlie Binns, but they didn't help much. The first was in reply to a short note from Ann describing their triumph in Paris.

DEAR ANN: Well, you were right about fairy tales. They do come true, after all, and so you've got everything you want now. Rich and famous. It must be wonderful. You ought to save some money, though. This is your chance. I am saving money, but have decided not to buy into Franklin Market. Too many places like that around here. I'm looking for a good chance in a small town. Well, that's all for now, except you know I still feel the way I did, and am

Yours very truly,
CHARLIE.

The second letter read:

This is just to say that I've taken a week off and am going to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I heard of a man there that has a branch market in Soudersburg and can't run them both, and wants to sell the little one cheap. So if you answered my last letter, and don't get an answer to your letter right away, it's because I'm away in Lancaster or Soudersburg. You know what I hope for you and that I remain the same.

Your friend,
CHARLIE.

Ann hadn't answered the first letter, but she did so now, rather shamefacedly. She wrote that everything *was* "wonderful," though she wasn't really famous yet, and certainly was not rich. There was no use consulting Charlie about her father.

That problem would have to be solved before she could hope for a reply. Something had to be done about J. Benton.

THE next day she confided in Andrew Price Gordon. He was always so sympathetic and understanding.

It was a raw damp afternoon in early December, and they had motored down to a little inn on the Seine. The hotel proved to be cheerless and illy kept. Gordon said, "I wish we could stop this wandering about, looking for places to be together ten minutes. I feel as though we were fugitives."

"Why can't you come to my hotel?"

"Well, if I go to your room, there's Roberta and the proprieties."

"I could go to your flat," Ann said, just a bit surprised at having made the suggestion.

Gordon shook his head slowly.

"Why don't you move into a comfortable hotel? I say comfortable; not luxurious. There are dozens of 'em in Paris."

Ann told him.

"We're getting six hundred dollars a week, and we still send Joe his share, though he didn't want us to. Then father gets his salary and most of what's left of mine. He's been running up bills ever since we came, and now he's attached to a—a—"

She hesitated, wincing obviously.

"Well, to one of those women who haunt the promenade at the theater, and who evidently thinks he's a rich American. I hate telling you things like this about my own father—"

Gordon smiled.

"Relatives are much alike," he consoled her. "At least, those we make pensioners. Your father's not an old man. Why shouldn't he be self-sustaining?"

Gordon lit a cigar.

"We employ hundreds of people."

Ann said, "Father'd be outraged if we suggested his taking a clerkship."

"I know," Gordon answered. "But suppose I made him a manager. People of your father's type *love* to be managers. And, strangely enough, I've a post I think he could fill very well. In London." He smiled again. "London's very sobering."

Ann said, "You're the kindest man I ever met."

"And you're the nicest girl *I* ever met—so honors are even."

J. Benton disliked leaving Ann alone in Paris. It didn't seem altogether safe, he said. But when Gordon described the duties awaiting him—"supervision of general morale"—and the office also awaiting him, with a secretary and his name on the door, J. Benton yielded. Ann took him to the railway station, where he climbed into a carriage in the Golden Arrow already occupied by Gordon, who had urgent business in London. "I'll run over to spend Christmas with you," J. Benton promised.

"I hope to be here a few days next week," Gordon said: "on my way to Brussels."

It was a relief not having to worry about J. Benton, and yet, oddly enough, the two girls missed him. Joe Luck and J. Benton both gone; they were alone now in Paris.

The following Friday Roberta stumbled as she was coming off the stage, and wrenched her ankle. It pained a good deal that night, but there was nothing to be done about it. Every one was asleep at the hotel, and the faucets yielded no hot water. Ann spent an hour looking for an open drugstore but without success. The next morning they found a doctor, but he seemed fussy and second-rate. Both girls were greatly relieved when, shortly after noon, Gordon phoned. "Got back from London last night," he said, "but I've been frightfully busy all morning. I *can* spare an hour for luncheon."

Ann told him their troubles.

"I'll be with you in ten minutes," Gordon responded.

He looked at Roberta's ankle. It was swollen to twice its natural size, and the girl couldn't bear her weight on it. "There's only one thing to do," Gordon declared. "You can't get proper care in this place. I'm going to drive you to the American Hospital at Neuilly, Bobbie."

The wrenched ankle had to be X-rayed, and though the picture showed no broken bones, there was a torn ligament, and a crisp businesslike American physician said, "You won't do any walking for a week or two."

"ALL right," Gordon commanded; "you stay here, Bobbie. A hospital's the place for people in your state." While Roberta was still protesting, he had arranged for a room, filled it with flowers and magazines, and telephoned the Folies-Bergère. "Of course *I'll* go on as usual," Ann had told him. "It won't be the same, but I can get through the song somehow."

She and Gordon remained at the hospital until Roberta showed signs of drowsiness, and then they drove back to Paris and an early dinner at the Ritz. "You've been wonderful!" Ann exclaimed gratefully. "I *never* felt so abandoned and helpless as I did until you came."

Gordon was indeed wonderful. He had planned going on to Brussels, but didn't; and when he learned that Bobbie would have to spend Christmas at Neuilly, announced his own intention of spending Christmas in Paris.

"What about your family?" Ann asked.

Gordon looked at her sharply.

"My wife's at Cap d'Ail," he said. "That's near Monte Carlo. She was in Algiers last Christmas. We don't see much of each other."

"You must have friends."

"Dull people, most of 'em, with large families. No, I'll stay here, and we'll have dinner together. You've a matinee, of course," Gordon continued. "Afterward we'll drive out to see Bobbie."

"I needn't be back at the theater much before eleven."

"All right; you and I will dine *en famille*."

IT seemed an odd way to put it, but Ann didn't give the matter much thought. She had to rehearse Lonely Rivers with an English girl, and that took time and patience. Gordon was busy too. He sent his car daily to take her to Roberta, but Ann saw him only twice before Christmas. Then he called at the theater, the car loaded with gifts for the invalid, and they had champagne at the hospital, and stayed so long that Bobbie finally shooed them out with, "You've done your one good deed today; now run along and have a good time yourselves."

The car sped back to Paris. Glancing out of the window, Ann observed that they were threading side streets from the Arc de Triomphe. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"I told you we'd dine *en famille*."

"You mean—not in a restaurant?"

"Not in a restaurant on Christmas night."

The chauffeur drove up in front of what looked like a very modern apartment house. They ascended in one of those Parisian self-service elevators, and were admitted into a small foyer. The man who had opened the door took Gordon's coat, and a trim maid appeared and said to Ann, "This way, madame."

Ann found herself in the loveliest little bedroom she had ever seen. A woman's room; obviously Mrs. Gordon's. There was a tiny fireplace with three tiny logs blazing in it, and no other light anywhere, except on a green-and-ivory vanity table, where shaded lamps glowed over a wealth of amber toiletries.

Cocktails were served in the library, where a loaded Christmas tree looked so cheerful and homelike that it brought a lump in Ann's throat. "We'll inspect that later," Gordon said, "after dinner."

"Is this your flat?" Ann asked.

Gordon shook his head.

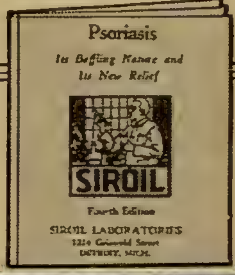
"No," he said; "it's not mine. It's yours—if you want it. May I come to see you in it sometimes? I'm so dreadfully tired of sitting in restaurants."

A lavishly furnished, comfortable home of her own! One of the prized goals in Ann's long quest for a romantic, glamorous life. Will she accept Gordon's present? Learn her decision and its resulting complications in next week's installment.

for
PSORIASIS
use
SIROIL

No longer need you be embarrassed by psoriasis blemishes. Siroil, the new relief for psoriasis, will solve your problem. It has brought relief to thousands of men and women throughout the country. Applied externally to the affected areas it causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if you do not receive decided benefit within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded.

SEND for SIROIL BOOKLET



USE COUPON BELOW *Today*

SIROIL *Laboratories, Inc.*

1214 Griswold St., Dept. L-11 • Detroit, Michigan

Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of Psoriasis

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________STATE________

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ANITA LOUISE

ONE day this little girl consumed a dozen crêpes Suzette before lunch. Another day she polished off eight ice-cream sodas in a row, with maraschino cherries on top. She did it for art's sake—not from greed. Did it as part of her Hollywood job. Had to eat pancake after pancake, sip soda after soda, until her director shot the scenes just right.

The effect upon her will be permanent, she fears.

"I think I'll loathe crêpes Suzette all the rest of my life," says Anita Louise, "and I'm afraid I won't ever enjoy ice-cream sodas again—specially if they have maraschino cherries on top."

What a price for a pretty girl with an eighteen-year-old appetite to pay for fame!

Anita Louise is eighteen, seems younger, has been a professional actress since she was seven. In real life she's as starry-eyed, as flaxen-haired, exactly as picture-book-looking as she appears on the screen. I met her one morning at breakfast; she got egg on her fingers and raved about Shakespeare—a genuine schoolgirl type.

Genuine actress as well. Observe her excellent work in the film version of A Midsummer Night's Dream, and in Here's to Romance, and in Enemies of Man. Fans everywhere are taking her to their hearts.

Born in Brooklyn, Anita was a regular kid, her mother tells me. She had her measles and her chicken pox along with the other kids. But not mumps.

Up to six months ago she was still reading Grimm's Fairy Tales. Now she takes music lessons. Is learning to play the harp.

● *Note for Armistice Day:* Last summer I visited a veterans' hospital at Toronto. In rows of iron cots on a sunny roof lay the men maimed and broken by war. Sparrows from the street below came flying up to perch on the cots and chirp at the shattered men. Each sparrow, I was told, had its favorite soldier, and each soldier his pet sparrow. I saw one sparrow twittering anxiously around an empty cot. I was told the occupant of that cot had recently departed —forever—after eighteen years of suffering. And I was told that in a few days his pet sparrow would fly away, never again to return.

I don't know why the incident touched me so deeply, but it did. Perhaps because sparrows are such courageous little fighters. They seemed to belong there—with the men of courage unsparing and unspared.

● With amazement I heard a celebrated beauty make the following confession. Privately she said to me:

"I *bore* men. They fall in love with me, they can't live without me—then, after a while, I bore them. It is always the same. I know I'm beautiful. I am good-natured too. But I suppose I'm dull. Somehow I never have been able to keep a man amused."

The woman who said this is well known both in America and Europe for her exquisite looks.

At the time that she said it she was on the point of marrying her third husband. They have since parted. Now she is on the point of wedding her fourth. And people are scandalized by her many divorces, her various marriages.

Yet how can we help feeling sorry for her? When you examine them, the lives of *beautiful dumbbells* rarely contain much lasting happiness. I hope this one has finally acquired a man who will appreciate her at her face (and figure) value, without expecting her to be mentally brilliant also.

● Branches of autumn leaves, used now so handsomely for room decoration, can be persuaded, by means of an easy chemical trick, to retain their gold-and-scarlet glory long into the winter.

Here's how you do it:

Peel two inches of bark off the broken ends of the branches. Let them stand for a week in a solution of 1 part glycerin and 3 parts water. Have the solution come well above the peeled ends. After this keep the branches in ordinary water, changing it every week.

● With our most popular winter cocktail — the *old-fashioned*—try serving this new canapé:

Split tiny cocktail sausages lengthwise, spread with a mixture of cold baked beans creamed to a paste with a little mustard. Spear the sausage halves together with a toothpick and brown quickly under the broiler.

● Two outstanding books among the new memoirs of feminine adventure are: There's Always Tomorrow, by Marguerite Harrison (published by Farrar & Rinehart), and The Heavenly Sinner, by T. Everett Harré (published by the Macaulay Company).

● New style accessories for this winter's smartness include pearl necklaces in three rows, the middle row being of pink or brown pearls. . . . Gloves with fur gauntlets reaching clear to your elbow (very nice for carrying home a bunch of celery). . . . Four-inch belts of colored velvet draped and buckled at the back—wear a belt of oxblood velvet with your black dress, a belt of carbon blue with your brown dress.

Pale-hued blouses of pleated georgette are worn with black broadcloth skirts. Orchid pink is the latest shade for these.

Always
TELEPHONE FIRST
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

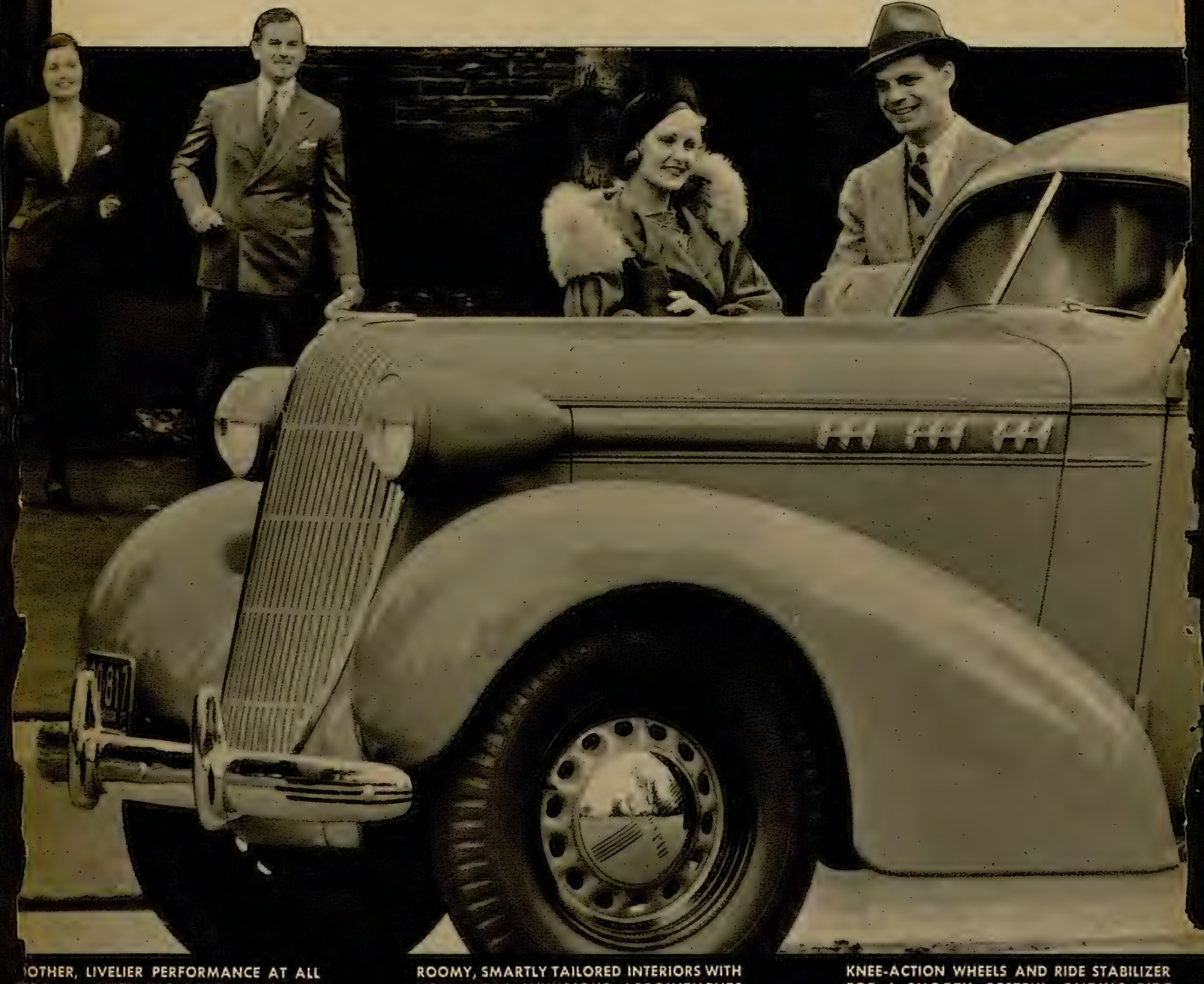
IT SAVES TIME, miles, and disappointments. You *know* when friends are home, when relatives who are traveling are late, whether tickets for tomorrow's Big Game will be waiting when you get there. *Telephone first.*

TELEPHONING out of town costs little during the day. And after 7 P. M. it's about 40% *less* for most three-minute, station-to-station calls. Then you can talk about 75 miles for 35c; 150 miles for 50c; 275 miles for 75c.

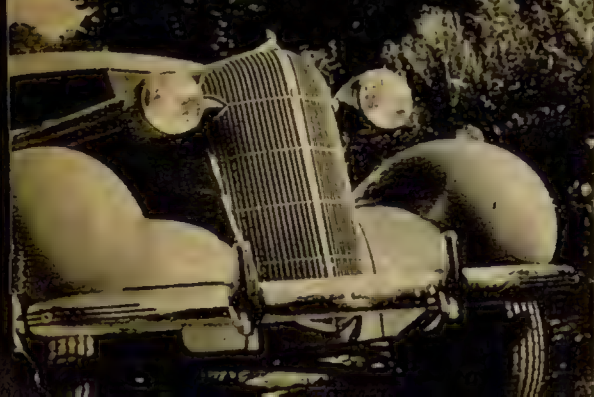
Presenting the New Style

1936 OLD

A BIG NEW 90 H. P. SIX . . . AND A LUXURIOUS NEW 100 H.
LIVELIER POWER . . . NEWLY ENRICHED INTERIORS . . . GREAT
SAFETY . . . AND ALL OF THE MODERN FINE-CAR FEATURE

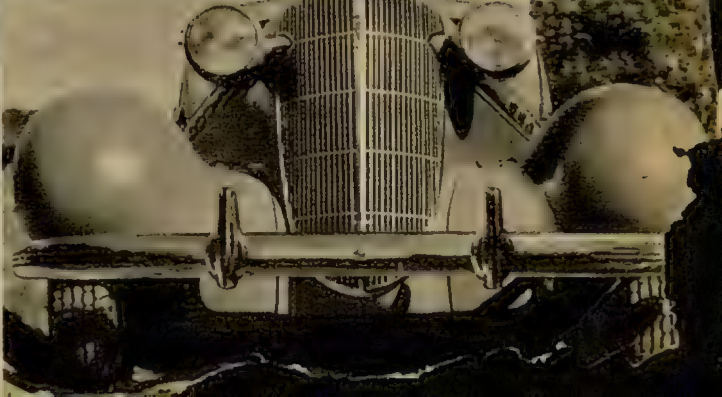


OTHER, LIVELIER PERFORMANCE AT ALL
EDS . . . WITH INCREASED ECONOMY



ROOMY, SMARTLY TAILORED INTERIORS WITH
NEW, MORE LUXURIOUS APPOINTMENTS

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS AND RIDE STABILIZER
FOR A SMOOTH, RESTFUL, GLIDING RIDE



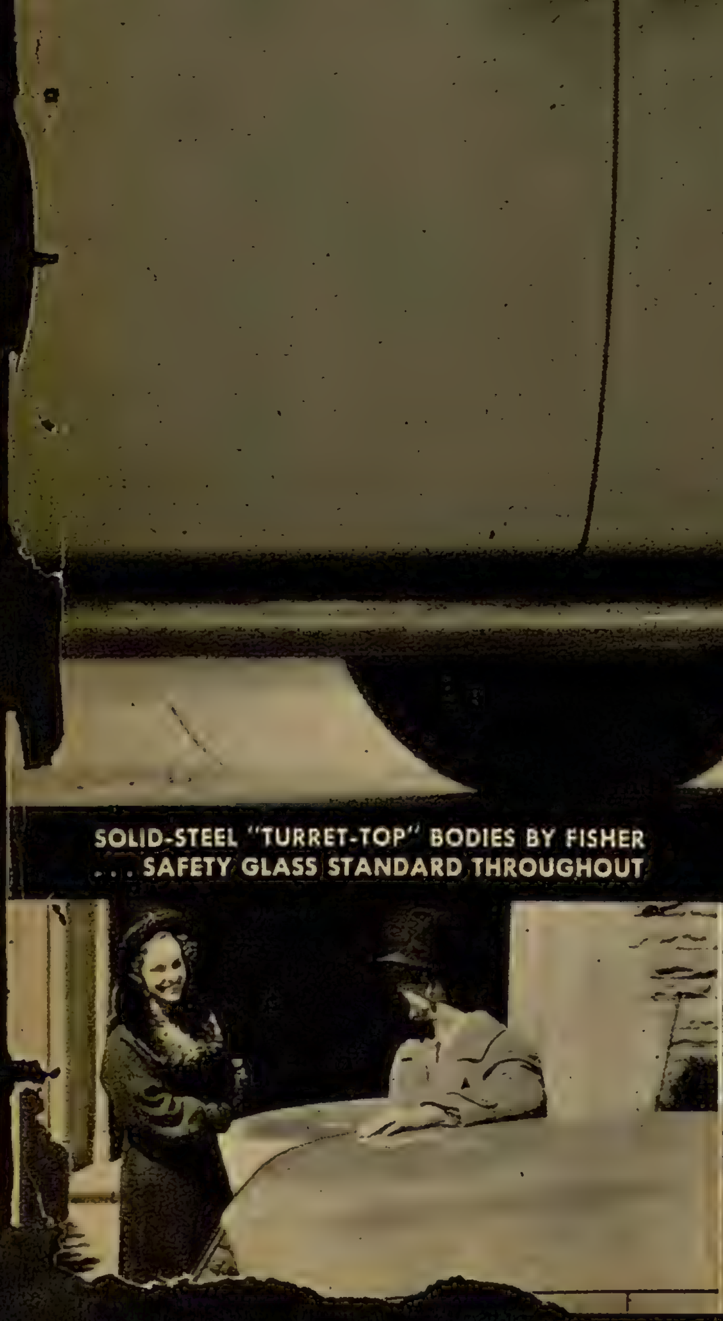
Leader . . at New Low Prices

SMOBILE

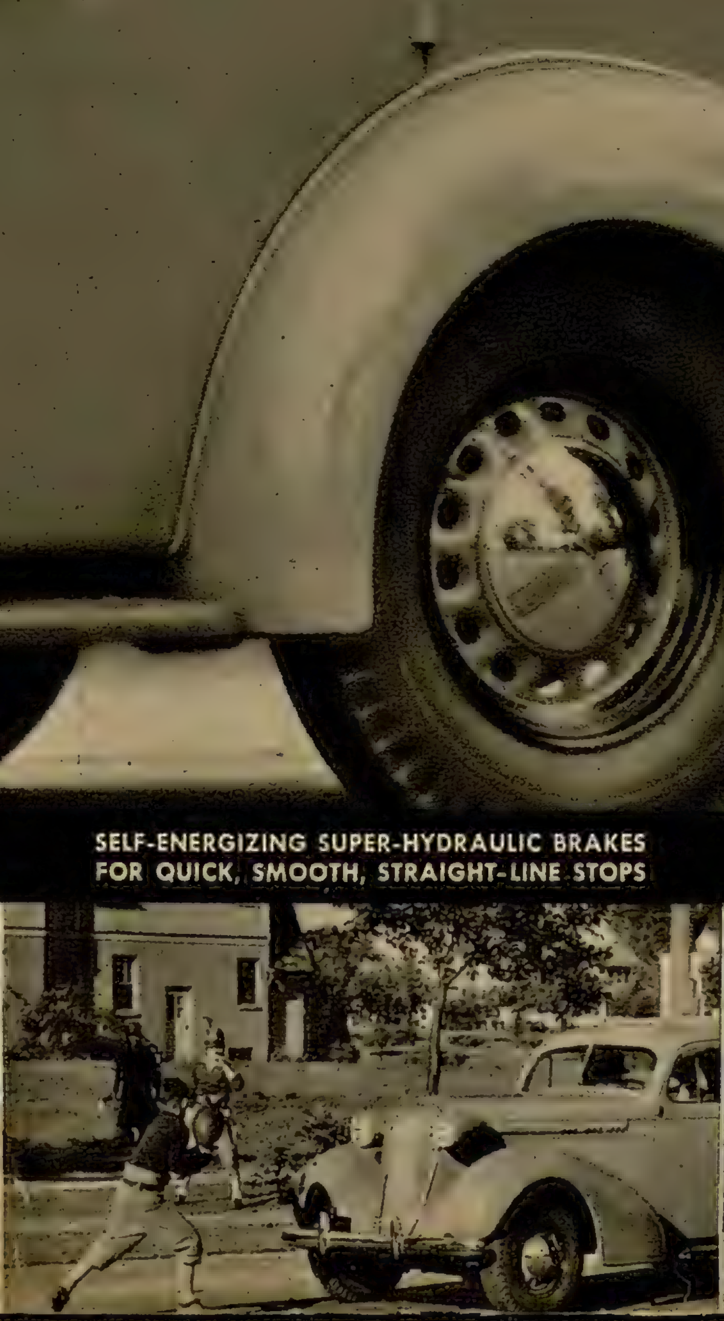
IGHT . . . WITH NEW STYLE-LEADER STYLING . . . SMOOTHER,
ECONOMY . . . INCREASED COMFORT . . . COMPLETE ALL-ROUND
THAT MAKE OLDSMOBILE *"The car that has everything"*

Car Illustrated: *The Six Cylinder Touring Sedan*

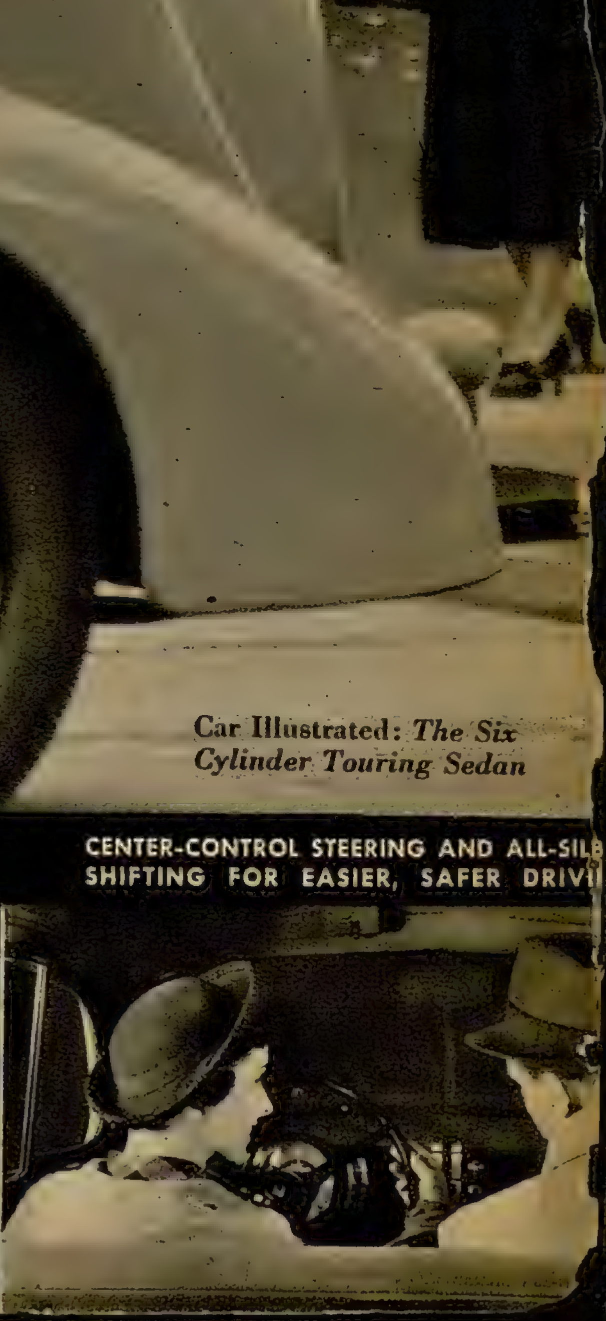
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER . . . SAFETY GLASS STANDARD THROUGHOUT



SELF-ENERGIZING SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES FOR QUICK, SMOOTH, STRAIGHT-LINE STOPS



CENTER-CONTROL STEERING AND ALL-SIL
SHIFTING FOR EASIER, SAFER DRIVI



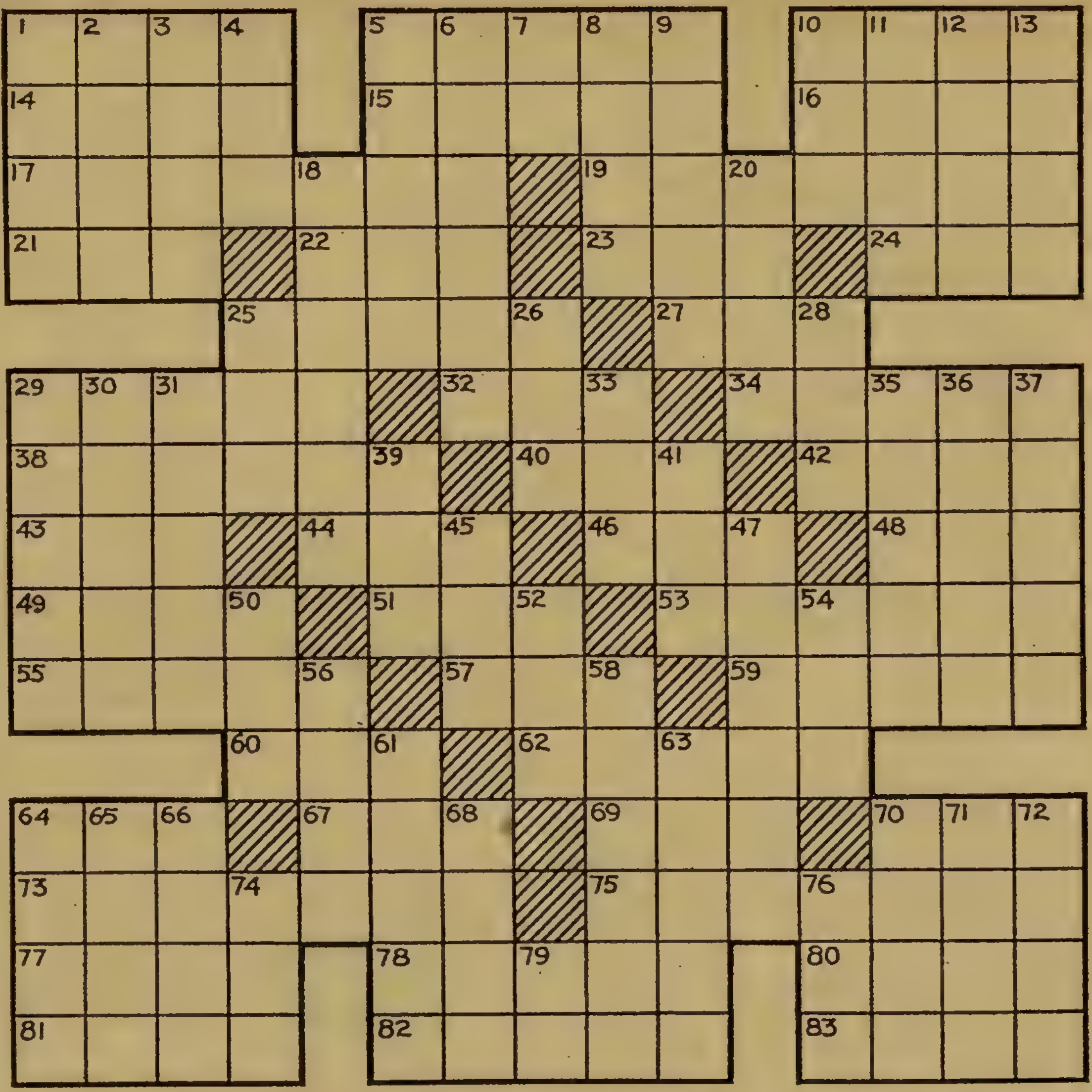
GETTING YOUR SHINS TOASTED NOW, AREN'T YOU DAD!
SURE AM, SON! THAT ARVIN HEATER PUTS THE HEAT WHEREVER YOU WANT IT!

THE new Arvins give you everything for perfect heating satisfaction—size and quality, style and beauty—the *newest* improvements in car heater design and construction. They have the heating capacity you need, when winter winds really start whipping snow and ice out of the north . . . Why be half-warm with an *ordinary* heater when you can get a quality Arvin for as little as $12.95. Stop at an Arvin dealer and see the wonderful new hot water and steam models. Arvins are sold and quickly installed by garages, car dealers and service stations everywhere.

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, *Inc.* Columbus, Indiana . . . *also makers of the Arvin Radios for your car and for your home*

PRICED AS LOW AS $12.95
ARVIN
HOT WATER AND STEAM
Car Heaters
YOUR BEST BUY FOR COMFORT

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A parent (plural; familiar)
5 A minute object (plural)
10 Sodium chloride
14 A county in Ohio
15 To come above the horizon
16 Wind instrument
17 Marked peculiarity or characteristic
19 Horns of a deer
21 Cymbals used by Hindu worshipers
22 Siamese measure of length
23 To avail oneself of
24 Allow
25 Fertile or green spot in a waste
27 Attention
29 To be acutely painful
32 Tooth for transmitting motion (machinery)
34 Furnishes with a pole
38 Large deep container for soup
40 Small compact mass
42 Sheet of standing water
43 Woman's name
44 To dip in a liquid
46 Pouch (anatomy)
48 Lair
49 Ceremony
51 Jackdaw
53 Ask for peremptorily
55 To imbue with odor
57 Fit of ill humor
59 Tears
60 To delve
62 Trail or tail, as of a meteor

R	E	P	U	B	L	I	C	A	N	S		A	S	S
O	V	E	R	E	A	T	■	L	A	I	R	S	■	I
B	A	■	S	L	Y	■	S	M	I	T	H	■	P	A
	S	O	U	L	■	S	T	O	L	E	■	A	R	M
A	I	L	S	■	S	W	A	N	S	■	F	L	E	E
B	V	D	■	C	H	I	L	D	■	G	L	A	S	S
R	E	■	E	R	A	S	E	■	C	O	U	R	S	E
A	■	S	L	A	M	S	■	C	H	A	S	M	■	T
C	O	H	E	N	S	■	T	O	O	T	H	■	T	W
A	M	U	C	K	■	C	O	O	K	S	■	L	O	I
D	E	N	T	■	P	E	A	C	E	■	F	E	R	N
A	G	T	■	C	R	A	S	H	■	R	A	I	N	
B	A	■	B	O	O	S	T	■	L	A	G	■	A	D
R	■	R	E	V	U	E	■	M	A	T	I	L	D	A
A	L	I		E	D	D	I	E	C	A	N	T	O	R

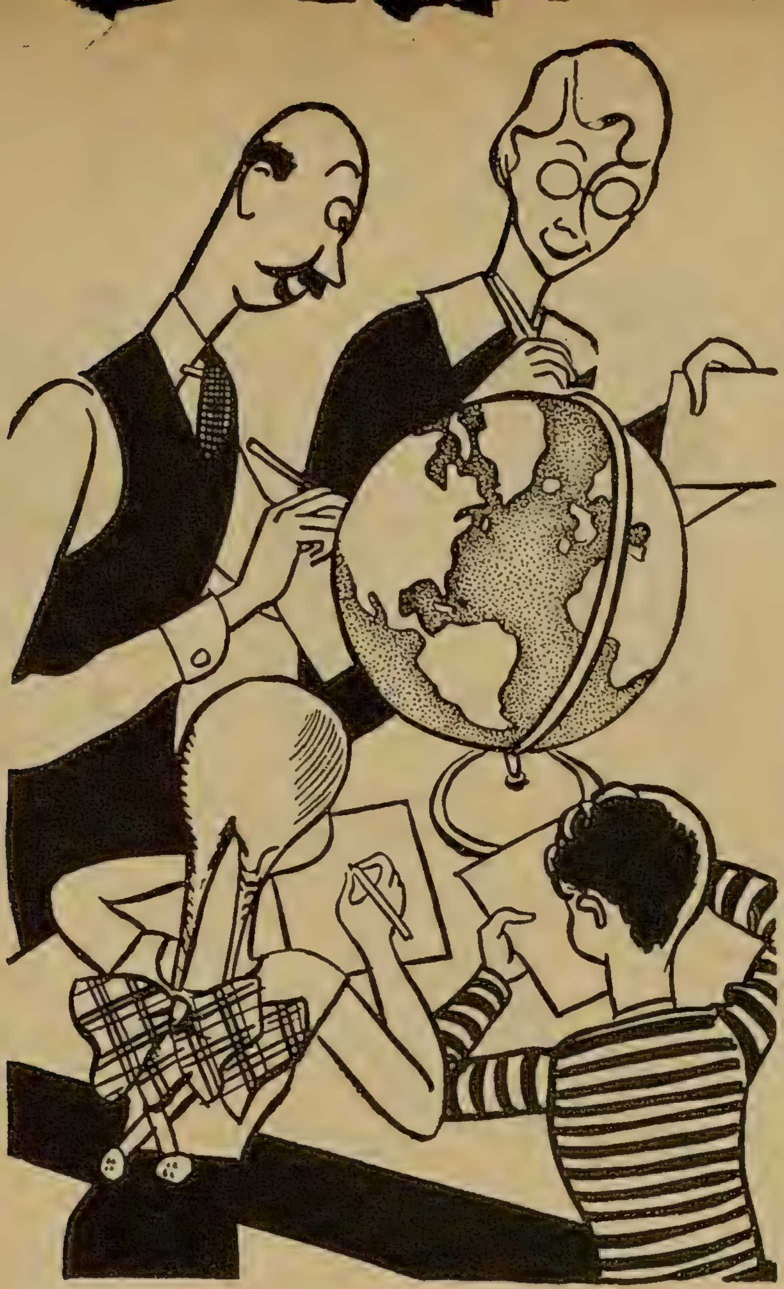
Answer to last week's puzzle

64 Devoured
67 Pull or draw with great effort
69 Pronoun
70 A deserter (slang)
73 Japanese stringed instrument
75 Fully attended; said of an assembly
77 Ireland
78 Group of islands in the Pacific
80 Word of ratification
81 Emmets
82 Ornamental knobs
83 Ignoble

VERTICAL

1 Clever
2 Particular extent of surface
3 Face of a timepiece
4 Placed
5 Female equines
6 Conciliatory
7 A note of the scale
8 The brother of Jacob
9 Meaning
10 Syllable sounded in solmization
11 A Biblical name
12 Learning
13 Put to the proof
18 Customary mode of procedure (plural)
20 To yoke or join, as horses
25 Cardinal number
26 Plant by strewing
28 Thrust with violence
29 Agitates
30 Loose-fitting garment
31 Enraged
33 A fuel
35 A city in Kansas
36 Inclination in a particular direction
37 Causes to go in any manner
39 Drowse
41 A parent
45 Soft food for infants
47 A shade of red
50 Bring to a conclusion
52 Moist
54 Pieces used in chess or checkers
56 Small birds
58 Three-legged stand
61 Conjecture
63 A large size of paper
64 On the ocean
65 Small mountain lake or pool
66 Give forth
68 Small fly
70 An incarnation of Vishnu (Hindu mythology)
71 Measures of area
72 River in England
74 Those who are in office
76 Catch suddenly
79 Letter of the Greek alphabet

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



$1,000

IN CASH PRIZES!

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY

CONTEST

KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE YOU MAY WIN $500!

WHEN you have solved the twenty geography jumbles on this page your list of 100 names will be complete. Now is the time to select the subject for your statement of preference called for in Rule 4. This written, your contest material will be ready for presentation. Do not prepare an ornately decorated, elaborate entry. The most ornamental entry stands no better chance of winning than the most simple. Entries in this contest will be rated on the accuracy of the words submitted and the clearness and convincingness of the statement attached. Be neat, of course, but do not strive for decorative effect. Here's success to you!

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks Liberty will publish a list of twenty jumbled words which, when the letters are correctly rearranged in proper order, will form a geographical name. A different continent will be the basis for each of the five lists.

2. Opposite each of the jumbled words list your solution and tell whether it is a river, state, nation, mountain, lake, city, bay, desert, etc. For example, your solution for the first jumble this week might be GLOVA, VOLGA, River in Russia.

3. In case any name has more than one application, either or any correct identification will have equal weight in this contest.

4. When you have solved all five lists of jumbled words, write a brief statement telling, in not more than seventy-five words, which place involved in this contest you would most like to visit and why.

5. The entry with the greatest number of names correctly unscrambled and described, and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement, will be adjudged the best.

6. In the order of their excellence on this basis, prizes will be awarded to the highest rating entries as follows: First Prize, $500; second prize, $100; third prize, $50; ten prizes, each $5; 150 prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate awards will be made.

7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges are the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

8. Send all entries by First Class Mail to Jumbled Geography Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Send nothing until your set of 100 names is complete.

9. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 29, 1935, the closing date of this contest.

10. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

JUMBLED GEOGRAPHY SET NO. 5

Jumble	Solution	Description
1. GLOVA		
2. NALDTHES		
3. SELOGIM		
4. SUSACUCA		
5. NOSBIL		
6. HENRO		
7. SUSUVIVE		
8. DUEBAN		
9. TREBLARIG		
10. NORAGEN		
11. NAREKUI		
12. RAMKEND		
13. STARANKAH		
14. RENTCEMASH		
15. TROPALUG		
16. ENGACATRA		
17. TOPSHUMORT		
18. SAULNAEN		
19. YEPERENS		
20. SHERNILGOFS		

NEXT WEEK $2,500 CASH PRIZE BIBLE GAME BEGINS!

BLACK HELL IN

Can Haile Selassie's Warriors Fight in the Air?—A Close-Up of Unpreparedness and Apprehension Behind the Battle Lines

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ADDIS ABABA is a brooding city of dread as I write these words. The few whites live in fear of mutilation and butchery at the hands of savage tribesmen. They all realize that with Italian forces about to capture the capital, the ferocious back-country warriors already here in numbers might get beyond the Emperor's control; that after it was captured, tens of thousands more would swarm down from the surrounding mountains to take revenge—and that in either case there would be no mercy. For to such Ethiopians all whites are alike and are the enemy.

Meanwhile the more enlightened natives go about in expectation of roaring death from the skies, death from Italy's war birds. These people know well enough what a plane is and what a bomb is. They have no blind superstitious terror of them; but—they have heard about the Italian bombings in the north. It is a destruction against which Addis Ababa is practically helpless. True, Ethiopians will face it; they are close-mouthed about it; but they aren't jubilant at the prospect. More and more the very air in the streets seems shuddersome with dread.

Ethiopia fights on, and will—has scarcely begun to fight, they tell you grimly. Rallyings and reinforcement of the armies continue. How much will all this amount to in the end—and before, as regards the defense of the capital?

The Emperor's own grasp of affairs is unquestionable—but much gives you an altogether different impression. All military moves and preparations are still shrouded in secrecy—but there is no secret that somebody doesn't blurt out sooner or later.

A shop builds the bodies for military trucks. There is much hush-hush about the number of these. One day I passed the shop. The door was open. I walked in and looked around. A pleasant European was in charge. I took a chance:

" How many of these new trucks are you equipping—or is it a secret? "

" No one ever told me it was," he said, and he readily gave the figures. They had built thirty-one new trucks and were building five more: six ambulances, the rest military transports.

I tried for two solid weeks to get the necessary permit to inspect the flying field. A pass must be obtained from a Lieutenant Corrigier, the Frenchman in charge of Ethiopian aviation.

" Where can he be reached? " I asked repeatedly. This was difficult and mysterious. I couldn't see him; the government would communicate with him in my behalf; I would please be patient.

I was, for fourteen days. Then I rented a car and drove to the field, expecting to be thrown out. Instead, I was pleasantly received and shown through all the hangars and shops. There were two very old but serviceable single-engined Fokker transports. There was an old trimotor Fokker with the words *Swiss-Air* still showing under the paint of the Ethiopian lion. There were two old light sport biplanes, one a De Haviland Moth and the other an Italian job, and two Potez light bombers.

It was a fair enough bunch of old crates with which to joy-ride, but nothing to be caught in aloft by a modern Italian fighting squadron. I said as much.

" Oh, no! " said my guide. " We won't use them to fight—we can't. All we can do is remove them to a safe place if the fighting comes this way."

This guide was in overalls and I took him to be a mechanic. I asked him if I hadn't seen him before.

" Quite probably," he said. " I believe you are living next door to me in the town."

" Of course," I said. " How stupid of me! But I still don't know your name—would you mind repeating it? "

" Corrigier—Lieutenant Corrigier."

About six years ago airplanes appeared for the first time over Dessye. The natives fell flat on their faces in terror. Almost immediately a myth sprang up: these enormous birds were *irm*—Amharic for taboo or of evil omen. The Ethiopians were sure that the coming of flying machines foretold the downfall of their nation.

Perhaps they were right.

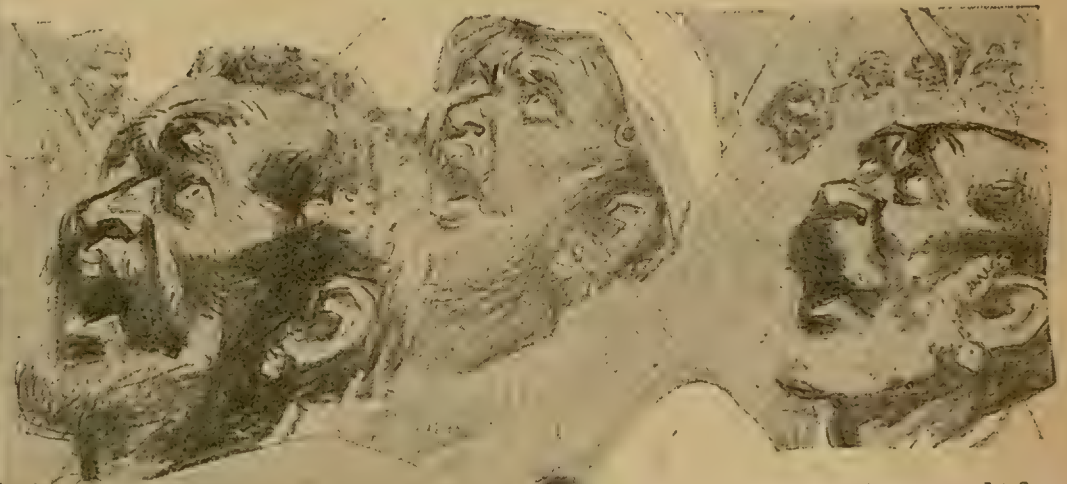
Ethiopian children don't know how to play. There isn't, or there wasn't until I went to work, a toy in all Addis Ababa—not outside the Emperor's palace, anyway.

A little Ethiopian boy lives just behind me. He is perhaps six to eight; his name is Tafarro and he has a smile as wide as his face. I noticed him day after day, always sitting or standing around looking wistful. It

ETHIOPIAN SKIES

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

LIBERTY'S FLYER-CORRESPONDENT IN ETHIOPIA



Above: Mr. Collings, the French Lieutenant Corrigier, Lieutenant Mischa Babitcheff (one of Ethiopia's aviators), and a newspaper correspondent in front of a hangar at the Addis Ababa flying field. At the right: Mr. Collings with Tafarro in his toy wagon, "Liberty."

dawned on me that he had nothing to play with. I decided to buy him a toy of some kind. A grand idea—but try to find a toy in Addis Ababa!

I hunted up a carpenter and drew a rough sketch of a little coaster wagon. A few days later it was delivered to me—crude but it would work. I bought some paint and lettered the name LIBERTY on both sides, in English and Amharic.

Liberty is the most popular word in Ethiopia. When I first arrived in Addis Ababa I introduced myself. "I am out here for Liberty," I said.

"That is splendid," said an Ethiopian official. "The Ethiopians are out for much the same thing."

So I named the wagon Liberty, decorated it in green, yellow, and red, the Ethiopian colors, and presented it to Tafarro. He was overjoyed, but I had to explain to him what it was and how to use it.

He took it out to the corner to show to his friends. Nothing like that had ever been seen in all Ethiopia—where, to this day, many back-country natives have never seen a wheel turn, much less a wheeled vehicle. To those in Addis Ababa these things are familiar; but even here a *toy* wagon was a sensation. What in the world was it for?

With the jabbering crowd came a barefooted policeman. He didn't understand the toy either, but he understood crowds; he knew what to do. He went to work with his hippopotamus-hide whip. He was impartial; he struck everybody in sight. Finally he took a whack at little Tafarro as he sat proudly in his new wagon.

That was too much for me. At the risk of going to jail I stepped in between. The policeman and I compromised. He wouldn't whip Tafarro if Tafarro would get that whatever-it-might-be off the streets. Tafarro has his wagon, but I am afraid he is going to be arrested every time he tries to use it.

As things are now he, like so many of his elders, must be forever looking up into the sky—wondering how soon he will be bombed. I hope the little wagon often takes his mind off that dread.

Ethiopia handles crime in an old-fashioned way. The governor of the province summons the headmen from the village where a crime has been committed mysteriously. These responsible elders hear a few brief words: Some one knows the murderer. Unless he is promptly brought to trial the entire town will be punished.

There are various unpleasant ways of punishing a town, such as jail sentences or cutting off a few hands chosen by lot; but the usual one is financial. When the governor assesses a fine, every resident must contribute. Naturally within a few hours or minutes somebody goes to the chief and spills a few words into his ear.

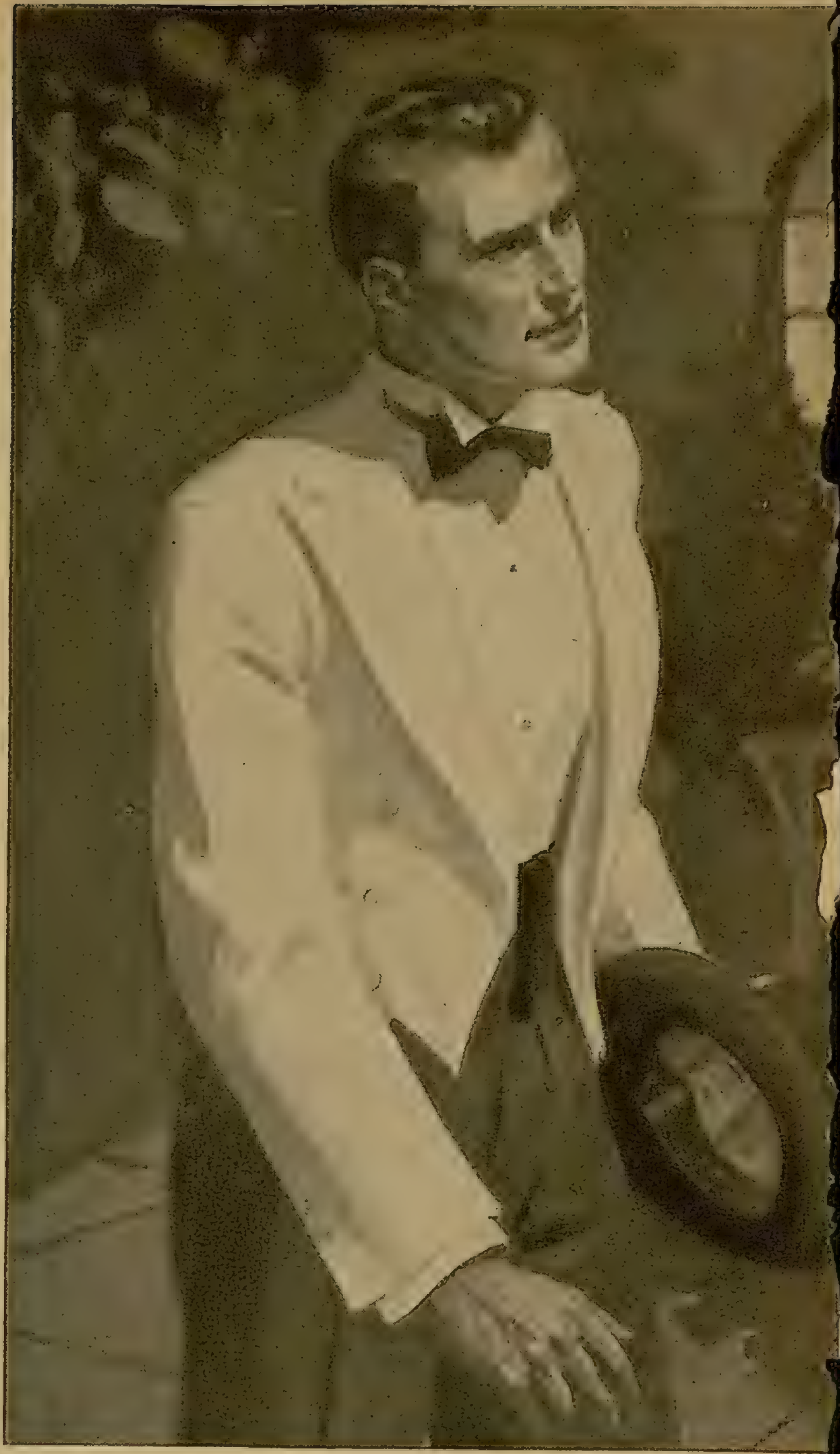
"In America," I said to a chief and judge, "even criminals have rights which must be respected."

"Ah! You Americans!" he said. "You are indeed a wonderful people. Who would have thought that criminals have rights? It must have taken you generations to discover that. Myself, I only know how to chain thieves up by their legs, and to have murderers shot."

Such is Haile Selassie's empire in normal times—and in time of war against a European power with an up-to-date armament of planes, tanks, and gas.

But does any of this mean the Ethiopians won't fight? It does not! Whatever the war's outcome, for years these people will not be conquered in their hearts. For years there will be black hell in Ethiopia.

More from Liberty's flyer-correspondent in Ethiopia will be printed in early issues as received from him.



Girls ARE LIKE THAT

The Story of a Shanghaied Sweetheart: A Gay Tale of Love's Strategy and the Weaker Sex (Which Is It, by the Way?)

by DONALD GREY

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

JIMMY MARTIN lighted from the Long Island train at Oyster Bay, with his bags and golf sticks, and looked about him. Roy Trevor, who was to be Jimmy's host, was not in sight. Which did not surprise Jimmy. He knew, of old, Roy's almost sublime indifference to timetables. He was preparing to step into a taxi when he heard his name called. A girl in a yellow roadster was signaling him.

"Jimmy—Jimmy Martin!" she called. "Come here."

He crossed to her car.

The girl studied him quizzically. "You don't remember me, do you, Jimmy?" she asked. She was a keen-looking girl; she had a kind of glow. There was something vaguely familiar about her.

"Why—why, of course I remember you!" he lied.

"Liar," she said cheerfully. "But I guess, at that, it's a compliment. I'm Noreen Foster."

"Noreen! Well—well, I'll be damned."

Jimmy stared at her in open-mouthed amazement. Could this really be Noreen, the tomboy of four years before, with whom he had swum and quarreled periodically? Could this lovely girl with polished nails and waved hair have been the spindle-shanked, tousled, freckly girl who had plagued the life out of him? It seemed impossible.

Noreen was pleased. She seemed to read his thoughts.

Suddenly her face grew serious, her eyes large and searching.

"Tell me, Jimmy—did you know that Claire is engaged?"

"Engaged?" Jimmy stiffened and a little spasm of pain caught at his heart. "No—no, I hadn't heard."

She grinned a gamin grin that gave her the expression of Puck on a holiday, and went on:

"I know Claire will love to see you. She wants all her old sweethearts to see what she decided upon in their place. Girls are like that, you know."

Jimmy felt a little dig at his pride. And being twenty-eight, with a deeply tanned face, very white teeth, a swift whimsical smile, and charming manners, he had not found many women inclined to take jabs at his pride. But it came to him that Noreen had always been able to, even when she was just a kid. She had been sixteen during that period of midsummer madness four years before when he had won and lost Claire. And she had not been noted for her tact then.

He glanced around.

"It's no use looking for Roy Trevor," she told him. "He won't be here. I stopped at his house and told him I'd bring you out, since I was coming down to the station anyway."

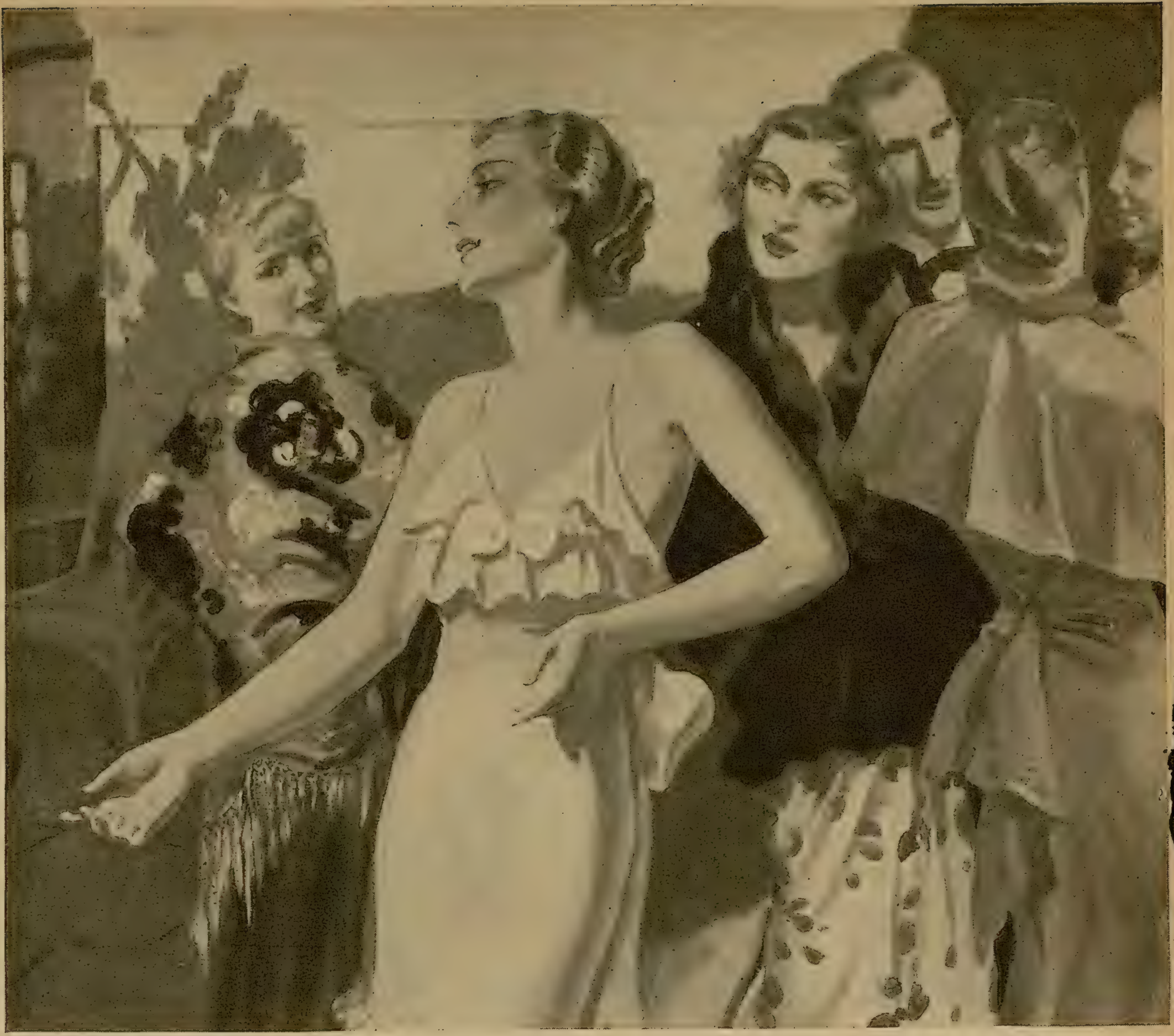
He tossed his suitcase into the rumble seat and climbed into the seat beside her. He held on to his hat, as they took a corner on two wheels, and peered ahead.

"I don't see the smoke," he said.

"Smoke?" She was puzzled.

"Yes. We're going to a fire, aren't we?"

She laughed and the car's pace slowed a little. "I'd forgotten you weren't accustomed to my driving," she said. "Now tell me about yourself."



Noreen ran forward to meet him. "You're a darling," she told him ecstatically.

"Tell me about Claire's engagement," he begged her.

She shrugged. "His name's Standish Norris. He's foppish and forty and inclined to be bald, but he's lousy with money, and not likely to interfere with her much. She'll be happy."

There was silence, and then her next words seemed to burst out of her: "'S funny, but the idea seems to have gotten around that you're carrying the torch for me instead of Claire."

HE looked at her in startled amazement. "For you?" he said. "But that's impossible!"

"Well, keep that a secret," she warned, "for it's very important that people—at least, certain people—should think you are in love with me."

"What's the idea?" he queried.

She smiled a deliberately innocent smile. "Oh, I had to do something. You see, men don't fall for me the way they do for Claire. They don't like girls who can take a fence without coming a cropper, and do a jackknife off a springboard, and go around the course in par. And especially they don't like girls that nobody else wants. So I had to give 'em some romantic competition. That's where you come in. You're the main reason Hugh Turner's on the verge of clicking."

"Who," asked Jimmy, "is Hugh Turner?"

"The boy I'm going to marry," she answered patiently.

"Oh," Jimmy said with something approaching relief in his voice. "So you're engaged too!"

"Well—not exactly. But now that you've put in a personal appearance, it will probably make him so jealous he'll snap me before it's too late."

"But look here, Noreen," Jimmy protested, "I haven't seen you in four years. I could hardly be expected to—"

"Don't get panicky," Noreen soothed. "I know you aren't in love with me, but if Hugh thinks so, and it's doing him worlds of good, what possible difference can it make? It won't hurt you to be one of the points of a triangle, and it will help me to get Hugh." She took her eyes off the road to glance at him quickly. "Of course I wouldn't have picked on you if I'd dreamed you were coming out here this summer," she added apologetically.

"But look here," he protested—"you can't do that sort of thing."

"Can't I?" she asked cheerfully.

He found nothing to say to that.

For a moment or two she drove on in silence, and then with a sudden jerk she stopped the car and twisted around in her seat so that she faced him.

"Jimmy," she said, serious eyes searching his, "did you know that Claire was here? Is that the reason you came?"

He shook his head.

"Are you still in love with her?"

He flushed.

"That was finished four years ago," he said.

Noreen smiled. "You ought to take lessons in lying from somebody that knows how," she said. "It was a silly question anyway. Men don't fall out of love with Claire. They stay in till they die."

He sat there staring, not quite knowing what to say. There came into his mind the memory of dinners at the Foster home, of a table softly lighted by candles, of Claire at his right, and across the white cloth a sharp-pointed little face, freshly scrubbed and glowing with youthful vigor, intent—almost to the point of embarrassing him—upon every word he uttered. It had been difficult then to hide things from her. She had been so damned quick to read, by his expression, what was going on in his mind.

DONALD GREY *is really a couple of other fellows. Under this name he writes sentimental stories, but under his right name—Gene Thomas—he writes stories about Chinese villains. Twice in his life he has been captured as a revolutionist—in Mexico and in Albania. In the World War he joined up with the French and was wounded at Verdun.*

"You know," she said after a moment's scrutiny of his face, "if you really want her, you'll have to do something about it."

"Do something!" he exploded. "Didn't you just get through telling me she's engaged?"

She sighed. "To know so much and yet not know a darn thing about women is a calamity," she told him. "Haven't you ever realized that Claire's the type who never wants what she can have for the asking? That's the reason you lost her before. She was too certain of you. Girls are like that. Young as I was then, even I could see that your technique was all wrong. If she can't have you, she'll want you. I'll strike a bargain with you. Don't give my show away with Hugh, and I'll help you with Claire. Once she thinks you're no longer in love with her, she'll fall in love with you all over again. Then too—and you mustn't think too badly about Claire for that—you hadn't inherited the scads of money you've got now. Things like that do count with most girls, you know." She paused a moment. "Is it a go?"

Jimmy caught his breath at the suddenness of the proposal, and before he could answer she had the car in gear and had shot ahead.

"It really wouldn't do you any good not to agree," she said sweetly. "You can't very well go round denying that you've fallen in love with me, can you?"

Jimmy swallowed several things hastily. A desire to wring her pretty neck, to begin with. But a skillful twist shot the car out of the road and into a private driveway, to stop before a Colonial structure half hidden in wistaria vines in a grove of oak and maple trees. The appearance of a servant to take his bag prevented him from uttering any but the usual inanities the occasion demanded.

"Thanks for the lift," he said politely, if a trifle stiffly.

But Noreen evidently had no intention of permitting the affair to finish on such a note.

"I'll start my part of the bargain right now," she said, "by warning Claire that you're here, because a woman cares more what a rejected lover thinks of her appearance than she does the man she's engaged to. She wants him to appreciate what he's lost. She'll call you up later on, you'll see. 'By." And she drove off, leaving him staring after her with what could only be described as a dirty look.

THE girl had got him into a nice mess, he fumed as he unpacked his bag and laid out a change of clothes. Yet suppose there was any truth in her madness. Suppose he could get Claire back with that fool idea of Noreen's. Suppose—

His thoughts were interrupted by a verification of Noreen's prophecy.

"Jimmy!" Claire's soft throaty vibrant voice across the wire was like a torch held to his dry memories. "You've come back."

"Yes," he said. "I—well—no. That is, I've come back—in a way."

"I'm awfully glad. But I'm sorry Noreen has told you about my engagement," she said softly. "I'd have preferred you to hear it first from me. You see, I've never known how you felt about—about our engagement being broken." There was a pause in which Jimmy felt he was expected to say something, but not knowing what he should say, he kept discreetly silent. She went on: "You went away so suddenly that I had no chance to talk to you—afterward. It hurt, your going away like that."

Jimmy wondered if she had expected him to hang around for the rest of the summer, easing the hurt she had caused him by sterile glimpses of her now and then. It had been a stunning and unexpected blow, but he had taken it on the chin and done the only thing a man could do under the circumstances—get out.

"I'd be a lot happier if I knew that you had really forgiven me," she told him, with a wistful note creeping into her voice.

Whereupon Jimmy, not desiring her to suspect that, try as he might, he had not been able to stop loving her, told her in a voice of such firm conviction that she had been forgiven that he almost believed it himself.

"Being engaged keeps one so terrifically busy," she told him, "but I'll find time for you."

HE knew he couldn't dodge seeing her, now that he was here, Jimmy reflected miserably as she talked, and it would be best to take the plunge and get it over with. But he expressed it in other terms, and hung up the phone with something in his subconscious mind that was like a subtle shifting of values.

True, the sound of her voice had excited him. Yet there was a feeling of disappointment in the experience. It left him at loose ends, unsatisfied; did not measure up to his dreams of what the sight of Claire or the sound of her voice would do to him. Instead of fulfillment, it left confusion, bewilderment.

That afternoon he was sunning himself on the end of Roy Trevor's pier, watching a group of bathers in the water, when Noreen sank down on the stringpiece beside him.

"Ah, the answer to a maiden's prayer," she greeted. "I see Claire isn't here yet. That's good. We can get in a lot of valuable work before she arrives to take you away from me."

"What am I supposed to do? I'm new at this sort of thing, you know," he said.

"Well, for the present just keep talking to me. If you can, try and get a sort of sad expression in your eyes—because that Thompson girl down there has her eye on Hugh too, and she's certain to report to him."

She looked absurdly young in her white sports dress with an orange scarf, whose color seemed to explode in the blonde swirl of her hair.

"If you get tired of looking at me, you can close your eyes," she confided. "That will give you an expression of pain. Sort of as if the thought of losing me was too much to stand."

"Listen!" he exploded. "You know cockeyed well you're making a monkey of me."

"I'm not," she protested. "Oh, do keep that angry look. It's such a masterful expression." She seized Jimmy's arm suddenly. "Don't look, but there's Hugh. Can you manage a faraway look?"

Jimmy sighed resignedly. "O. K. Here goes China." He stared out to sea dolefully.

"Splendid," she applauded. Then she squeezed his hand excitedly. "Oh, my sainted aunt, Claire's coming down the walk! We can kill two birds with one stone. Just give me a long soulful look, and then I'll get up and run. But be sure you let Claire see it."

As Claire came toward them, Noreen left hurriedly, flinging a hasty "Good-by" over her shoulder.

"Don't let Noreen make a nuisance of herself," Claire said lightly. She sank gracefully down beside him, looking for all the world like a poster advertisement for a swank resort in her rough silk beach suit of a peculiarly clear and lovely violet and white clogs with purple straps. She had on an enormous drooping hat that shaded her fair flawless face with shadows faintly lavender.

"She's not a nuisance," Jimmy said, his eyes following Noreen. He had a vague feeling that she was deserting him in his hour of need.

"You're too easy with her," Claire said. "You really should put her in her place."

"You forget," he reminded her, "that Noreen's grown up."

Claire eyed him narrowly. "Oh," she said, and there was a touch of steel in her liquid voice. "So you've noticed that, too."

"Oh, yes," he said guilelessly. Claire changed the subject abruptly.

"By the way, Marjorie told me that she was sending you a card for her dinner at the club Thursday night," she said, and rose to her feet. Then she added, "I'll be there, of course. You'll come, won't you?"

She walked off down the dock.

When he had finished breakfast the next morning, he found Noreen sitting in her roadster in the driveway, golf clubs sticking out of the rumble seat.

"How about eighteen holes with me?" she called as he came out.

"I'm no match for you," he warned her.

"That doesn't matter. I'm really doing it to open Hugh's eyes. He had a date to play with me, but we had a squabble last night and I broke it."

"Reefs in the course of true love," he teased.

"Not a real reef," she assured him. "It was just because he got peeved because I corresponded with you."

"But you didn't," he pointed out.

"Well, you see, it's this way," she told him serenely. "Roy told me you were coming, so I told him I knew it already—that you'd written me—and since I was going down to meet you anyway, there was no sense in his going also. You see, it would never do for Hugh to think that you'd arrive without notifying me. I'd lose the ground I've already gained." She swung open the door of the car. "Come on and get in. You can get clubs from the pro at the club."

"YOU'VE got this man-hunting business down to a science, haven't you?" he queried, climbing into the car.

"Uh-huh," she responded. "It isn't science, though. It's just instinct with a woman."

Hugh appeared as they reached the clubhouse. He awarded Noreen a distant nod and Jimmy a look that a lady novelist would have described as being full of daggers.

"I could make him click a lot quicker," Noreen confided, "if I'd let him beat me. But it just burns me up to let him down me by twenty strokes—so I don't do it." She made a little face. "And men don't like girls who are better at sports than they are."

"Well, you're going to lick the stuffing out of me, and we'll still be friends."

"That's it—friends," she agreed without malice. "Which merely proves my point. You're friends with me—in love with Claire."

"Who said that I was in love with Claire?" he demanded, wondering what made him say it.

"Don't have to say it," she commented. "It sticks out like a sore thumb. Now keep your mind on your game. You'll need a midiron for that next shot."

Strange to say, he beat her; but he

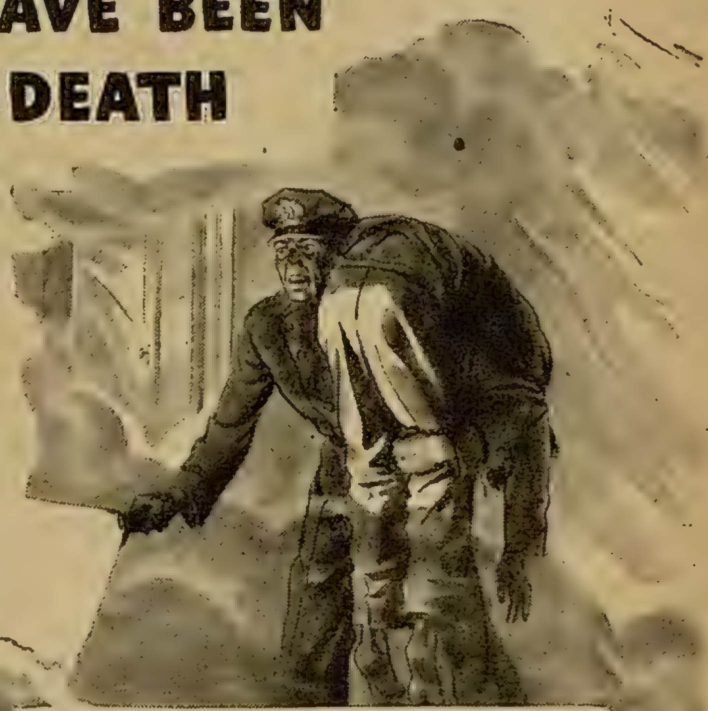
CRITICAL MOMENTS No 6

HE WOULD HAVE BEEN BURNED TO DEATH

HOTEL FIRE—1934

N. F. Turner, Jr.,* a guest in the hotel that night, was lost in one of the flaming, smoke-filled corridors. He was about to collapse when he saw the bright beam of Patrolman Jamieson's flashlight ahead. Turner had just enough strength left to stagger over to him. That flashlight meant so much to him that he is keeping it as a souvenir.

**Names used are fictitious, but actual record is in our file.*



No 950
EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
UNION CARBIDE and CARBON CORP.
MADE IN U. S. A.
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE JAN. 1936

AT TIMES LIKE THIS ...YOU'RE GLAD THEY'RE

FRESH

THE "DATE-LINE" GUARANTEES IT

Everready Batteries last longer and are more dependable because they are always FRESH when you buy them. So many are sold that they never stand long on dealers' shelves. That's why each battery can be dated to guarantee its freshness. Only FRESH batteries give long, dependable service, so look for the "Date-Line" when you buy . . . National Carbon Co., Inc., N. Y. C.

BOYS! PROFITS AND FREE PRIZES!

- Money for a ticket to the big game of the season . . . Money that's going to buy your way into that show you've wanted to see . . . It's *easy* to get!
- *At the same time* you're earning this money, you win *free* skates, football helmet, bike, or any of the hundreds of prizes that red-blooded boys go for in a big way!
- It's easy — and fun — an interesting pastime, in your own neighborhood during your spare time. You can start right away.
- That's what the coupon's for. Remember, as soon as you start earning this easy money, the prizes are extra! It's a snap!! Now, then, rush the coupon back!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L11-16-35
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME.......... . ...AGE....

ADDRESS...... ....

CITY...... .... STATE......
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:

.. ..

Actually

MEDICATED WITH INGREDIENTS OF VICKS VAPORUB

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated With Ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

Modern successor to old-fashioned cough syrups . . . more convenient . . . less expensive . . . lingers longer in the throat.

had a shrewd suspicion that her failure to make a number of shots was deliberate.

“I'll see you at Marjorie's dance,” she told him as she stopped the car at Roy's steps. Her young face was jubilant. . . . .

The front door of the club was open and a river of light flowed from it over the steps and across the lawn as he got out of Roy's roadster. Noreen was standing in the doorway as he mounted the steps, an arresting vision in a dress that ran, in ivory-white taffeta, close and tight fitting about her slim body and then ballooned out into a skirt that was a series of sheer tulle ruffles running from palest to deepest rose. A huge bow of taffeta hung from her waist almost to the floor. She ran forward to meet him.

“You're a darling,” she told him ecstatically, her eyes lambent pools of light under exciting eaves of lash. “I'm simply crazy about it.”

She extended her hand for him to see the large flat ring on her index finger.

Jimmy's eyes bulged. That was his fraternity ring.

“Where in heck,” he demanded, “did you get that?”

“Shut up, idiot,” she hissed. “Do you want everybody to hear you? I stole it from your dresser while I was at Roy's this afternoon.” Then she went on in a voice that even the slightly deaf dowager inside the door could not fail to hear: “It was sweet of you, darling, to give it to me.”

Realization dawned. He shot a glance behind him, and saw Hugh coming up the steps with a redheaded girl streamlined in a black frock.

“You've got the gall of the devil,” he muttered in Noreen's ear. Then he said in a louder tone, prompted by the sharp impact of her heel on his toes: “That was the only reason I brought it out here—to have you wear it.”

He could feel Hugh's glare.

She shot him a look of gratitude. “You're swell, Jimmy,” she breathed.

She took his arm with a confiding gesture as they walked across the dance floor.

“I'm not sure,” she confided, “that it's entirely safe for you to be out alone tonight. Hugh looks like it would give him a great deal of pleasure to see X marking the spot where your body was found. And he didn't like it a bit when I told him this afternoon that you insisted on having seven dances.”

“Seven dances?” Jimmy gasped, came up for air, and said, “Splendid.”

“It took you a long time to get around to that,” she told him kindly. “But you're not on parade now, so relax.” Then she added, as the music started: “Hugh wanted the first one particularly, so I told him that was the one I'd promised you specially.”

She slipped into his arms so easily that he held her almost before he was aware of it. Then his breath caught a little at her slenderness. Her head, he discovered by its faint pressure, came just to his ear. He thought for a moment, after her face was lost over his shoulder, that it might be Claire he danced with. But Claire had never danced like this.

“If anybody had told me you'd grown up to be like this, I'd have called him a liar,” he said involuntarily.

“Darling, you're absolutely perfect,” she said delightedly. “And you've only had one cocktail, so it can't be that. If I didn't know this was a frame-up, I'd almost believe you myself.” Then she looked up at him and spoke in the silveriest of voices, but with some bright dark fire leaping behind her eyes: “Do you mind if I look at you admiringly—like you look at Claire?”

She adored him openly, face uplifted, eyes heavy-lidded, kissable mouth enticingly close to his. She was damned convincing.

“Stop that!” he ordered. “There's a goat in this, but it isn't going to be me.”

The tilt of her head brought her face intimately near his own. She lay in the hollow of his arm, close to him.

“Play up,” she said in a voice that barely reached his ears.

As she said it the music stopped, and Hugh was at their side. He gave Jimmy the barest of nods as he grimly asked if he might talk to Noreen for a moment.

JIMMY watched her as she walked across the floor with the boy. He was startled out of his abstraction by Claire's voice at his elbow. She was wrapped in a great shawl of cloth of silver on which sprawled Chinese ideographs in black; and the provocative smile with which she greeted him implied more, promised less than da Vinci himself could have reproduced with accuracy.

“You haven't asked me for a dance,” she reproached him.

As a matter of fact, he realized with a twinge of surprise, he hadn't even looked to see if she was there.

“You may have the next,” she told him. He scribbled his name on her card and glanced at her quizzically.

“What will your fiancé say?”

She shrugged slightly. “Oh, Stan won't mind. He's not particularly keen on dancing.”

“Then,” he said, as the music started again, “he deserves to lose—all he's liable to lose.”

“That sounds more like the Jimmy I used to know,” she cooed.

For some reason he felt uncomfortable. He wished he hadn't said that. Eventually he claimed Noreen again, and they swung out on the floor.

“How goes the campaign?” he demanded.

“Great,” she assured him. “It always works. To make a man realize he wants something, you've only got to let him see that another man finds it desirable. Simple, isn't it?” He gave assent doubtfully, and after another glance about the crowded floor she went on: “Hugh's been following me all over the place asking me for a date tomorrow. But of course I couldn't break my date with you.”

“Huh?” demanded Jimmy, missing a step.

“You haven't forgotten that you're going to take me out tomorrow to see what I look like in a bathing suit, have you?” she asked with simple directness.

“Oh, no, certainly not,” he assured her hastily. “Only—”

“That's quite all right, then,” she said happily. All

DOWN GOES NYAL ANTACID POWDER

UP COMES THE GAS . .

● Acid stomach, flatulence, belching and heartburn are distressing but they nearly always yield to one dose of Nyal Antacid Powder.

Young and old like the refreshing, minty flavor of Nyal Antacid in a glass of water, and the gratifying comfort which follows. Antacid ought to be in your medicine cabinet. All NYAL Drug Stores have it.

MEET YOUR NYAL DRUGGIST

The NYAL Emblem is the sign of an ethical, dependable independent drug store with a registered pharmacist to fill doctors' prescriptions.

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE — WORTH LOOKING FOR

about them the dancers were whipping the room into a tumbled iridescence of color and sound. Her eyes came back to him contritely from their search of the room. "I told him I couldn't possibly break my date with you for day after tomorrow, either."

"Certainly not," he said. "Er—have I any free time?"

"Oh, lots later on," she told him cheerfully.

After dinner Claire deliberately elected to sit out a dance with him on the club veranda. And as they sat there Jimmy could not get out of his mind something Noreen had said. She had asked him not to be too hard on Claire, because he had not had money that summer. Did the fact that he had inherited money since then have anything to do with the situation now?

Claire was looking at him with that little subtle trick of hers of coming out of a secret place behind her eyes.

"What I did—doesn't hurt any more?" she asked—and there was just the faintest touch of questioning regret in her voice. "I knew the hurt wouldn't last—"

The voice died away without bringing the sentence to a close. For once she was not swift enough with the long concealing lashes. For a second there was something in her eyes that brought a swift pain to his heart, in which there was mingled resentment that she should place him in such a position.

"Hurt? No; hurt isn't the word," he told her quietly. "Look here—you'll be having me sorry for myself in a minute. Let's talk about something else, shall we?"

"All right," Claire answered him, and it stirred a quick tinge of anger in him to see her eyes fill with compassion. "Noreen and Hugh have just been having a fight on the other side of the porch." Then she looked at him directly and added, "About you."

He flushed. "About me? That's absurd."

"Naturally it's absurd," Claire said with the sweetest of smiles. "But really, Jimmy, you shouldn't have given her your fraternity ring. I told her last night that she was making you ridiculous, tagging about with you as she does and wearing your fraternity ring like a high-school girl. The funny thing about it," she went on, laughing, "is that the child actually imagines you in love with her, Jimmy."

"Well?" he challenged.

Which, being quite unanswerable, made an effective entrance for Noreen and left Claire with very little to say.

"I'D have dug you out sooner," Noreen said, casting a speculative glance at the silver shawl just disappearing into the club, "but Hugh's been having kittens out on the porch."

Jimmy lighted a cigarette and blew out a ring of smoke.

"Seems to me," he observed warily, "that Hugh is being pretty thoroughly chiseled."

"The trouble is," Noreen told him, "that you're a man and consequently you don't know what real chiseling is. You men may think you're hard, but you're softies compared with a girl on the trail of the man she wants. Then too you're honorable, and that's a handicap from the start in your understanding of the situation."

"I take it, then," he said, "that this is an admission that you're not honorable."

"Of course," she said promptly. "What girl is, when she's pursuing a man? Do you think Claire's honorable where a man's concerned? You bet she's not! I've learned a lot from that sweet sister of mine in the years that I've had to study her methods. I've learned a lot of things to do—but mostly the things not to do."

"But"—Jimmy hesitated and then plunged—"one of the things you didn't learn was not to make a man ridiculous before his friends."

"Did she say that?" There was a bright light in her eyes. "But then, Claire always had a habit of hitting below the belt." Her eyes, that had been gay, held an unfathomable look in their depths now. "I shouldn't think that would matter."

"Does it occur to you," he asked, "that it is not exactly soothing to the vanity to be told that one is being made ridiculous?"

"Of course," she said thoughtfully, "I can understand that. Naturally you don't care particularly for the idea of Claire seeing you in a ridiculous light."

"Not particularly," he admitted, "especially when you tell her that I'm in love with you."

"But, gosh all fishhooks," she expostulated, "that doesn't commit you to anything! The harder you are to rope in, the more Claire will try to rope you again."

"It really doesn't matter," he said a trifle wearily.

A little ball of melody burst softly in the strings of a violin inside the clubhouse, and then sang high and sweet in the strains of a waltz as the entire orchestra joined in. He turned to her suddenly. "I'm leaving tomorrow, anyhow."

"Tomorrow?" Her eyes widened with dismay. "But I thought you were staying until Sunday!"

Jimmy shook his head. He was suddenly aware of a breathless poignancy in the air that held something of dogwood virginal on a dark hillside, wild-plum and apple blossoms, all delicately vernal heart-catching flowers.

"Don't you understand that the game's won?" he asked grimly. "I think Hugh will click now without any further trouble."

"Hugh." She spoke the name listlessly. "Yes, I suppose he will."

"You know darned well he will." His voice roughened, out of control. "You've got what you wanted, so that ends my usefulness here."

"So that's it." Her voice was speculative. Her eyes were wide and dark in the white oval of her face when she lifted it to him again, when she spoke musingly: "You've made up your mind to go?"

"I have," he said briefly.

As a matter of fact his decision to leave was like one of those sudden whirlwinds of dust that spring up unaccountably along a country road, coming from nowhere and vanishing as quickly, yet leaving its trail of debris behind. A moment before the thought of leaving had been farthest from his thoughts.

"Poor Jimmy!" she said. "I wouldn't have hurt you for the world! Claire hurt you once, terribly, and

Folks call it
"double rich"

SCHENLEY'S
CREAM *of*
KENTUCKY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

One Pint
Schenley Product
Bottled at the Distillery
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Whiskey
Bottled for
Schenley Distributors, Inc.
New York, N.Y. LL-119

made in Kentucky, the real old Kentucky way. Why don't you put the deliciousness in *your* whiskey drinks that Kentuckians put in theirs?

*Let this Mark of Merit
be your buying guide*

Copyright, 1935, Schenley Distributors, Inc.
"Cream of Kentucky" Reg. U S Pat. Off.
The Geo. T. Stagg Co., Inc., Frankfort, Ky
Division of
SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., INC.

FOR A REALLY FINE GIN, TRY SCHENLEY'S SILVER WEDDING DISTILLED GIN

Stop Baby's COUGH The "Moist-Throat" Way

● Tender little throats should be healed the "moist-throat" way with Pertussin, which stimulates the flow of natural fluids, loosens phlegm and soothes the throat. Contains no harsh or injurious drugs. Will not upset the stomach or spoil the appetite. It checks coughs quickly and safely. Doctors have prescribed it for 30 years.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y. C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!
Name__________
Address LM-11-16

Going to St. Louis?
Stop at
New Hotel Jefferson
800 ROOMS
$3 to $5

The ARISTOCRAT of ST. LOUIS

UNTO THEE I GRANT
A NEW LIFE

BEGIN LIFE ANEW.
Relegate your mistakes to the past. Let us reveal a power you possess for achievement which you have overlooked. A kernel of corn always yields corn—not rye. Why? Because it follows the laws of its own nature. Is it worth an hour a week to discover this inner power of your nature that can yield *your true place in life?*
This Sealed Book—FREE
For centuries the Rosicrucians have cherished this rare knowledge. Would you share it with them and *learn how to live?* For free Sealed Book, no obligation, address Scribe E.H.R.
THE ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California
(NOT A RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION)

I've never forgotten it. I cried for you that night, Jimmy."

"Cried for me?" He could not keep the astonishment out of his voice.

"Yes. I was in a hammock at the far end of the porch. I heard it all—purposely. You were so grand, so sporting. And yet I knew your heart was breaking, because I knew you loved Claire—and I knew you couldn't cry, so I did it for you. Then, when you'd left, I blew a kiss to you out of the dark; then I cried some more."

"Good Lord!" he said, genuinely touched. "That—"

"Yes," she interposed swiftly. "It was silly, wasn't it? I've told you—well, because I didn't want you to think I hurt purposely."

She turned and ran into the clubhouse.

He stood there on the club veranda for a long time, staring into space. Then suddenly, with a growing sense of bewildered anger, he swung down the steps, climbed into Roy's car, jabbed the starter viciously, and hummed off down the gleaming stretch of road.

The road ahead of him was a shimmering lagoon of silver in the misty moonlight—a lagoon of contradictions, palpable and impalpable, opaque yet startlingly translucent, having the sheen of water, yet absorbing all reflections. But although he was bathed in the silver beauty of the night, none of it penetrated to his senses. He was deaf and blind to everything save one fact—the knowledge that he had made an utter fool of himself and now he was paying for his folly.

A meek voice said in his ear:

"Could I come up in front? It's cold back here."

Startled, he turned his head, to face Noreen kneeling in the rumble seat in a shimmer of moon-struck silk.

"What the devil are you doing there?" he demanded as he jammed on his brakes and brought the car to a halt.

There was a moment of silence before the words seemed to burst out of her.

"I had to find out if you still loved Claire—or me!" she said, her lips quivering piteously.

"Well, I'll be damned," Jimmy said. "And what about Hugh?"

"Oh," she said—"Hugh. It was a dirty trick, your making him so jealous. But it's a poor scheme that won't work both ways."

A half-hour or so later Jimmy confided in her:

"You know, I never had the slightest intention of falling in love with you."

"I know you didn't," Noreen said comfortably from her place against his shoulder, "but I did. Girls are like that."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★½ **THE IMAGE OF LONDON** by E. O. Hoppé. Oxford University Press.
London in photographs, from Buckingham Palace to Limehouse, in 100 plates. It is No. VII of the series Life and Art in Photographs.

★ ★ ★ **HONEY IN THE HORN** by H. L. Davis. Harper & Brothers.
The Harper prize novel of 1935 interprets the hitherto unchronicled areas of Oregon in the early 1900s. It is the story of a boy and a girl who ran wild—Clay because he had to, and Luce because she wanted to. Full of vigor, gusto, and humor.

★ ★ ★ **THE MAN WITHOUT A HOME** by Rupert Hughes. Harper & Brothers.
The story of John Howard Payne, the composer of Home, Sweet Home, against a background of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Lamb, and easygoing impoverished days in Paris. An almost unbelievable story told with sureness and charm.

★ ★ ★ **THE STARS LOOK DOWN** by A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown & Company.
A powerful novel concerning English coal miners and mine owners in which might triumphs over right. It is sordid and sad, but it is magnificently written.

★ ★ **SCIENCE VERSUS CRIME** by Henry Morton Robinson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
An interesting book explaining some of the methods of scientific crime detection used by the G-men. It shrieks for an index.

★ ★ **BLINDFOLD** by Patricia Wentworth. J. B. Lippincott Company.
Miles Clayton comes to London to find a nineteen-year-old heiress about whom he knows nothing except her age. He meets and falls in love with Kay, who proves to be the missing heiress. Happiness!

Can a Mother Be Her Daughter's Best Friend in 1935?

A Penetrating Look at a Poignant Modern Problem

by ELSIE ROBINSON

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ONE OF OUR STAFF READERS SAYS:

I think this article is about twenty years too late. Enid matches in type the postwar flapper who struggled with a watchful mama and a too strict papa after enjoying the pleasant freedom of college. Research might bring to light the astounding fact that the present-day girl is more proper than mama—and much wiser in knowing how to meet the outside world—and men.

As the mother of a growing daughter, and being constantly in touch with this problem through various associations, I think the subject is here treated from the 1920 angle at latest.

"THERE'S no use arguing, Enid. You know perfectly well what your father has said about letting you have the car Saturday nights. I've told—"

She stopped abruptly. She was breathing hard, shaking like an old woman. Outrageous! She *wasn't* old. Forty-two wasn't old—not any more. It was all Enid's fault—making her go to pieces like this. How could any girl be so fiendishly selfish and cold to her own mother? No wonder she'd been a wreck all summer. If it wasn't for Enid—

Automatically she glanced at the mirror and was, for a moment, reassured by the reflection of her well preserved prettiness. Yes, maybe she was a little too plump for these fluffy negligees, but she'd always love them. That *adorable* orchid one she'd had on her honeymoon— Her mind sloughed, as usual, from the difficult present back to rose-pink memories. How wonderful life had been then! Her large blue eyes filled with easy tears. No, she *mustn't* cry! Enid despised crying. Imagine—a girl despising her own mother for crying! She sniffled angrily and again that sagging sense of failure swept over her. Her daughter? Why, they were strangers lately!

Hateful strangers. She dabbed her soft reddened nose with a wisp of lace—glared at the girl before her.

The glance that met hers was as icily impersonal, as ruthlessly penetrating as a steel drill. Only nineteen, this first year at college had matured her incredibly. Beneath the fantastic flowers of her Tahitian "bra" and shorts her lean body was as hard and brown as a young mustang's. Nowhere in her compact fitness did she betray the slightest kinship to her mother's sentimental softness of mind and body. Now, completely ignoring the tears, she sauntered to a coffee table, helped herself to a cigarette, thrust it between defiant teeth. Instantly there came a querulous gush of protest:

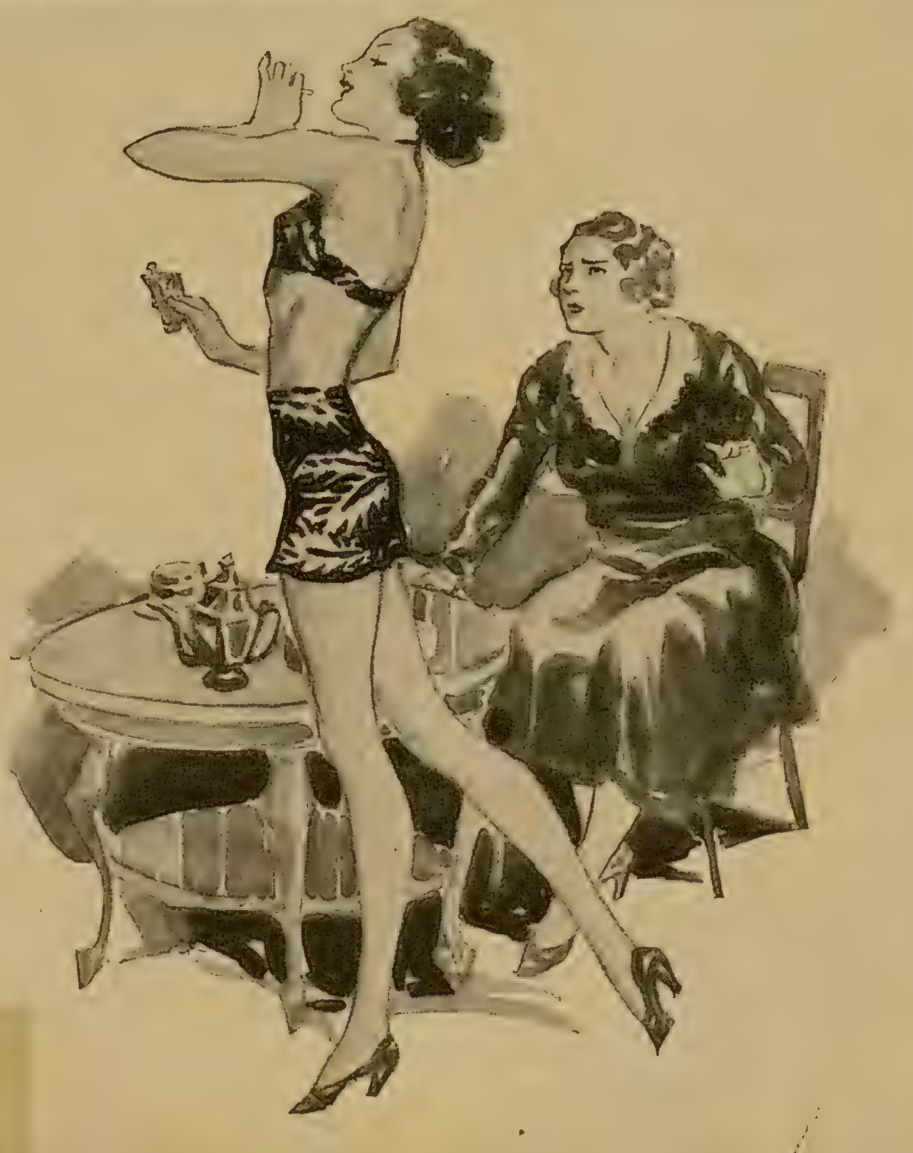
"Enid Crandall, I've forbidden you to smoke those things time and again. I tell you I won't have it in my house! And there's another thing—those sports things you're wearing. You know how your father feels about them. You—" Again she paused, trembling.

"*So what?*"

It was out at last. No use to pretend she could fit into mother's picture of her "baby girl" any more. Enid was fed up with all this nag-nag-nagging. Treating her like an infant! It wasn't as if mother had the faintest idea what it was all about. How could she? She never faced a fact she could duck! Yet she expected the sort of respect you'd give a regular egg. Not that Enid didn't love her. Of course she did. But—but— Oh, what was the use of trying to argue with one's mother? They might as well have it out right now. Damn it! This was *awful*. Why couldn't mother ever be a sport about things?

Her mother had collapsed into a heaving heap. Her soft childish mouth hung open, smeared with tears. Her small ringed hands fluttered helplessly.

"Darling!" she wailed.



“ I don't see how you can treat me like this! Oh, baby—baby! ” Convulsively she rose, tried to draw the girl to her.

“ Don't! You know I hate it! ”

“ Hate—h-h-hate me, *your own mother!* ” Her sob rose, horribly, to a bleat.

“ Oh, f'r petesake, mother! You know that isn't it. I just hate being—*mauled.* That's what you always do whenever I try to have a straight talk with you—start crying and begin to pull that martyr stuff. Anything to dodge issues and get your own way,” said Enid coolly.

“ That isn't so! I'm just trying to h-h-help you. I'm thinking of your best good—”

“ How on earth do *you* know what's for my best good? ”

“ What? Why, I never heard such a crazy speech in all my life! Asking me how I know what's best for my own daughter! I'm your mother, aren't I? ”

“ What's that got to do with it? Being my mother doesn't make you know what's best for me, know what things are like nowadays. You've just gone on thinking that what went when you were young should go now. But it doesn't! How can it? Everything's different.”

“ Af-f-fter all I've done for you—all I've sacrificed—to be talked to like this! ”

“ Oh, for heaven's sake, mother, don't begin on that. I didn't ask to be born. As for all that sacrifice stuff—of course I'm grateful. But you bet I'll never pull that line with a kid of mine! After all, wouldn't you have had to do a little work, give up a few things, even if I hadn't been born? You mothers always seem to forget that! At any rate, that isn't the point. You're trying to change the subject, as you always do. I was talking about us young people of today. Trying to make you see we're different. That's the whole point. All our trouble lately, mother, has been because you keep telling me what I should do. And how do you know? You don't know a thing about me—really.”

“ Other girls don't talk this way to their mothers! Mary Reynolds and her mother—they're chums.”

“ She's worked. She's been around—”

“ But I—I go around—”

“ Oh, pooh! Bridge parties and theaters and summer resorts—what do *they* count? I mean real things. The way *real* people are living and thinking. You don't know anything about that. If *you* didn't do a thing when you were a girl, then it's wrong for me. All these things you forbid—how do you know they're wrong for me? I'm not your kind of girl. I'm going to have a job—a career. I'm going to do things you never dreamed of. Then how can you tell—”

Anger had gone from the girl's voice. In its place there was honest pleading, a desperate struggle to bridge the gap between them. And something deeper. Masked by that surface hardness which was the code of her generation, the girl was crying out her own deep need of help and understanding. *If mother would only see!*

But the mother wouldn't—couldn't. Nothing mattered, nothing should be allowed to matter, save the ruthless challenge to her own standing as a mother. How dared a girl talk like that to her mother! Say she didn't know what was right for her own child! But of course she knew—couldn't help knowing. Hadn't she borne her?

That, to the mother, answered everything. A mother was always her child's best friend. *She* had never thought of doubting that with her own mother. But Enid— To Enid her advice was no more reliable than that of any stranger. Enid thought a mother had to qualify for her job—like a parlormaid or a plumber! But why—*why?*

ELSIE ROBINSON

was born “ in the Wild West which I did my best to make wilder,” and is now again “ at the old stand—ranching.” Meanwhile she's done much, including writing. Wrote Is This the American Girl? which Liberty published last year.

. . . . .

Why? There's the theme song of the modern mother in millions of American homes—pretty, well preserved, sentimental, and utterly bewildered mothers facing cynical, sinewy young Enids with their ruthless challenge of *“ So what? ”*

But *why* should mothers have to face any challenge? Isn't mother love enough? It always has been. Generations of mothers have brought up generations of children believing that love was enough—completely and complacently assured that “ a mother was her child's best friend ” willy-nilly and regardless of all evidence to the contrary.

And now here come the youngest, the most emancipated mothers the world has ever seen. Pretty, bridge-playing mothers who pride themselves on their modernity and think, with an affectionate shudder, of their own mothers' wrinkled skin, sagging figures, toothless gums. They have permanents, manicures, facials, these modern mothers; diets and exercises, up-to-date homes, votes, club memberships.

They do not, it is true, read much—“ but there's the radio.” They “ haven't actually worked themselves,” but they always have a sister or a niece who does. They can talk about the latest play, quote the latest slang.

Yet, sooner or later, some hard brown young Enid or slouching sullen young Eddie arises and says, “ Aw, mother, you don't know what it's all about! ” And what can they say in answer?

Do they know—or don't they?

Is it true, as the Enids protest, that the average mother is still hopelessly sentimental, unreasonable, and emotionally unreliable when faced with hard facts?

Or is it true, as the mothers answer, that a memory of one's own youth is sufficient to fit any mother to deal with the tempo, tension, and temptations of today?

Or is something else needed—some deeper discipline, wider experience, some emotional adjustment before a mother can be “ her child's best friend ” in 1935?

THE END

HERE ARE THE RULES
TO GUIDE YOU IN ENTERING YOUR OWN
SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM POSED BY THE PRESIDENT

1. To compete, after you have read all of the story as the six famous authors have fashioned it, see if you can find a better way to solve the problem posed by President Roosevelt: “ If you had five million dollars and wanted to disappear and take your money with you so that no one could ever trace you, how would you do it? ”

2. All entries must be written on one side of the paper only. Typewritten, double spaced, is best, but pen-and-ink entries will be accepted. Use as many words as you require to state your solution clearly.

3. Solutions will be judged on the basis of plausibility, probability, and logic. On this basis Liberty will pay a first prize of $500 for the best entry, $250 for the next best, and $100 each for the five next best solutions. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The judges will be the editorial staff of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

4. All prize-winning solutions will become the property of Liberty Magazine for publication whenever desired. No entries will be returned.

5. Write your name and address on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your entry.

6. Send your entry flat by first-class mail to:

PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY EDITOR
LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. BOX 556
GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

All entries must be received on or before Friday, January 3, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

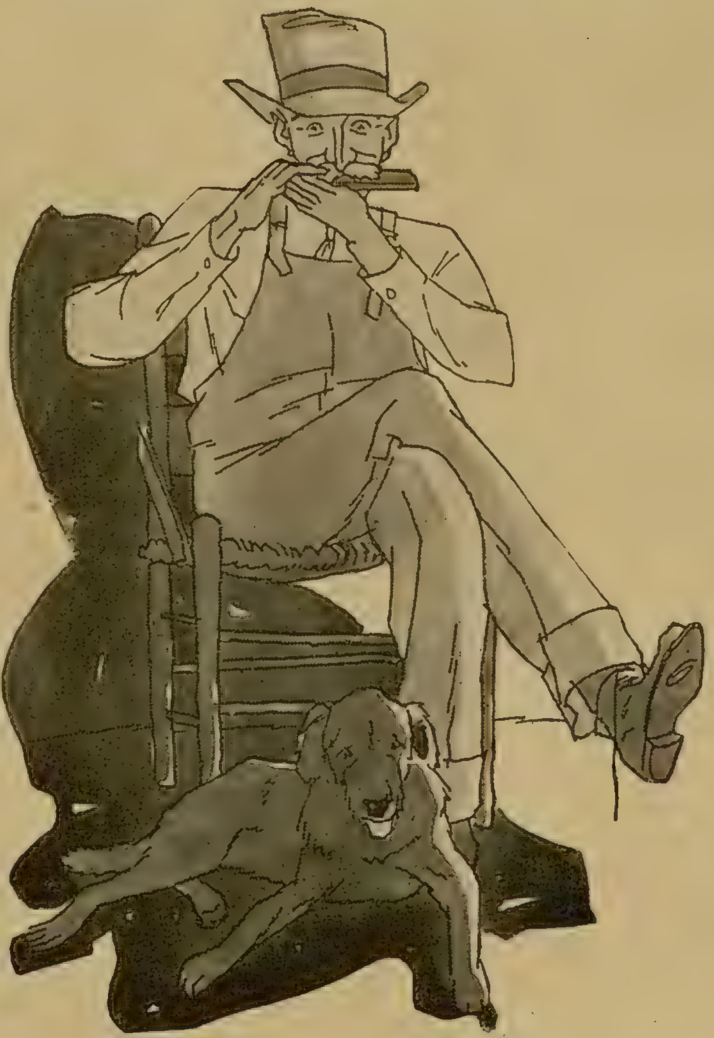
7. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

THE SAVAGE BREAST

Liberty's Short Short

by DOROTHY KISSLING

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



HE arrived in Peach Blossom late in April, wearing clothes—or former clothes—which betrayed in every sagging seam an agonized reluctance to make any continued effort to remain with him, a reluctance apparently shared by his long, loosely hung gray mustache. He spent his last dime for coffee and doughnuts at Mike's Restaurant, and we thought, of course, that by sundown he would have left as he had come, on foot and the railroad tracks. But the next morning a large piano box curtained with gunny sacking stood jauntily in the middle of Major Carroll's big field, and Mr. George Smith, householder, was one of us.

Peach Blossom is one of those torpid southern Missouri villages in which, during the terrible summer, only puppies and children remain awake for any length of time. Nobody in Peach Blossom ever mends anything, or lifts anything, or polishes anything, or moves anything, or washes anything, without bitter and prolonged protest. The place was a paradise for a good odd-job man, which George undoubtedly was. Within a week he had acquired new overalls, a harmonica, a year's subscription to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and a dog. The dog, a deplorable hound with a tragic eye, had apparently sprung from the earth at George's bidding; nobody had ever seen her before. He called her Gwendolyn and patiently taught her to track game.

We owed George much more than clean windows and filled wood boxes. He was an interest in life. He created a minor furor, for instance, by refusing to address the ladies who employed him otherwise than by their Christian names. How he discovered these nobody ever knew, but it was a high experience to hear him call Major Carroll's wife Gladys, a name she had spent sixty years trying to live down. Nobody dared offend him—it was too comfortable having the work done. Only my grandmother, a woman devoid of the knowledge of the meaning of fear, intrepidly told him that the next time he called her Minnie she would set the dog on him. George listened and reflected, and he never called her Minnie any more. He called her Girlie.

In the evening, when his jobs were done, George and Gwendolyn sat in front of the piano box and invited their souls to the tuneful strains of the harmonica. George's passionate devotion to his beloved “French harp” was equaled only by the fervid interest he felt in the lightest remark of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

“Musician, literatus, and odd-job man,” mused Major Carroll aloud to the perennial fringe of whittlers on the courthouse steps. “It's a peculiar mixture, but rich.”

“What do you reckon an old bum like George wants of the Globe?” some one asked.

“Wants to see if the police are after him, I wouldn't be surprised,” suggested another. “We don't know anything about him before he come here, you know.”

“Oh, George is honest,” objected the Major. “I'd trust him anywhere. Gimme a light, Oscar.”

And that night twenty thousand dollars in government bonds were stolen out of Major Carroll's desk. Yes, of course, his desk. Peach Blossom is like that.

Hearing the news, everybody ran home and looked about. Small articles of varied value had disappeared from several houses, but the Major's was the only considerable loss.

Naturally, George was the first person we thought of. The whole village made tracks for his piano box. He was not there. Nor was Gwendolyn.

The Major shook his head ruefully. “I'd have sworn he was honest,” he said. “Well, Oscar, you're the sheriff. Get busy.”

Oscar, who seldom had a chance to display his official importance, got busy.

I went back to town feeling a little sick. I liked old George. If the mob caught him, tar and feathers would be the least he'd get. The search party had moved northward by common consent. George's interest in the Globe-Democrat inevitably suggested that he would seek sanctuary in St. Louis.

I moped about the house a while, and then, feeling restless, I went back down to the field where George's piano box was. I had just reached the fence when I saw an amazing procession coming up the swamp road from the south. Gwendolyn trotted ahead, turning a baleful eye backward from time to time to the second in line, a badly beaten and bruised young man, unmistakably urban, the small-time city crook keeping his hand in during an enforced rest cure in the sticks. Both of his eyes were blacked; his wrists were securely tied with light rope. And behind him marched George, triumph in his eye and the burglar's gun in his hand.

“George!” I gasped. “Is this the man that took Major Carroll's bonds?”

George spun the man around by the shoulder none too mildly. “Did you?” he demanded.

The man nodded sullenly.

George searched him methodically. The bonds were in a pocket ingeniously constructed between the malefactor's shoulder blades. Muttering imprecations, George stowed them safely in the hip pockets of his own brand-new overalls. “You get along there, now!” he said dangerously to the burglar. “It's a good thing I and Gwendolyn tracked you down.”

“But, George!” I begged. “Look here. If you didn't know about the bonds, why did you track him down?”

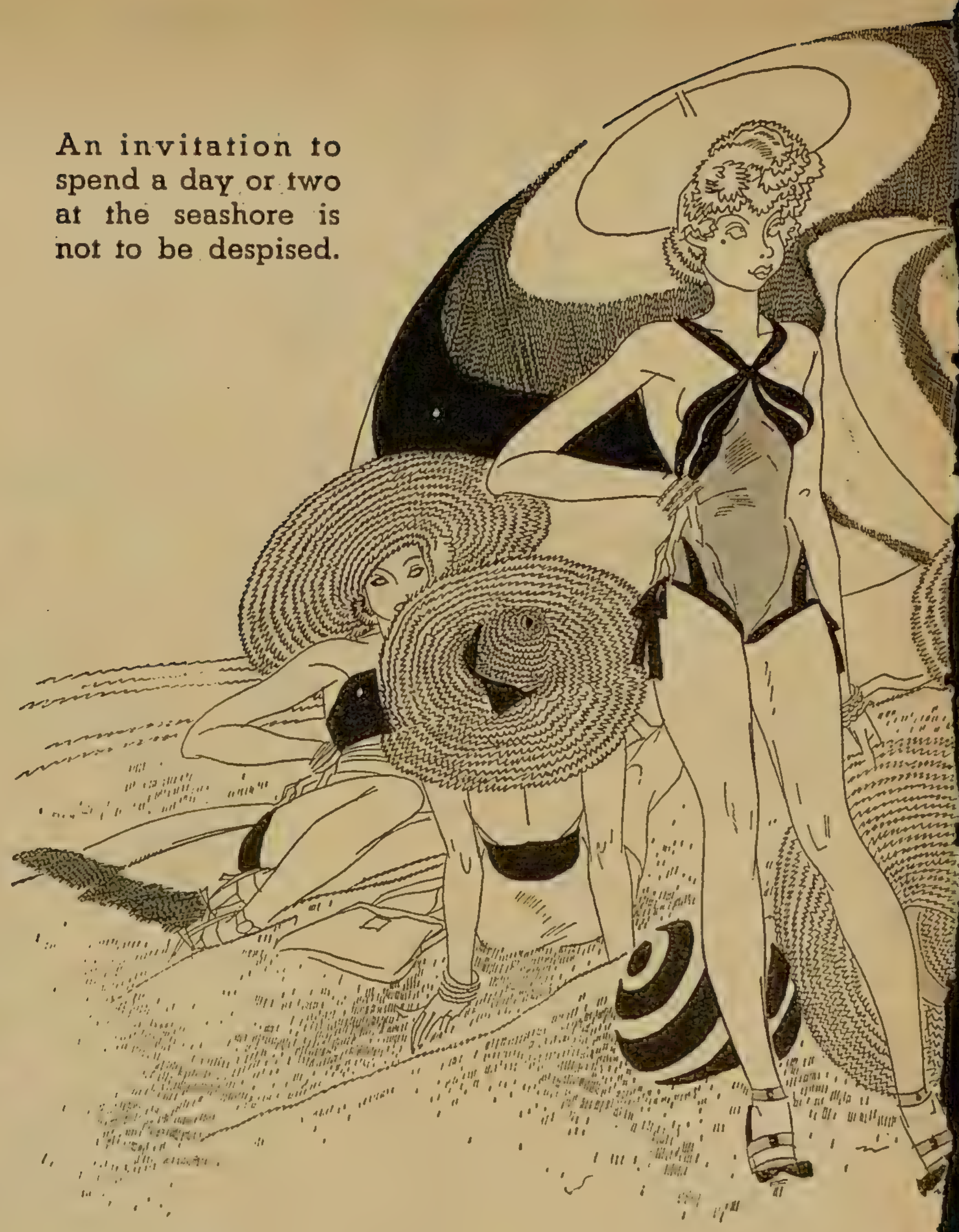
George's eyes rested with pride on Gwendolyn.

“What did you do it *for?*” I persisted.

“What fer?” repeated George severely, shifting the gun to his left hand. “What did I do it fer? Why, that son of a gun”—here George reached into the mysterious depths of his shirt and produced his beloved harmonica—“that—that—he taken my French harp!”

THE END

A CHORUS GIRL'S LECTURES ON *Etiquette*



An invitation to spend a day or two at the seashore is not to be despised.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

ROUGHING IT—IN A REFINED MANNER
CAMPING OUT

IT is very difficult for the garden variety of chorus girl to cope with the great outdoors. But, since it is well to be prepared for any emergency, let us take up the general forms of wrestling with the elements, should the occasion arise.

There are those gentlemen of refinement and culture who just will, one of these days, invite you to rough it with them. It happened to me, so it can happen to anybody.

Steven De Puyster was a hound for Nature, and he invited me to go on a camping trip with him and a group of nature lovers. Steven has a nice penthouse in town and why he would want to go way off in the damp woods and sleep practically on the ground is one of the great unsolved mysteries.

We left his country place, where we had been week-ending, one bright and very early morning in a series of automobiles, and after driving for hours we reached the real country, and were left to our own devices and virtues.

Laden with lunch boxes full of goodies, I felt not unlike Red Ridinghood as we tramped through the woods looking for a suitable spot to set up our portable luncheon equipment. Meanwhile a bevy of butlers and chauffeurs were busy setting up our " camp." If you have never been with a tent show, you don't know what it is to sleep in a tent, but we'll come to that later. For the time being we are wandering in the woods amid the wild myrtle and poison ivy, seeking just the right spot for our picnic.

Anyway, after hiking for several miles, we arrived at a little pool overhung with tangled trees. The lunch things were set out and we squatted (that's the outdoor word for just sitting down on the damp ground) around in a circle and had our lunch. That pool was an ideal home for the most vicious mosquitoes I've ever come into combat with. I'd have a bite of my sandwich and then a mosquito would have a bite of me. This kept up all through lunch, until we were both quite full.

After lunch we trekked back to the camp and were assigned to our bunks. Supper was made around a campfire amid more mosquitoes. What with hiking and squatting and scratching all day, I was quite ready for bed at the time I am usually putting on my first-act costume.

I found it quite impossible to get a wink of sleep all night. There was the strangest series of noises hissing around my tent. I was sure we were completely surrounded by snakes of the most horrible variety, and my vivid imagination tossed in a couple of pumas and a small lion or two. I found out later—don't ask me how right now—that the noises were contributed by my host, who had, it seemed, a chronic attack of asthma.

The next morning we were all to get up at five o'clock and go fishing. Very seedily I arose, bent on being a good sport, and more than bent from sleeping on that darned camp cot—I may never be the same—and somehow, before I quite realized it, I lay, half dozing, dangling my line over the side of the boat, more interested in catching forty winks than in catching fish.

Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a mighty jerk which all but pulled me over the side of the boat. My companions caught me by the seat of my pants in the nick of time and hauled me in, along with a fine-looking " specimen," as they called it.

In the afternoon a riding trip had been planned, and horses appeared from nowhere.

Now I hadn't ridden on anything but the merry-go-round in my entire life, except one time in Central Park, as a small girl, I had taken a jaunt on a donkey for ten cents. I pleaded fatigue, insect poisoning, sunburn, and the beginning of a bad cold, but my host said that all I needed was some good exercise on a horse to set me up.

Take Heed from These Golden Tips on Facing the Perils of the Great Outdoors—They May Win You the Heart of Some Honest Millionaire

by DOROTHY DAY

Russell Patterson

ILLUSTRATION by RUSSELL PATTERSON

So, good sport that I would be, I allowed him to give me several boosts where it would do the most good at the moment, and finally I got astride the horse. The animal seemed to take an instant dislike to me—an emotion which I reciprocated to no small degree.

"Just you keep your knees in and your toes up," shouted mine host, "and you can't go wrong." This seemed like a wise bit of advice to remember through life, but I thought it somewhat ill-timed at that moment. My horse went galloping forth, and I went along, as it seemed to be the only thing to do at the time.

I had a few choice remarks at the end of the day which I might have sprung on my host. But, remembering that I was a lady and he was Steven De Puyster, heir to a couple of millions, I smiled through my tears and took my medicine standing up. Standing up was my favorite position for several days as a matter of fact.

But I figured, in my philosophical way, that the part that hurt most didn't show, and anyway the whole thing was behind me, if you see what I mean.

SUN BATHING

Another form of outdoor pest is the sun worshiper—the gentleman who tells you there is nothing like the sun to give you vim, vigor, and vitality, to say nothing of freckles, sunburn, and a terrible disposition.

However, an invitation to spend a day or two at the seashore is not to be despised if it is issued by a gentleman who may further your trek up the ladder of success. Pardon the word trek, but I'm in an outdoorsy mood.

I was invited for such an escapade by a wealthy old aristocrat who had a summer home on the coast of Long Island. What he needed a house for I wouldn't know, because it was out in the burning sun for him all day long.

"Just feel those ultraviolent rays!" he would exclaim. "They penetrate deep into the pores and make you feel like a new man." Well, they certainly made me feel like a new man—I was thoroughly fed up with my sun-worshiping friend I can tell you, and after an entire week end of this sort of thing, the only kind of life I've enjoyed since is night life in New York.

GOING TO A FOOTBALL GAME

Football is another form of outdoor sport that burns me up. Well, no, that isn't quite what I mean, for I usually freeze to my very marrow. Just where my very marrow is located I am not sure, but anyway it freezes at a football game.

Still, some very influential gentlemen invite you to attend that form of outdoor torture with them, and sometimes it may be to your ultimate benefit to accept. Personally I don't even mind getting up early around eleven to get a good start to Princeton or New Haven or wherever. And I like the preliminaries of some cocktails and a good lunch at some hotel on the way.

If your escort is thoughtful you are bundled up like an Eskimo with a sore throat, and of course he will contribute a flask of whisky to keep you from freezing absolutely stiff during the afternoon. The trouble is you can keep the whisky but sometimes you have to give back the fur coats that he has piled on top of you. That, of course, is really too bad, and if you are clever you may come off richer by a large raccoon affair which your father out in Nebraska will love for Christmas. It is against my principle to ever return anything but a friendly smile to a gentleman, and so, if you can retain some little souvenir of the day you're that much ahead.

When attending a football game you're not supposed to ask silly questions. Somehow men watching football games don't like to give out information. Maybe if I understood the game I might enjoy it better, but I doubt it. But remember, young ladies, you are not out to please yourself. If you were, you'd be sitting in some nice warm movie. Your ambition for the day is to be all things to the gentleman with you. So, instead of complaining about the cold, you appear to take an interest in the proceedings, and remember, nothing lasts forever. Sooner or later one side or the other is bound to win—not that you give a darn, but it does serve to end the game.

Once the game is over and your escort is in a playful mood, you can have a very nice evening together dining and dancing at some nice hotel back in town.

Never remark about the strong physique of any player on the field. The chances are you are escorted by a puny little man who does not relish hearing you admire one of the bigger and better men. It is little things like this that can make or break a girl, and a girl can then make and break her escort, in the order named.

But to sum everything up, what I want to bring out in this lesson is that no matter what tortures you are subjected to under the guise of enjoying the great outdoors, you must remain the lady to the bitter end. After all, now, girls, isn't it worth several hundred mosquito bites and a few freckles, a little cold in the head or a frost-bitten toe or two to win the affections of some honest millionaire? You don't get nothing for nothing in this world—and, since two negatives make a positive, you may be sure of it.

Another instructive lecture by the Social Mentor of the theater will be published shortly.

THESE "FORGOTTEN" PIONEERS

The Case of the Alaskan Pilgrims: Is It as Bad as Painted?—It's a Blend of Complaint and Courage, a Liberty Survey Finds, as Winter Comes to Matanuska

by EDWARD DOHERTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE Alaska colonists continually grumble.

"Yes," one of them admitted. "We're living better than we ever did—most of us. But will we admit it? Not on your life! People who have lived on salt pork and beans and taters for years are now putting sirloin steaks and prime hams and brandied peaches into their tummies, and screaming that they are abused."

Every day or so somebody gets up a petition and everybody signs it. In three months the colonists have issued more signed wails than Moses heard in forty years.

For instance, a cow broke her leg one day. She was shot, inspected, butchered, and offered free to all who wanted parts of her. First come, first served.

That was an outrage. Why should the first comers get the choicest parts, and the last comers what was left? Congress would hear about this. Roosevelt, when he ran next year, would find out he couldn't treat people this way!

So the cow was turned into hamburger and passed around to all. Even then there was bitterness, for some people didn't like hamburger. One man said it got into the crevices in his false teeth—and anyway hamburger should have a little pork mixed in it.

Many an indignant colonist sits down after a hard day and writes to the old pastor, the old newspaper, or the old congressman. Sometimes he demands an immediate investigation by Congress. Sometimes he asks that a dictator be sent up to take full charge.

A bunch of pioneers got together and framed and sent a telegram to President Roosevelt saying:

> ‘We were promised a good many things before we came to Alaska. . . . Since our arrival we wonder if these promises were purposely made to breed discontent among us. We find that in place of basements we are to have a small hole under the house, boarded up with slabs. . . .

Congressmen and senators caught the indignation fever from Matanuska. Spellbinders all over the country sounded off about "this impractical dream," "these poor American exiles," "these forgotten pioneers."

Harry Hopkins, FERA Administrator, and Lawrence Westbrook, Assistant Administrator, denied there was any grave cause for complaints in the valley. But not until Chase S. Osborn, former governor of Michigan, came home from the North did the clatter cease.

Osborn, a leading Republican, thought he owed it to himself, his party, and his fellow Americans to find out the truth about the Matanuska project. He spent a week or more commuting between Anchorage and the ten communities. Then he wrote an article for the Anchorage Times.

He still believed the Roosevelt administration was "delirious," he said. But he must admit he hadn't found "one single critical or serious or sensational condition" in the entire pioneering project.

"The commotion," he wrote, "is all a tempest in a thimble. The question appears to be not whether Alaska is good enough for the colonists but whether the colonists are good enough for Alaska. The stories sent out about the camp by sensational correspondents are not only exaggerations but in many instances are downright lies. Much of the discontent is purely psychological and is disappearing. . . . No group of people pioneering ever were so well taken care of."

MR. OSBORN left without any political campaign material whatsoever. He went directly to Washington, to tell the President what he had observed.

It was shortly after his departure that the children died and the panic started, and S. R. Fuller and his party came and built the hospital and saved the day.

Many things happened after Fuller's advent that brought cheer into the gloomy tents of Matanuska.

Two babies were born. The first was a girl, and was named Lura Morena Van Wormer. The second was a boy, named Monty Melvin Larsh.

Next, the Vernon Olmsteads with their three children moved into their house—the first family to get under its own roof and prepare for the winter.

"This is the happiest day of my life," Olmstead confided. "It's a sort of dream come true. At last I'm settled down. I'm in Alaska. I have my own house, my own forty acres, all the grub we need, all the clothes we need—and I'm working for myself again!"

Olmstead, Ray Wilkes, and others in Camp Two built the house in three weeks.

One of the first things Fuller did was to O. K. and enlarge Carr's police force, increase its authority, and furnish it with arm bands lettered C. P.--Colonial Police. But to the pioneers those ini-

Mr. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, and Colonel Hunt.

Wails subside as houses of this type near completion.

Meet Lura Morena Van Wormer, Matanuska's first baby.

Plainly Alaska is "good enough" for these happy kids.

tials stand for Cheechako Police and nothing else. Cheechako, they've found out, means tenderfoot or greenhorn.

Daniel E. McGrath, Special Assistant United States Attorney General in charge of law enforcement in the colony, believes that some day this little force will compare with the Texas Rangers or the Canadian Mounties.

The transient workers resent the presence of the policemen. "Is this Russia?" they demand. But the cops merely protect government property, stop petty thieving, and keep workers from getting drunk.

Two other things that softened the clamor were the appointment of Father F. M. Sulzman as fire warden with power to organize a volunteer fire department, and the news that a permanent hospital would be erected as soon as possible. Its equipment will be up-to-date. There will be plenty of nurses. And the resident physician, Dr. E. C. Albrecht, has been given a car.

Dr. C. A. Pollard of Anchorage was appointed camp dentist. That news by itself cured many an aching tooth.

Furthermore, Fuller announced, there would be an electric-power plant, and a community center that would house a general store, a post office, a barbershop, a cobblershop, and other shops—to be erected at once.

Then Fuller published the names of those to whom he had delegated power. Lieutenant Colonel L. P. Hunt of the United States Marines was placed in complete charge of the camp. Carr, Irwin, and others would work with and under him. Lieutenant H. V. Martin of the Navy would be in charge of engineering and transportation. Ross L. Sheely of the University of Alaska Agricultural Extension Service, Captain Alan Perkins, U. S. A. R., Captain Charles E. Parsons, U. S. N., L. B. Jacobs, and David Williams were all in key positions, each an expert in his own line.

NOW that there was no longer any question as to who was in authority, the work speeded up somewhat, but the faultfinding, the confusion that existed among the "big shots," and the blunders and delays in the matter of supplies still held it back. The big stumbling block, however, was the attitude of the transient workers, their sulking, their soldiering, their defiance, their insistence that they were mistreated—in which there seems to have been some truth.

"You've got to pay us real money," they insisted.

"We can't pay you more than a dollar a day," Fuller explained. "We have to pay FERA wages."

Carr and Fuller discussed this matter for hours. The houses had to be built. You had to have men to build them. You had to pay decent wages for decent jobs. What about hiring a lot of "technical experts"? The law allowed that. Pay them $200 a month. There were plenty of "technical experts" in Alaska. Hire as many of them as possible, and send home all those dollar-a-day men who were not fit to stay.

August had barely started when 750 men, many of them "technical experts," from Seward and Anchorage and Juneau and Fairbanks, were hard at work. Hunt found a way to save labor by at least 25 per cent: "Use the butt-type joint for log houses instead of the overlap. It's just as good, and it's easier and quicker."

Confidence grew.

Then somebody had a bright idea. It might not be possible to build all the houses on time if these rains continued. But why build them all of logs? Why not put up about seventy-five frame houses? There was lumber enough on hand, and it would be much simpler.

Dave Williams, architect from Washington, D.C., drew the plan for a three-room house—the simplest kind of house, the easiest to build. This was offered to the colonists as a temporary affair that could be taken down next year to make way for a real log house. Or it could be kept and its owner might add on more rooms.

The Chugach Mountains echoed with protesting shrieks:

"Growing-pain houses? Never!"

"Chicken coops! Pigsties!"

"I wouldn't house a cat in a shack like that during an Alaskan winter!"

Finally the growing-plan house was abandoned. The work of building log houses continued.

The colonists like to wail. It's a safety valve. It lets off steam. It doesn't mean any more than that.

MANY of these people, even those with the loudest voices, are good enough for Alaska. Most of them are working as hard as the authorities. Next year all who have endured the winter will be sourdoughs. Next year the government may send colonists into the fertile acres of the Tanana Valley and the Kenai Peninsula—and these new sourdoughs can give them invaluable advice.

History is in the making at Matanuska. Within a few years the territory will have become self-sufficient.

There is a wide market already for the colonists and the 117 other farming families in the Matanuska Valley. There are 60,000 people in Alaska—and Matanuska can reach 25 per cent of them without much expense. Don Irwin believes the valley can dispose of $1,000,000 worth of produce every year. Others place the figure between $800,000 and $1,500,000.

At present freight rates by sea and land are excessive. The government has lowered the rates on the Alaska Railroad, however, and may lower them even further. Also the government may open the coal fields in the Matanuska Valley—bringing in more customers for the farmers. And it may also establish an army air corps base and a naval base not far from the colonies.

Meanwhile, one by one, the tents of Matanuska vanish from the ranks as houses near completion. Soon there will be no camps in the Matanuska Valley, no tents, no groups of protesting people. There will be only scattered houses, each on its own forty acres, each covered with snow.

All the quitters have gone back to the States. Presently the transient workers will vanish. Only the colonists will be left—they and a few administration men in the headquarters camp, and the nurses and the doctor at the hospital.

The long, long days have gone. The long, long nights have come.

How many of those who remain will decide to "go outside"—leave Alaska—this winter?

How many will be present next spring when the sun comes out again, when the snow melts on the Chugach peaks, when lakes form behind the glacial rivers, when all the streams run high and the earth explodes with wild flowers?

Right now there is no answer.

THE END

Vox Pop

MUSSOLINI . . . APPLE PIE

INDEPENDENCE, MO.—So Mussolini gives prizes for the largest families to encourage increased population, then must needs kill the Ethiopians who are already born so Italy will have a place *in the sun*. I thought Italy *was* sunny! I've seldom heard it referred to any other way. Is all this travail for Italy—or for Mussolini's personal glory?

Thank heaven, I'll get more credit—in America—for the apple pie I just baked than the women of Italy will ever know for all their efforts.—*Mrs. Chas. C. Thruston.*

SQUARE DEAL FOR EMPLOYERS

ORLANDO, FLA.—In September 21 Liberty I read an article by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, entitled Labor Faces the Issues Squarely.

In the article he refers to Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act and its provision "that workingmen should have the right to organize unions, that they should be free of any interference, coercion, or intimidation from their employers," etc.

One hour later I pick up my evening paper to learn of the bloody battle and two deaths in Minneapolis resulting from an attempt by the union workers to destroy their employers' property. The following day they (the union workers) slugged the mayor of Minneapolis, who failed to agree with their views.

How about a square deal for the employer and freeing him from "interference, coercion, or intimidation"?—*J. R. Gordon.*

FROM OUR FLYING REPORTER ON THE ETHIOPIAN FRONT

ADDIS ABABA, September 13, 1935—I have been promised some flying by the Air Minister. He is scared to death that some one else will find it out and precipitate an avalanche. Every correspondent here has asked for the same thing and been refused.

He is going to let me fly in return for a little quiet information I was able to give him about the tactics of "attack aviation."

I have also asked the Italian Minister for permission to go to Eritrea. The Italians aren't letting anybody see anything after they get there, whereas if they bomb over here I may happen to be in the right place. I am spending a lot of time trying to figure out what that place will be. It may be Harar and I have asked for permission to go there—also in case. . . . All I can do is be governed by circumstances, and there is just as much chance that they will bomb right here as anywhere else. Some of the boys think that the logical thing to do is follow the Emperor. But he hasn't said whether he was willing to be followed, and I am not sure that is the way to see any action anyway. Before this thing is over I will get some *real* yarns for Liberty.

In the meantime I think we have a war coming up in just about two or three weeks at the most. By the time you get this you will know whether or not I am right.—*Kenneth Collings.*

POISONED WITHOUT CONTACT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—*Re* Tisn't So, in October 5 Liberty: R. E. Doan may be interested to know that I have been poisoned more than once by poison ivy without coming in contact with it. A hot day, when pores are open, passing ivy ten feet away with wind toward, I have been poisoned. I have also been poisoned by coming in contact with the *roots only* in the middle of winter.

I also have an *absolute* cure for ivy poisoning. Plain (not ethyl) gasoline. Not colored. Use cotton and pat on poisoned spots for ten minutes. Repeat twice at intervals of one hour. The skin will flake off in a few days, same as in too much sunburn. No other effect. Do not wait until broken out in *open* sores.—*Carlyle Sherlock.*

A CORRECTION

THIS picture, used on page 10 of Liberty's issue of October 12, 1935, as a photograph of "Salvy" Spitale is actually a photograph of Mr. Maurice F. Cantor, a well known attorney of New York City, and is, of course, not "Salvy" (Salvatore) Spitale. Liberty regrets and apologizes for this error.

MORE BALONEY

SANTONE, TEX.—Hamburgers for Two (September 21 Liberty) was swell. Couldn't Fred MacIsaac dish up some more baloney?—*Jack.*

AND CONNOR WAS HIS NAME

DURHAM, N. C.—I happened to have only the 31 seconds of the 28 minutes 31 seconds time needed to read all of Love Hates a Coward (September 28 Liberty), but by glancing over the first two half pages of the piece I get an idea there's a character by the name of Connor in the story.

Is that correct?

The name appears only about twenty-four times on those two half pages, so I can't be sure.—*Shean O'Brien.*

GOAT IS GIVING INK

BOISE, IDA.—What do you think I am doing with all those rejection slips you are sending me? You'd be surprised! I am feeding them to the goat. The goat is giving ink instead of milk, and I get more for ink than I ever got for milk, so the laugh is on you.

Please donate more grist for my ink mill.—*Frank S. Leonard.*

CLUBWOMEN AND BIRTH CONTROL

DETROIT, MICH.—At last the clubwomen of America have really accomplished something!

In the convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs at Detroit the delegates voted a resolution urging federal legislation to permit dissemination of birth-control information.

This movement is the most important step ever taken for the welfare of a people. The action of the Federation will take this subject from the level of whispered obscenity to the status of hygiene and public health.

Of the children born in the United States in 1934, nearly one half million were born to families dependent upon charity and relief! If women in poverty-stricken homes were permitted to receive birth-control information from social workers and reputable physicians, a tremendous load of social and economic worries would be lifted.

If American clubwomen never do another constructive thing in future sessions, they can rest assured they have rendered their country a great service in giving this movement momentum.—*Mrs. F. E. Colstead.*

TEA-TOOTLERS IN SANDUSKY

SANDUSKY, OHIO—If the people in the Middle West still believe in modesty and virtue, the modest boy from Missouri (October 5 Vox Pop) has got to show me.

I live in Ohio, in a small town of people who boast of a population of 25,000, including quite a few people who

moved here from the modest State of Missouri, and the girls are tea-tootlers (preferring brandy in their tea).

I am sure that they didn't first get the idea to drink and smoke from our city and state.

They drank and could smoke like veterans when they arrived here.

Don't pass the buck, buddy. I'm not from Missouri, but you sure have to show me.—*L. R. Schultz.*

ALWAYS DUE TO STEALING

SPARTA, ILL.—In October 5 Liberty Mr. Jay Franklin asks, "Is industrialism destroying the human race?"

Is industrialism of the United States destroying the American race, or is the mechanized era's apathy toward the property rights of the people destroying the American race?

The decline of civilization is always due to stealing. The time of a sudden and decided turn in the United States to mechanization was also the time of a sudden and decided turn in the United States to stealing. Shall we be given, in the next election, merely the choice between a candidate for and a candidate against the New Steal, or shall we be given the privilege of voting for a candidate who is Against All Stealing?—*Mary Allen Grant.*

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR AND CIVIL SERVICE

MOBILE, ALA.—I'm taking exception to the article entitled Uncle Sam: Enemy of Marriage, in October 5 Liberty.

Emily Newell Blair should become familiar with regulations governing the employment of people in the civil service before writing articles on it. Her reference to the wife of an enlisted man in the Marine Corps forced to desert him because she cannot bring up her family on his seventeen dollars a month is a lot of *hooey.*

I was in the army for about five and one half years, and during my last year in that service I was a civil-service personnel clerk—in addition to my other duties—and am here to tell you that the wives of men in the military service have any and all of the privileges dished out to any single woman holding a civil-service job.—*Joseph J. Thompson, U. S. Coast Guard, N. O. Division.*

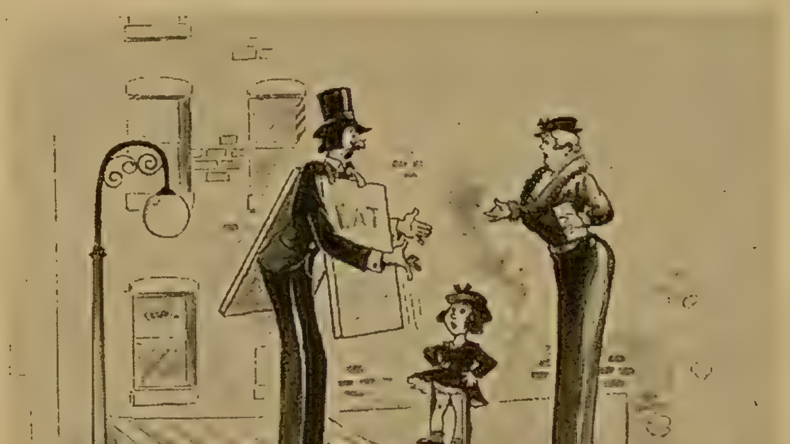
"TO MAKE THE POOR RICH—"

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Busy as I am, I must pause to tell you that I think the editorial in October 5 Liberty is about the best thing I have read for many a day. If Bernarr Macfadden believes what he writes, they ought to make him President. His article is common horse sense. Though you cannot make some people see it.—*Clara Westcott.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The October 5 Liberty editorial by Mr. Macfadden—To Make the Poor Rich, the Rich Must Be Made Richer—is a laugh on him, for we are told that the great fortunes are in a few hands, and that is why the people of this state advocate the Share-Our-Wealth. Now, what I would like to know is, where does Mr. Macfadden expect this money to come from that will make the rich richer, when they own it all now?—unless he is a magician and can pull money from out of his sleeve, and if he can do this I think he should have started pulling several years ago. —*C. A. R.*

HATTIESBURG, MISS.— Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's editorial of October 5 cannot be as stated. The rich now have all the money, enough and more than they can spend. I have seen charts and graphs that prove this beyond dispute. If they become richer, that will automatically make times still worse.

I would like Mr. Macfadden to write another editorial explaining more fully his meaning—and let him give us some sound proof.—*A Doctor.*



"Didn't I tell you not to visit me during business hours?"

BEST DELMAR STORY YET

PEARBLOSSOM, CALIF.—Oh, what a story! I must write and tell you that Viña Delmar, the author of The Sin They Do (September-October Liberty), can write the continued stories we like to read.

I know you want to hear from us as to whether we do or do not like continued stories.

Mrs. Delmar has my vote and my O. K. for her two other stories, Bad Girl and Sadie McKee. But my husband and I like this last one best.—*Ann Riess.*

PLAN TO END PLANS

GALAX, VA.—We now come to the Dr. J. F. Huey P. Father Mathews Social Discredit Plan—the plan to end plans.

Under my plan, the government will at once print $100,000,000,000 in greenbacks, thus rendering the currency worthless at one fell swoop instead of

prolonging the agony. With this money (?) we will pay the soldiers' bonus, make $2 loans on wheat, 25-cent loans on cotton, pay every one over thirty $500 a month pension, and build a million-dollar birdbath in every town of over five people. Come on, let's try it! What have I to lose?—*Frank Mathews.*

LIMIT A CAR'S LIFE?

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Let's help the automotive industry.

Pass a law that cars over seven (7) years of age are obsolete, thereby creating a definite yearly increase in demand for cars.

It would not only create more employment in all branches of the automotive industry but would prevent many of the fatal accidents that occur every day through faulty brakes and negligence caused by the age of the car.

Of course the dealers would have to give a fair allowance on the old car, which would be junked. The dealer must also arrange the payments over a period of years which would make it easy to own a new car.

This plan should be started with cars the age of ten years or over, and each year lessened until a standard of seven years is obtained, which would be the life of a car.

Come on, Vox Poppers, let's hear some of your views!—*R. J. Wilcox.*

How I Captured HAUPTMANN

The Complete and Authentic Inside Story—Never Told Before—of the Greatest Man-Hunt of Modern Times

by LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN

OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

and

D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE climax of Lieutenant Finn's thirty-month man-hunt was reached in last week's installment. He told how with hope mounting high he phoned the car license number to the Bureau of Motor Vehicles and learned—at last!—the name and address of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. He told how, with his federal and New Jersey associates, he proceeded to Hauptmann's house; how they kept watch all night; how in the morning they let Hauptmann start out and then gave chase to him. The public has understood that the capture was an easy matter. Lieutenant Finn revealed that it was made only after nearly five miles at breakneck speed, since Hauptmann proved a daredevil driver, and that while he was being searched a police radio car interrupted; somebody had mistaken the arrest for a stick-up! The officers took him back to his home and began their search of the premises.

PART SIX—HAUPTMANN WRITES HIS DEATH WARRANT

AS a matter of fact we did find the evidence we sought in the house where Hauptmann lived—not as the result of any super-brilliant work on the part of any individual, as the newspaper stories might have led you to believe, but by the same kind of painstaking effort which had characterized the search for the man himself.

Much has been made, for instance, of the alleged fact that the prisoner's glance, continually straying out of the window toward the garage, gave detectives the bright idea of extending the search to that building, where about $14,000 of the ransom money was hidden.

That's a good story. It may have seemed to be a true one. But the truth of the matter is that when we first came into the house, Hauptmann was deposited on the edge of the bed in the middle of the room, and as the search proceeded he was moved over into the corner; and in either case Detective Wallace, being greatly attached to the prisoner by reason of a pair of steel handcuffs, would have had to rise and take a bow each time the prisoner wished to look out the window; and Wallace was in no mood at the moment to furnish comic relief.

Naturally, the garage was searched. It would have been demotable negligence not to have done so. Moreover, we especially wanted some of the things which would naturally be in the garage: for example, the emery wheel, which we did find as the laboratory people said we would, and the nails, which turned out to be the

Acme photos

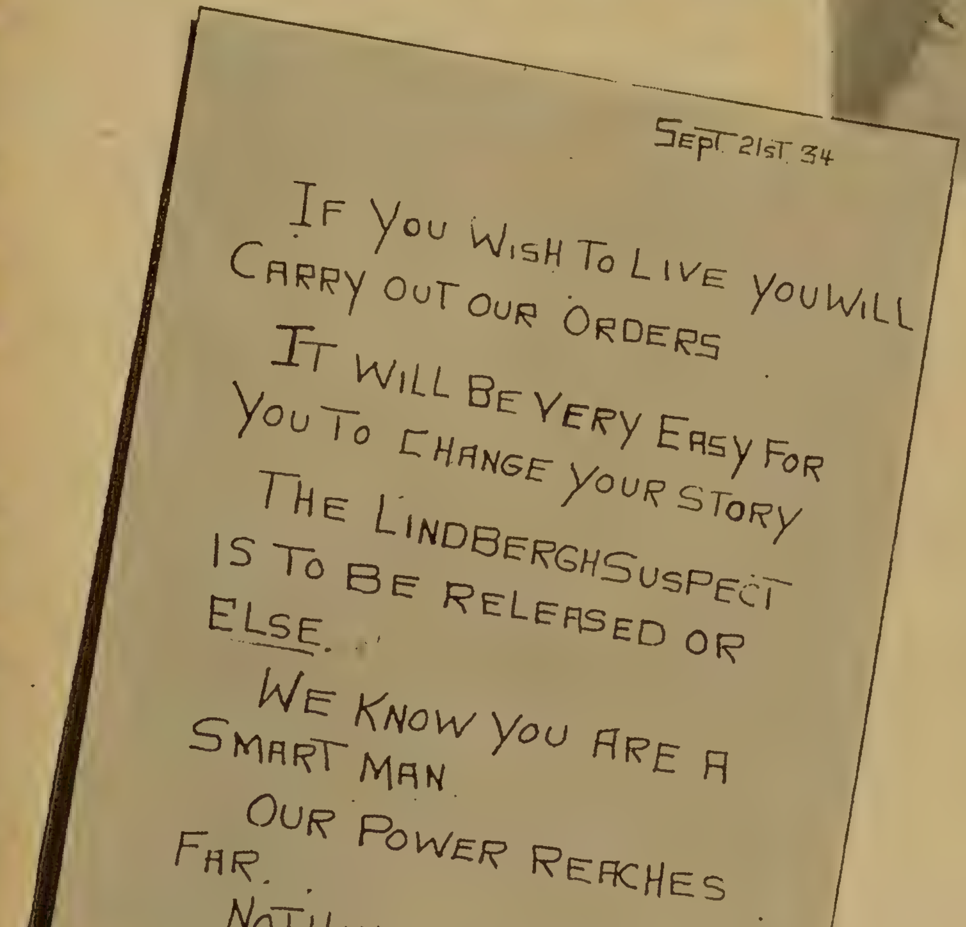
Left: Police making a very thorough job of searching Hauptmann's garage. They found in it some $14,000 of Lindbergh ransom money and, as they expected, an emery wheel. Right: Nails discovered on the premises, duplicates of those used in building the kidnap ladder.

EEL CO.
Y NAIL AND

The man-hunt ends with the hunted Hauptmann captured and locked in a cell. Beside the door of it is Lieutenant James J. Finn.

Keystone View photo

Below: One of the anonymous threats mailed to Lieutenant Finn directly after Hauptmann's arrest. He thinks they were from disgruntled would-be detectives.



SEPT 21ST 34

IF YOU WISH TO LIVE YOU WILL CARRY OUT OUR ORDERS

IT WILL BE VERY EASY FOR YOU TO CHANGE YOUR STORY

THE LINDBERGH SUSPECT IS TO BE RELEASED OR ELSE.

WE KNOW YOU ARE A SMART MAN

OUR POWER REACHES FAR.

NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU IF YOU FAIL US YOU KNOW TO MUCH.

N.Y.C. POLICE
128221

"From beginning to end, a New York Police Department job." The rogues' gallery photographs of Hauptmann.

same size and kind as those in the kidnap ladder.

The fact that one of the boys found the "damp receptacle" buried in the ground under the garage instead of somewhere else on the property meant nothing one way or the other. It was a natural place to look for it—we'd probably have begun our digging there anyhow.

One account of the arrest was particularly amusing to me: "As he turned from the driveway into the street, a police car casually drew up and gently eased him to the curb." Casually? This writer ought to have been with us on that wild chase of this Flying Dutchman over a five-mile course through city traffic before we could do any of that "gentle" easing to the curb.

But wait: From the police car "leaped, with startling rapidity, Lieutenant Finn and his good and true men, Detectives John McNamara, Timothy Clune, Joseph Petrosino, James Cashman, Bernard Dolan, and Frederick Itschner." Good and true, all of them—Jack and Tim, Joe and Jim, Bernie and Fred—and they all did good work at one time or another on the case. It just happened that none of them was present at the time of the arrest!

These inaccuracies are, I suppose, inevitable. Newspaper writers and book writers can't be everywhere at the same time, and they must depend on the not always

At Best it's a gamble

WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

● Why take chances with unknown blades! Shave with Probak Jr.—product of the world's largest blade maker. This blade is made to whisk off dense, wiry whiskers without irritation. Probak Jr. sells at 4 for 10¢! Buy a package today from your nearest dealer.

PROBAK
PROBAK
PROBAK
PROBAK
4 BLADES FOR 10¢

PROBAK JUNIOR

A-B-C Shorthand

IN TWELVE *easy* LESSONS

High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when *examination time comes* a review of a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it takes about two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen hours study. Convince yourself of this fact by examining a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand now selling for only $1.00 postpaid. You risk nothing, for if it does not prove to be satisfactory in every way you can return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Send $1.00 today

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Economy Educational League,
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. L 11-16-35.

I enclose $1.00 for which please send me a copy of A. B. C. Shorthand. I understand that my money will be refunded if the book does not prove entirely satisfactory. (Enclose $1.25 from countries other than U. S. and Canada.)

Name..

Street..

Town.......................... State............

accurate information they pick up from others.

If, therefore, this is the first complete and accurate account you have read of the Hauptmann arrest—and I believe that it is—don't be too hard on those who have given you defective versions. The reason this account ought to be accurate is not that the writer is any exception to the rule of human limitations. It just happens that he was the one man who was familiar with every phase of the case.

You have probably read that we found nothing of importance in the house itself. Said one writer: "The search in Hauptmann's living apartments . . . yielded nothing more than a few old photographs of the man in holiday mood, and a small amount of petty cash. But the garage was a gold mine." Huh! It was what we found in a desk in Bruno's house, rather than anything we found in the "gold mine" of a garage, that decided the Inspector to leave the further search of the premises to the other detectives, and sent him and me with our prisoner speeding toward Greenwich Street.

I wish I could paint a picture, for the sob sisters' sake, of the heart-rending parting between Hauptmann and his wife and child—but there wasn't any. It wasn't the child's fault. He was as sweet a baby as the best tabloid writers said he was. It wasn't Anna Hauptmann's fault. In her dazed way she did all a loyal wife could do, although she did seem more disturbed by the wreckage our boys were causing to her immaculate German housekeeping than by her husband's unexplained predicament. As for Bruno, he was Bruno—dead-pan, cold to his wife, his baby, and the world.

Greenwich Street Station, where we took our prisoner, is not an imposing edifice. It doesn't even have a front door. You go in the way the horses go in. One flight up—there are no elevators—is the main office of the Bureau. Two flights up is my office.

HAUPTMANN, as befitted his importance, was shown first into the main office on the second floor. There the high command of the New York Police Department inspected him and questioned him as to the main facts of his life. Satisfied that more information could be obtained if there were fewer people around, the chiefs handed him back to me and told me to take him upstairs.

Down below everything had necessarily been formal and official and stiff. The prisoner felt the atmosphere. He was formal, too. He didn't balk at answering questions, but he didn't volunteer anything. My idea, when I got him upstairs, was to persuade him to relax.

This was when I began calling him by his first name. He didn't respond to this treatment at first. Finally, however, he said: "Don't call me Bruno; call me Dick." I knew then that he was at ease, so I motioned him to a small golden-oak desk not far from the door.

There, in the long hours that followed, Bruno Richard Hauptmann wrote his death warrant.

Meanwhile—

It was the morning of September 19, 1934, when I arrested him. On the morning of the 22d I got this billet-doux in my Lindbergh mail:

> If you wish to live you will carry out our orders.
>
> It will be very easy for you to change your story.
>
> The Lindbergh suspect is to be released or *else*.
>
> We know you are a smart man.
> Our power reaches far.
> Nothing can save you if you fail us.
> You know to much.

It wasn't the first and it wasn't the last threatening communication I received. The actual arrest gave a new impetus to the flood of crank letters. Most of the writers now were obviously angry. This puzzled me until I figured out that they were amateur detectives who were sore at having their theories busted.

IT seems that all America had turned amateur detective on the Lindbergh case. Jafsie Condon was merely the tops. College professors, business executives, mechanics, and housewives had all given up their own occupations for mine. And I must say that the most sensible suggestions came from the mechanics and the housewives.

There was a regrettable tendency on the part of some of the writers, especially those whose comments floated in from overseas, to introduce Herr Hitler and his well known feelings into the picture.

But the great majority, when they weren't threatening or abusive, were from people claiming clairvoyant powers—which had been miraculously released by the appearance of Hauptmann's face on the movie screens and in the tabloid papers. If these people could only have used their wonderful powers a couple of years earlier, they would have saved us a lot of hard work!

The capture in most important cases is merely the point where the excitement begins. The real job is to make a judge and jury, especially a jury, agree with us that our prisoner is guilty. In the case of Hauptmann this was especially true, because, until a few hours before his capture, nobody in the Department had ever seen the man or heard his name. We had had no chance to check up on him.

Between his identification, therefore, and his indictment—for extortion or kidnaping or murder, as the authorities might decide—our boys, working under the guidance of Assistant Chief Inspector Henry Bruckman, had to do the investigating which usually takes weeks and, in the cases of known criminals, is normally bulwarked by records of previous investigations.

The first step is to put the prisoner

through the formal questioning as to the main facts of his career. That was what happened in Hauptmann's case in the office of the Bureau of Criminal Identification on the second floor of the Greenwich Street Station.

This ceremony is usually a dreary routine, for we know all the answers before the questioning begins. But in Hauptmann's case even this became drama.

Inspector Lyons took charge of the questioning. He began in the quietest tone:

"When did you come to America?"

"1923."

"How did you get here?"

"Stowaway."

"On what ship and what port?"

"Aboard the ship Washington."

"At what port?"

"I guess it was Bremerhaven."

"Don't you know?"

"I was three times on the boat."

"How old were you when you stowed away?"

"Twenty-four."

"What part of the ship did you stow away on?"

"I was all over; in the coal bunker and I was among the engines."

"Did anybody aid you in stowing away?"

"No."

"What food did you bring with you?" Inspector Lyons then asked.

"Two loaves of bread and a couple of bottles of water."

"How long did it take you to come over here?"

"Ten days, I guess."

"And for ten days you lived on two bottles of water and two loaves of bread?"

"No; I got some food. They threw it out on the deck."

Wide World photo

Inspector John Lyons, who interrogated the prisoner.

THE prisoner had no sooner given these facts about himself than we were on the cable to Germany. Within a remarkably short time we had not only confirmed his story about the trip on the Washington but learned that he had tried the same stunt twice before. That was what he meant by having been on the ship three times. We even received a detailed statement made to a German newspaper by a companion of his on one of these voyages.

To me, the tenacity with which Hauptmann stuck to his decision to come to this country as a stowaway was most significant. Here was the note of grim determination to let nothing stand in his way, once he had settled on a plan.

Whether Hauptmann planned from the first to kill the Lindbergh baby may never be known. The most generally accepted theory, when the unknown kidnaper was being described as "a stupid Dutch houseman," was that he became suddenly panicky when he thought he was being followed and impulsively got rid of the baby. A close-up view of Hauptmann had rather discounted that theory. He was not stupid; he was not one to become easily scared; *and* he had this grim tenacity of purpose. He was the type that might have planned such a hideous crime and carried it out in cold blood.

It is not for me to express an opinion on this point. It was at no time a vital consideration at the Hauptmann trial, because all the state had to prove, according to Jersey law, was that the death occurred during, or as a result of, the kidnaping. Even if the death were accidental, the kidnaper would be guilty of murder.

AS a matter of fact the child's injuries were of such a nature that they could not *all* have been caused by a fall, no matter how severe. That some one had finished what the fall began was painfully obvious.

Besides, if he didn't plan to kill the baby, what did he plan to do with it?

He was playing a lone game. He had taken no one into his confidence. He had made no plan for the baby's care after the kidnaping. The inference is strong, isn't it, that he never did intend to give that baby back to its parents alive?

While those of us in the know were speculating on these gruesome details, the Inspector was continuing to question Hauptmann:

"After getting off the boat where did you go?"

"I went in some place on Amsterdam Avenue."

"Near what street?"

"Near Ninety-sixth or Ninety-seventh Street."

"Did you have friends there?"

"I met a German fellow on the street and I was asking him where to go, where I am—I am a stranger—and he took me home."

"Could you talk English then?"

"No, I could not."

"Where was his home?"

"To his mother."

"What was his name?"

"I guess Adlinger or Aldinger."

"Where did they live?"

"Amsterdam Avenue."

"What street?"

"About Ninety-sixth or Ninety-seventh Street."

"What business was he in?"

"That half-sick feeling went like Magic"..
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON SINCE I FOUND THE 3-MINUTE WAY!"

There's a newer, better way to overcome that heavy, half-sick feeling that comes from constipation. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing-gum laxative—for three minutes while undressing for bed. Its clean, refreshing flavor is delightful. Its utterly tasteless medicinal content is mixed with saliva and goes to work easily and *gradually*. Unlike jolting "all-at-once" cathartics, there are no unpleasant after-effects... no nausea, no cramps. You wake up clear-eyed, vigorous—your body freed from accumulated poisons. You'll find that the whole family prefers FEEN-A-MINT—the three-minute way to relieve constipation. And how the children love it! Only 15 cents and 25 cents for big family-size boxes.

better because you chew it

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

"The woman, she was washing on Riverside Drive."

"What do you mean washing?"

"A washerwoman."

It was at this point that I realized that the first of the Lindbergh bills to show up, the one in the bank at Broadway and Ninety-sixth Street, might have had some significance. Hauptmann had apparently elected to take his first chance of detection far from his present home but in a neighborhood where he knew his way around.

For the reasons I have already stated, we hadn't allowed the news that we had found the Lindbergh slayer to leak out, but representatives of all the law-enforcing organizations concerning the case were there in large numbers. The whole affair, moreover, was so different from the public idea of a "third degree" that some of the accounts we afterward read of it were grimly laughable. Here is one we picked up in a European paper:

> In a fully darkened room on a chair is sitting the one who is to be questioned. A glaring searchlight is focused on him from above. All around him in the dark eight or ten detectives are sitting and fire questions at him for hours without interruption. After two or three hours the exhausted officers are relieved by fully rested officers and continue the questioning. That in itself is nerve-racking even for the strongest constitution; worn out and exhausted, the victim becomes a toy in the hands of the detectives.
>
> And there are other methods. For example, the prisoner is placed in a lone cell which has been made soundproof with cork and rubber; there are no windows. For hours he is left sitting in the dark, then all of a sudden a strange searchlight is played on him and turned out again, then one hears an annoying noise or through some unseen opening air is blown in the cell so that the unfortunate thinks gas is being blown in. . . .

The writer of this vivid description should see the office of the Bureau of Criminal Identification at old Greenwich Street. It looks more like a country bank.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

The Paris style scene will soon resemble a landscape in Mars if many more socialites follow the lead of Princess de Rohan, who appeared in her Dilkusha blonde gas mask at the first gala of Les Nuits Bleues, the newest and smartest night club of Paris.

Kids cry for their gas masks since the launching of portrait masks counterfeiting the faces of all the prime ministers and many leading notables, past and present. Little French boys are now able to play Lafayette and Laval and safe at the same time.

DORAMILLER.

THE time being three o'clock in the afternoon, the only light which beat down on the prisoner was such sunlight as the crowded buildings of lower Manhattan allowed to trickle through the dusty windowpanes—and it shone alike on Hauptmann, on Inspector Lyons, on Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, on half a dozen assorted representatives of the city, state, and national governments, and on the doggone tired Jimmy Finn.

The plain fact is that the police are more afraid of the so-called "third degree" than the prisoner needs to be; defense attorneys have alleged it so often to throw suspicion on valuable pieces of evidence. Especially in a case like this one, it was up to us to handle our prisoner with kid gloves. And we did.

Politely rather than brusquely, the Inspector proceeded to lead Hauptmann through a somewhat halting narrative of the successive jobs he had held, until he located him in New Jersey both before and after the year of the Lindbergh kidnaping. The last time was in 1933, when he worked a week without pay to help his friend Lempke build a chicken house on his farm near Freehold.

The Inspector was getting somewhere now, and it was becoming increasingly apparent that he knew it. As the examination proceeded his prescience increased. He seemed to know what the prisoner was going to say, or *ought* to say, about all kinds of obscure incidents in his past life long before the slow-tongued Hauptmann had opened his mouth.

Yet John Lyons, for all his great qualities as a policeman, has never claimed to be the seventh son of a seventh son. The secret of his foreknowledge lay in the fact that the whole machinery of the Department had been set to work, with the result that when the Inspector and I arrived at Greenwich Street with our prisoner the latter's life was an open book lying face upward on the Inspector's desk.

IN all, there are seventy-eight separate places where we police detectives go for information about an individual the moment he comes under our scrutiny. Here are some of the most important ones:

Records of Criminal Identification Bureau.
Records at station house where arrest was made.
Records of Old Record Room: arrest cards, summons cards, and aided cards.
Records at the Bureau of Information: arrest, summons, and aided cards (present year).
Post-office records in the locality where subject lived. (Tracings obtained and checked.)
Records at the Department of Immigration, Ellis Island.
Records at the Income Tax Department.
Records of the New York Telephone Company.
Records of the gas company in the vicinity where arrest of the subject was made.
Records of the electric company in the same vicinity.
Records of the Board of Elections.
Records of the Department of Hospitals.
Records of persons with similar names at Probation Bureau.
Records of persons arrested with similar names that appear on telephone typewriter.
Naturalization Bureau.
Credit Association. (Merchants' installment purchases.)
Records at institutions and previous places of confinement of subjects sought; of persons writing or visiting them.
Records at the Pistol and Hack Bureau.
Records of Narcotic Bureau. (Confidential records.)
Records of the Board of Health.
Marriage License Bureau records.

In this instance we also set our European machinery immediately in motion. One of our own detectives, traveling in Germany on a special mission, was switched at once to the Lindbergh case. The Hauptmanns' marriage license had guided us, so it wasn't many hours before a New York City detective was knocking on the burgomaster's door in each of the German villages where the Hauptmanns and the Schaufflers dwelt.

The cabled information was already beginning to pour in when Hauptmann was questioned. Every once in a while Inspector Lyons would ask him if he had ever been arrested in Germany. Each time the answer would be "No." We knew it was a lie. By this time we had a complete record of Hauptmann's various arrests and prison escapes in and around Kamenz, Germany. But nobody told him that we knew. We were content to let him go on perjuring himself.

If Hauptmann wanted to kidnap a baby and hold him, or seem to hold him, for ransom, why did he choose the best known baby in the world? If he wanted to hold up a rich man for money, why did he choose Slim Lindbergh?

After all, the Colonel wasn't the richest man in America. By modern standards, he wasn't rich at all.

Then why Lindy?

The answer, as most of us had figured it out, must be, because he *was* Lindy.

Not that Hauptmann had any personal grudge against Colonel Lindbergh. I take no stock in the far-fetched theory that because he named his son Mannfred, supposedly after a famous German ace of that name, he must have been jealous of the greater glory Lindbergh had attained and so have set out to do him injury. Rather, I figured, his singling out of Lindbergh was the perverted expression of something akin to admiration. We all know the type of person who always contrives to get himself photographed with distinguished people or placed next to them at table. Well, if that same type decided to go in for kidnaping, he would just naturally pick the most famous child he knew of.

Until now I had had little to support my theory. The German police record told the story. The principal offense of which young Hauptmann was convicted was robbing the house of the biggest man he knew, the burgomaster of Kamenz, the mayor of his own home town!

I WAS also learning quite a bit about our man just from observing him. On the whole he was handling himself well. However, he did develop two characteristics which were to be very useful to us.

One of them was entirely unexpected: his occasional bursts of frankness on what he considered unimportant matters in order to offset his sullen reticence when he felt he was being pressed on a dangerous point.

The other trait was something that we had confidently expected of the man we sought: his trying to throw us off the track, not by hesitation and evasion but by saying boldly the opposite of what was true.

Even before Dr. Schoenfeld had spoken of this we had counted on it from Jafsie's account of his conversations in the cemetery. The fact that the extortioner said that there were several in the plot had helped us to be sure that there was only one. When he said he was a Scandinavian, we felt sure that the man who talked with a strong Scandinavian or German accent was a German.

We should have known that when he said the child was in "gut care" it was dead.

At all events, the machinery of the New York Police Department had succeeded within twenty-four hours in turning up a fairly full-length portrait of the man, and of many of his friends and associates.

We knew, for instance, that this man Lempke, whose chicken house Hauptmann had helped to build, and

Two men told me . .

My dentist said:

"It's a fine health habit"

"Everyone should chew Dentyne," my dentist said. He explained that it gives the mouth exercise which it fails to get from our modern soft-food diets. It strengthens the muscles and helps improve the mouth structure. It helps the normal self-cleansing action of the mouth . . . and improves the condition of the teeth. You'll notice Dentyne's firm consistency that is so important in giving you these benefits.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

Jack called it

"Wonderful gum"

Men who are particular always like Dentyne I find. It has that "different" taste — spicy, lively, and refreshing. After trying Dentyne, I certainly complimented him on his good taste. Notice the handy, flat shape of Dentyne — an exclusive feature, making it convenient for your purse or vest pocket.

DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED

YOUR THROAT SAYS
... thank you

THOSE cork tips please your lips. The fine Turkish-Domestic tobaccos please your palate. The mild menthol brings a cool and thankful refreshment to your throat. Finally, the B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS is a constant source of gratification. Save them; they are good for a choice of attractive items of nationally advertised merchandise. (Write for latest illustrated premium list No. 10; offer good in U. S. A. only.) For a year of Thanksgiving smoking switch to KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
— REDEEMABLE —
BY THE UNDERSIGNED
For Congress quality
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
15¢ for TWENTY
25¢ in CANADA

RALEIGH CIGARETTES ... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES ... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

the man named Kloppenburg and a restaurant bus boy named Dreissigacker had once lived together in a boardinghouse on East 175th Street, and that Hauptmann had been a frequent visitor. We had taken the precaution to pick up both Lempke and Kloppenburg.

The Lempke trail did not lead anywhere in particular, except that it confirmed that Richard Hauptmann's two closest friends were Kloppenburg and a man named Henkel; and it established the fact that the prisoner knew his Jersey and had been there as late as 1933, the year following the kidnaping.

Kloppenburg admitted his friendship with Hauptmann, but said that he didn't see him very much because he didn't have time.

"What papers does Hauptmann read?" he was asked.

"English papers—German papers—the Home News they bring in the house."

When Hauptmann was afterward asked the same question, he was very sure he didn't read the Home News. "I don't like it," he said. This was the Bronx publication through which Jafsie Condon communicated with the kidnaper.

"Where did you first meet your wife?" the Inspector asked.

"Where I used to live first when I came over. The address I don't remember," Hauptmann said. "It was on Amsterdam Avenue, Ninety-sixth or Ninety-seventh Street."

"Where was she working at that time?"

"Seventy-ninth and Riverside Drive, Rosenberg or Rosenthal—I don't know what's the name."

"How old is your little boy?"

"Ten and a half months."

"You would not like anybody to kill your child, would you?"

There was no answer.

"DID Mrs. Hauptmann know about the ransom money?"

"She knows I had the gold pieces," he replied, referring to the $120 in gold that we found in his house.

"You told her that you had the gold but not the gold certificates?"

"Because it was my intention to turn them in. I spoke to my wife about a year ago that I accumulated some gold certificates and some gold, and I was going to hoard the gold certificates, but now as I cannot get more for them, I am letting them go. I figured I could get more money for them."

"You figured the same thing about the gold, didn't you?—the $120?"

There was no answer.

Here, at last, was the explanation of why Hauptmann hadn't dumped his gold certificates on that May 1 when he could have done so without fear of detection. He had lived in Germany when inflation set in, and he knew that gold in the hand was worth any amount of ordinary paper money. He was sure that he would be rich when everybody else was poor—and he so wanted this to come about that he invited the very fate that had now overtaken him.

"Did you give any of the bills to your wife to pass?"

"No."

"Why?"

"She could not on account of the baby."

"What is to stop her?"

"It is quite a way to go to the avenue."

"How much did you give her to keep the house?"

"Hundred and twenty a month."

"You never gave her any of the gold bills?"

"I took sometimes $100 or $150 from my stock account."

"Did you give her a check?"

"I gave it in cash."

"How did you get the cash?"

"By Steiner, Rouse & Company." This was the firm in whose office Hauptmann followed the market.

"YOU go there and make out a check?"

"I ask my broker for a check each month; sometimes two times a month; sometimes in six weeks $150; sometimes more, just how I need it—then I give my wife $120."

"And then she buys all the provisions?"

"Mostly. She pays the rent—all insurance and what comes up."

"Your wife is supposed to keep the house on $120, and you go out and lay the gold certificates down in bakers' and butchers' and other places?"

"Yes."

"That's her job, isn't it—to buy the provisions with money that you give her?"

"When I come home I tell her I bought some merchandise. She usually gives the money back."

Then he added what in a less stolid person might be interpreted as an attempt at humor: "Mostly she forgets to give it to me."

It was clear that our canny carpenter didn't intend to have any of the ransom bills traced back to *his* wife or to *his* landlord or to any of the other people in *his* neighborhood with whom his wife might have dealings.

It developed also that he exercised the same caution in his own transactions. He normally bought gas at the filling station near his house, and paid for it in "good money"; but when he didn't have anything in his pocket except "bad money," he traveled four or five miles—for example, to the Warner-Quinlan station at 127th Street.

Wise Bruno!

And yet, if he had stopped that morning at his friend's on the corner when he saw that he had less than a gallon of gas in his tank, and had filled up according to his custom, he might be at liberty today. His good neighbor would never have hesitated to take his money. He might never have noticed that it was a gold note; and if he had, it wouldn't have occurred to him to write his friend's license number on the back.

The chances were also better than

even that it wouldn't have been discovered at the bank. Anyhow, without the identifying writing on the back it probably wouldn't have been traced to any particular depositor. Even if it had been, the station man would doubtless have forgotten where he had got it. And if he had remembered, he probably wouldn't have said anything that might get one of his steady customers into trouble as the presumably innocent passer of a presumably counterfeit bill.

But I must take you to the police line-up, where our old friend Jafsie Condon was called upon to identify Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

More about Hauptmann writing his own "death warrant," with the facts about the identifications of him in the police line-up, will be told by Lieutenant Finn as he concludes this story in Liberty next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—Alfred E. Smith.

2—In a safety match the phosphorus is on the box; in a "strike anywhere" match the inflamer is on the tip.

3—Billiards.

4—Philetus of Cos, a poet "who was so small he carried lead weights in his pockets to avoid being blown away by the wind."

5—Mons.

6—The Nasalis is the genus name of a monkey, chiefly found in Borneo, with a long large nose.

7—Norma married George Jessel; Natalie married "Buster" Keaton.

8—A substance found in green vegetables and wheat germ; its absence from the diet of certain animals is said to cause sterility.

9—No. The British government holds but 44 per cent of Suez Canal stock; French capitalists own about half.

10—About two miles an hour in daylight. At night, about two and a half miles an hour.

11—A form of murder practiced by one Burke, executed in Edinburgh in 1829. He suffocated his victims, then sold their bodies to medical experimenters.

12—Nature does not provide cooling apparatus; a rat cannot perspire, and its breathing rate is so high (150 times a minute) that it cannot be increased sufficiently.

13—Wehib Pasha, chief of staff for Emperor Haile Selassie.

14—No; there is a tax, however, of forty-five cents a bushel for potatoes a grower sells in excess of his allotment.

15—Daughter of Louis I of Hungary. She reigned in 1383. The Hungarian people disliked the term "queen."

16—Six, there being no "thirteenth floor" in the usual high hospital building.

17—Members of a third-century sect in Spain and France; they forswore wine, meat, and marriage.

18—"An hour" is superfluous; one knot equals one nautical mile an hour.

19—Winsor McKay in 1914. It was titled Gertie the Dinosaur.

20—Halcyone and Ceyx. Halcyone vainly tried to save Ceyx, her husband, from drowning. The immortals compassionately transformed the couple so they could live in a floating nest.

Lovely to look at-

...and mind made up to stay that way!

BEHIND many a young and lovely face is a mind rich in mature wisdom. The instinctive knowledge women seem to be born with. It commands..."Stay lovely as long as you can."

So, you pay great attention to your complexion, your hair, your figure. Your dressing table looks like a queen's...gay with bright jars of creams and cosmetics. And if you know all of your beauty lore, there'll be in your medicine chest a certain little blue box.

Ex-Lax, its name. And its role in your life is to combat one of your worst enemies to loveliness and health...constipation. You know what that does to your looks!

Ex-Lax is ideal for you. Because it is mild, gentle, it doesn't strain your system. It is thorough. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it is such a joy to take...it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Get a box today! 10c and 25c boxes...at any drug store.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P.O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
L115 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

AUBURN, CALIF.—M. C. Clellan, tattooed man in a side show of a carnival that operated here during the gold-rush revival, was given a ninety-day suspended sentence following a plea of guilty to indecent exposure.

Deputy Sheriff L. A. Duryea arrested Clellan. He told the court Clellan was operating an automobile clad in nothing but tattooing.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—When a motorist wants five gallons of gasoline at one Kansas City filling station, all he has to say is:

"One Dionne."

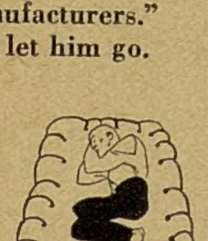
A sign on the station reads: "The Dionne—five gals for 79 cents."

THE
DIONNE
5 GALS —79¢

CHICAGO, ILL.—Accused of sleeping in other persons' doorways, Peter Halsted appeared before Judge Frank M. Padden with a story that he was quite willing to work if he could find a job "in his line." Asked what kind of a job he was looking for, he said:

"I want a job writing testimonials for mattress manufacturers."

The judge let him go.



NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Don't cross your bridges until the PWA builds some.

—Secretary Ickes.

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Without Drums . . . . Henry B. Jones 16
Girls Are Like That . . . . Donald Grey 38
The Savage Breast—Liberty's short short . . . Dorothy Kissling 47
A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette . . . . Dorothy Day 48

Serials

How the President's Mystery Story Came to Be Written . . . 4
Beginning—
The President's Mystery Story 6
Plot by . . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt
Story told by Rupert Hughes, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Anthony Abbot, Rita Weiman, S. S. Van Dine, and John Erskine
An exciting novel of a man, a problem, and five million dollars
Tinsel Lady—Part III . . . . Channing Pollock 24
How I Captured Hauptmann—Part VI
Lieutenant James J. Finn and D. Thomas Curtin 54

Articles

The Scoring Punch . . . . Benny Friedman 14
It's touchdowns that tell the tale in football. . . . Here are some thrilling glimpses of the strategy that helps produce them when needed
Black Hell in Ethiopian Skies . . . . . . Kenneth Brown Collings 36
Can Haile Selassie's warriors fight in the air?—A close-up of unpreparedness and apprehension behind the battle lines
Can a Mother Be Her Daughter's Best Friend in 1935?
Elsie Robinson 45
A penetrating look at a poignant modern problem
These "Forgotten" Pioneers . . . . Edward Doherty 50
The case of the Alaskan pilgrims: Is it as bad as painted?—It's a blend of complaint and courage, a Liberty survey finds, as winter comes to Matanuska

Features

Editorial . . . . Bernarr Macfadden 3
Not One in a Thousand Knows . . . . E. G. Conklin 20
Twenty Questions 21
Lively, Likable, Lethargic—Movie reviews . . . . . . Beverly Hills 22
To the Ladies! . . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 30
Cross Word Puzzle 34
$1,000 Jumbled Geography Contest 35
Good Books . . . . Oliver Swift 44
Vox Pop 52
Fashion Flashes from Paris . . . . Doramiller 58
It Happened In— 62

COVER CREATED BY GEORGE LARKIN—MACFADDEN STUDIO

NEXT WEEK!

LIBERTY POLLS 3,000 NEWSPAPER EDITORS ON G.O.P. PRESIDENTIAL CHOICES! IS YOUR FAVORITE NAMED?

This great body of newsmen, unsurpassed as reflectors and molders of public opinion, gives extensive and widespread support to only five candidates! Who are they? Where does Hoover stand? How do they feel about Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s, chances? How do the states split up for the candidates? Can 3,000 newsmen be wrong? Read the results of Liberty's poll and learn whence the Presidential winds are veering!

JOE LOUIS tells about MURDER WITH GLOVES!

The Brown Bomber's own Story of his success.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: HAPPY BIRTHDAY by Faith Ellen Smith, SMASHING THE BANK ROBBERS by Will Irwin, MASTER VILLON TELLS THE TRUTH by John Erskine, THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY, MOVIE REVIEWS, LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT, $2,500 CASH PRIZE BIBLE GAME, and a wealth of other delightful entertainment.

DON'T MISS **Liberty** NEXT WEEK

ON SALE EVERYWHERE, NOVEMBER 13

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Health Resort

...where building health is a happy game!

THIS great health resort, founded by Bernarr Macfadden, invites you to find again life's most precious possession—spirited youth. This resort at Dansville, N. Y., is patronized by boys and girls of all ages, from sixteen to eighty. If you have forgotten how to play they will teach you. All non-contagious diseases scared to death by physcultopathic measures. A beneficent, non-profit institution. ¶ In addition to being the ideal health resort, the management of Physical Culture Hotel have gone to great lengths to make it a delightful and charming spot at which to spend a few days or weeks in rest and recreation. ¶ If you are seeking the ideal vacation resort or are generally run-down or have a specific health problem to solve, the chances are that Physical Culture Hotel can be of priceless service to you. By all means write for full information including views, moderate rate schedule and wonderful testimonials regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

What Adela Rogers St. Johns Thinks of Physical Culture Hotel

My dear Mr. Macfadden: — I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there. Sincerely, **Adela Rogers St. Johns.**

-------- **MAIL COUPON TODAY** --------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L11-16
Dansville, New York.
Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name____________________

Street____________________

Town____________________State__________

THANKS—
I'D RATHER HAVE
A LUCKY
They're easy on
my throat
LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARET
There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation - against cough.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company